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WASHINGTON, A CITY OF PICTURES

By Francis E. Leupp

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

IT is only since the United States became a nation in the stricter sense that Washington can be said to have become a capital in the broader one. Vaguely forecast in the Constitution as the "seat of government," yet even that distinction marred by frequent threats of removal; satirically described by Moore as the City of Magnificent Distances; despised abroad as a Botany Bay for diplomatists needing discipline, and socially ignored at home as a place where nobody had been born and everybody was a pilgrim; politically ring-ridden, æsthetically neglected, destitute of civic pride, the lot of no town in America seemed less to be envied. But all this was changed by the remodelling of the Union after the Civil War and the troublous period immediately following. Patriotic Americans awoke to the fact that the era of mere federation was over, that they were a nation with a national government, and that the seat of government was a capital with settled claims on their regard and permanent interests, like London and Paris and Berlin. The isolation of Washington for so many years was then proved to have been a blessing in disguise; for it had left the city free from the drawbacks, noisy and noisome, of a centre of trade, and the social soil still in a virgin state, waiting for the seed of letters and art and the humanities generally.

Then began a metamorphosis. In a half-dozen years an overgrown village, characterless and forlorn, was transformed into a real city with an assured cosmopolitan future and the rudiments of a literature of its own. From numberless pens we have had treatments of Washington as an historic city, founded by and named for the greatest of Americans; as an architectural and sculptural museum; as a model municipality, fit subject for every administrative experiment; as a democratic capital without local self-government; as a coming educational centre and a present Mecca of new-made wealth—of Washington in all its phases, in short, except as the picture city of the New World, yet that is the aspect in which it appeals most strongly to its familiars. No other city seems to have made beauty its first thought, and relegated the harder and coarser things of life to a secondary place, as Washington has. No other is so enveloped in an atmosphere of artistic feeling that even the sternest actualities must be studied through this medium. That the atmosphere is real, and not merely an evanescent effect which passes away with the first surprise it excites, cannot be doubted by anyone who has applied the supreme test of long association. Indeed, on one who makes the city his home, the first impression soon settles into a spell, and the spell grows stronger with every year's acquaintance, till no common exorcism can prevail against it. If the strenuous life be here, as we are bound to assume that it is, it

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does not obtrude itself. The all-pervading spirit of things visible is one of calm, of cheerfulness, of indifference to the flight of time. The present is everywhere dominant, with its most agreeable face to the front. There is nothing to remind one that yesterday had heaped pledges upon to-day, or that to-day is mortgaging the freedom of to-morrow. It is as if a community of 300,000 souls, carved out of the midst of our restless Yankeeland, had shaken off its more serious obligations and voted itself a daily half-holiday.

This suggestion of leisure and recreation is intensified by the width of the highways and the multitude of open spaces, inviting floods of sunshine and pure air. Wherever a street and an avenue intersect, they celebrate their meeting by at least a triangular parklet or two, if not with a more formal circle or square. Grass, trees, and shrubbery revel everywhere in joyous life. Vines spread themselves wantonly over any wall that does not repel their advances, till a commonplace dwelling becomes a castle of living green with arrow-slits and a sally-port. Look in any direction and you have a vista fringed in summer with luxuriant verdure, in winter with a delicate gray lacework of leafless boughs. Statues of the nation's heroes appear at intervals. From this point the fiery Thomas, reining in his steed, stands clear-cut like a big black cameo against a saffron shell of sky; from that, behold the imperious Scott crossing at a stately walk the arena which bears his name; yonder, see the sombre McPherson through an opening in the grove where his comrades have left him to receive the salutes of posterity. And following with the eye any radial line toward the place where the river makes its great bend, one sees the Washington Monument standing guard, a hoary sentinel at the city's water-gate.

Would you leave the gayly peopled streets, with their human chatter, for a brief communion with nature? Here is the Mall, stretching westward like an elongated U from the Capitol to the shores of the Potomac. You could lose yourself in this retreat, so densely is it wooded in spots; but the keen eye can usually catch a glimmer of light from a public thoroughfare on one side, or on another some dash of color reflected from the rainbow front of the National Museum or the decorous red-brown of the Smithsonian Institution. Possibly your state of mind calls for an atmosphere charged with spiritual prompting? Go, then, from the centre of the city to its edge, and thread one of the paths in the wood which gives Georgetown College its background. Here will be met, now a black-robed Jesuit father, his chin bent on his breast as he moves along absorbed in his solitary revery, now a brace of neophytes engaged in sober consultation. Is your taste for history, the traditions of patriotic sacrifice and glory? Over there in the eastern quarter is the Soldiers' Home, a tract of field and forest intermixed, where gray-bearded veterans stroll about and feed the squirrels, or cluster under the trees to fight their battles over and tell stories of comrades who have answered the last roll-call. A cross-road leads to the Zoo, that big, breezy garden of animal exotics, and out again into Rock Creek Park, where a dashing, plashing stream, fed from springs in the Maryland hills, winds through miles of woodland, forcing picturesque little passes for itself, like an Alpine river in miniature.

All these are but glimpses, however. For the broader views seek certain places, and for the best effects seize certain times. So far as I know, one experience of mine in landscape-hunting a dozen years ago remains unique—watching the sunrise from the top of the Washington Monument. It was during a recess in an all-night session of Congress. The journey began at the darkest hour before the dawn, in a weary climb through an echoing dungeon ninety fathoms into the sky, with no guide for my steps but the flicker from a smoke-dimmed lantern, and no company save the spirits of the night, already spreading their wings for flight.

At the top at last! The winding staircase ends in a square chamber pierced with deep-recessed windows, like the eyes of a giant peering from under glowering brows. Through them may be seen a haze overhanging everything below, thickening in the west and south, where a dense mist marks the tortuous course of the Potomac. The lamps in the city streets

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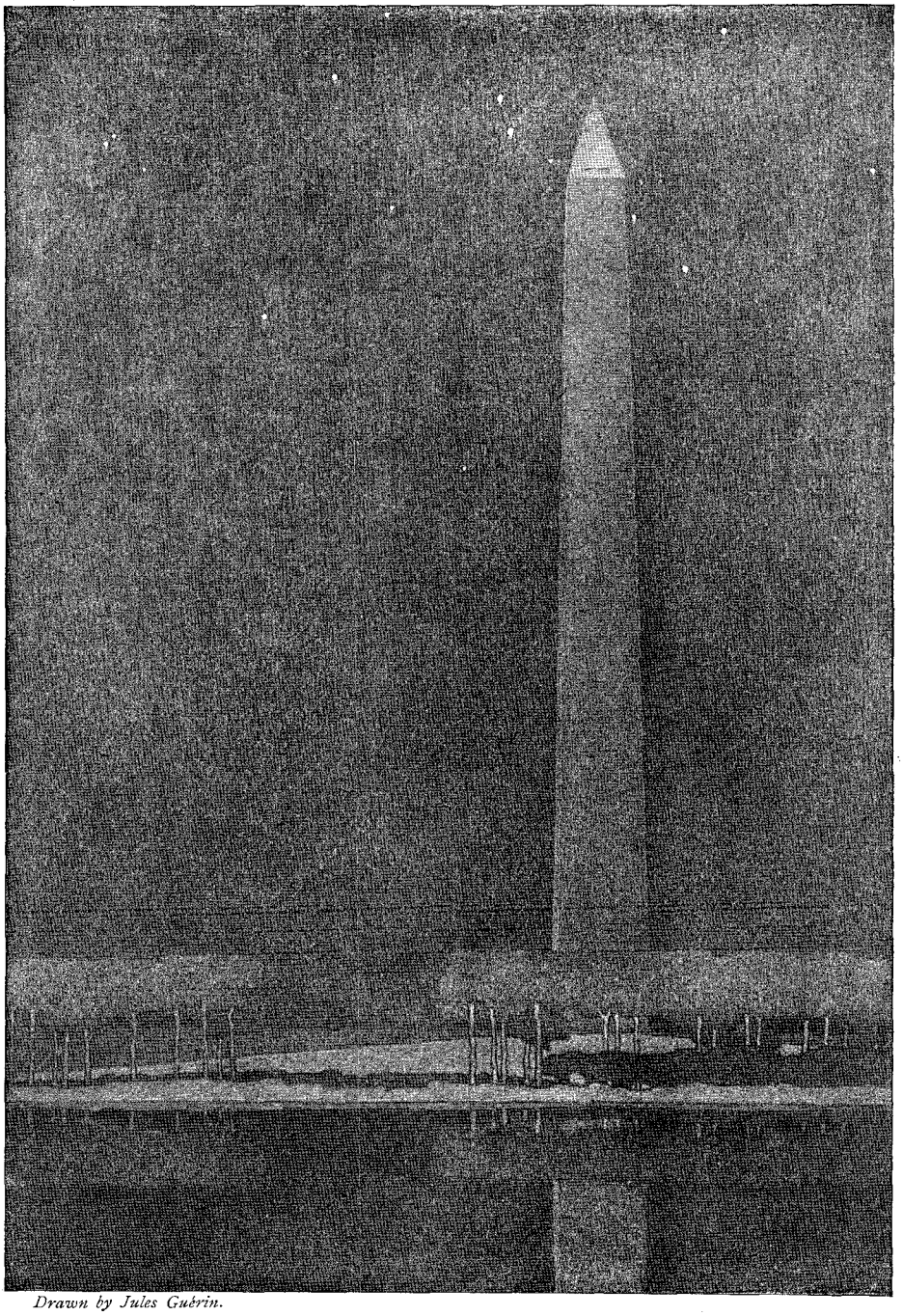

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

A Hoary Sentinel at the City's Water-gate.—Page 130.

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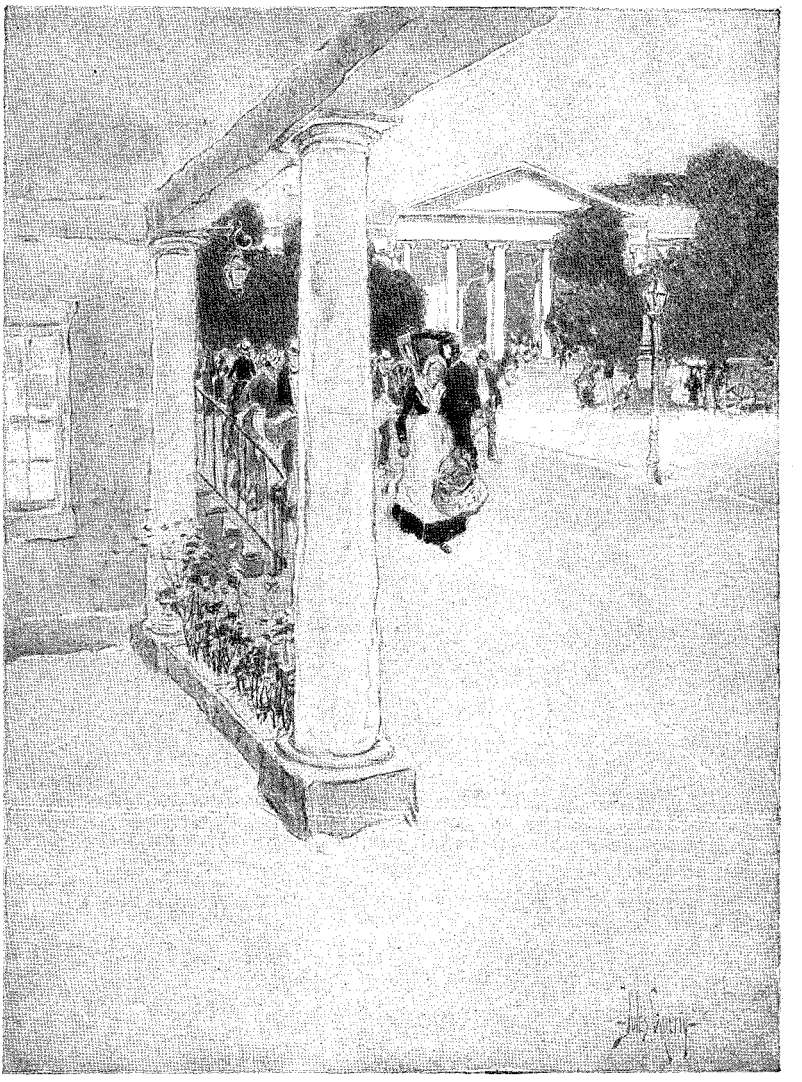

Where classic marble façades peep between parted curtains of leaves.—Page 143.

no longer twinkle, but merely lend a yellow radiance to the veil of vapor above them. The only distinct points of light visible are the stars in an inky firmament. Yes, one other: against a background of black in the east glows a flame like a great fixed meteor. Flowing curves which lead down from it, so shadowy as to seem like a phantom etching, suggest a cone-shaped dome. By degrees the contour becomes bolder as the stars go out and the colorless sky takes on a grayish tinge. Then slowly the rosy flush of morning rolls up from the horizon and overcomes the gray; the haze in the foreground melts away; the flame at the top of the dome vanishes like the light of a candle snuffed, and the mass of the Capitol stands forth as a mammoth block of marble on a terraced pedestal of green—the detail of the façade barely visible, but the proud outlines sweeping down and disappearing in a tangle of roofs and foliage.

Faint sounds float skyward from the streets—the first yawns of a waking city. They are presently drowned in echoes which come whirling up the hollow shaft. These repeat the exchange of greetings

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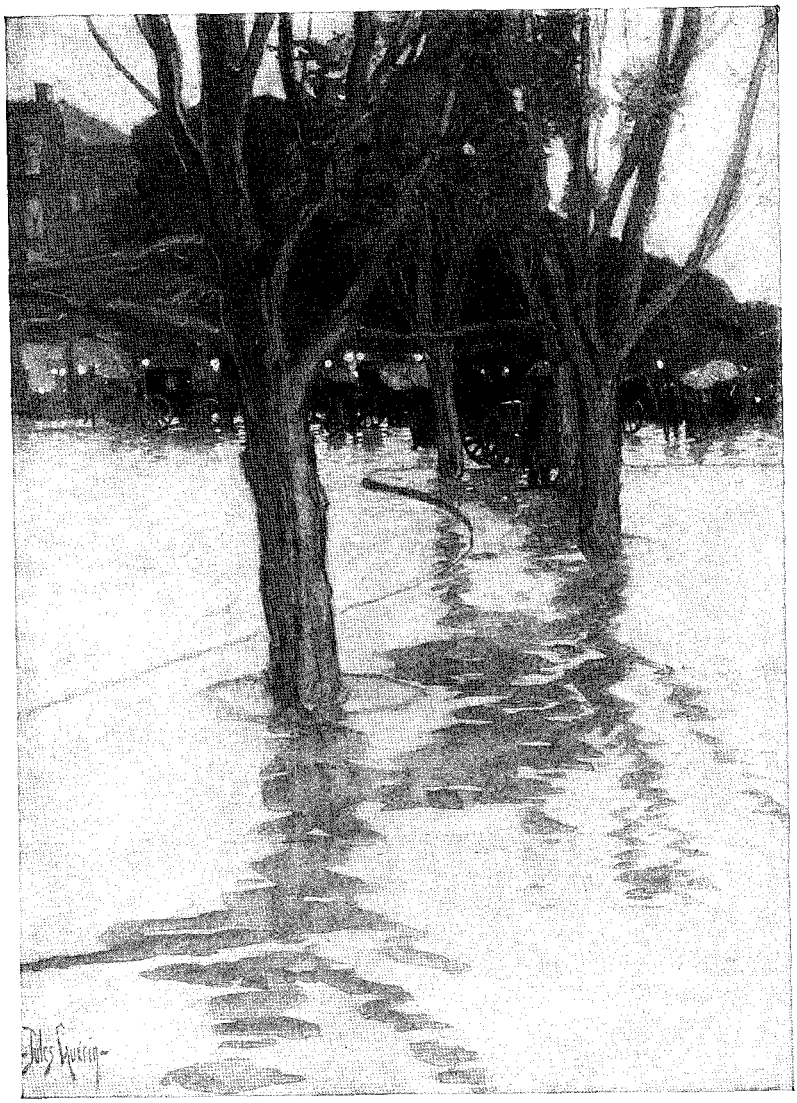

Globes of white light suspended here and there among the trees.—Page 143.

between the watchman mounting guard and the colleague whom he is relieving from a night's vigil. The morrow is here, and life is astir again even in the Washington Monument.

Before the witchery of this spectacle has quite released its hold, let me picture another. I have spoken of the way the Monument figures in every view that embraces the river bend. Spread the city out like a fan, and this pile is the pivot which holds the frame together. The visitor who has seen it once has just begun to see it. A smooth-faced obelisk, devoid of ornament, it would appear the stolidest object in the world; in truth, it is as versatile as the clouds. Every change in your position reveals it in a new phase. Go close to it and look up, and its walls seem to rise infinitely and dissolve into the atmosphere; stand on the neighboring hills, and you are tempted to throw a stone over its top. Sail down the Potomac, and the slender white shaft is still sending its farewells after you when the city has passed out of sight. It plays chameleon to the weather. It may be

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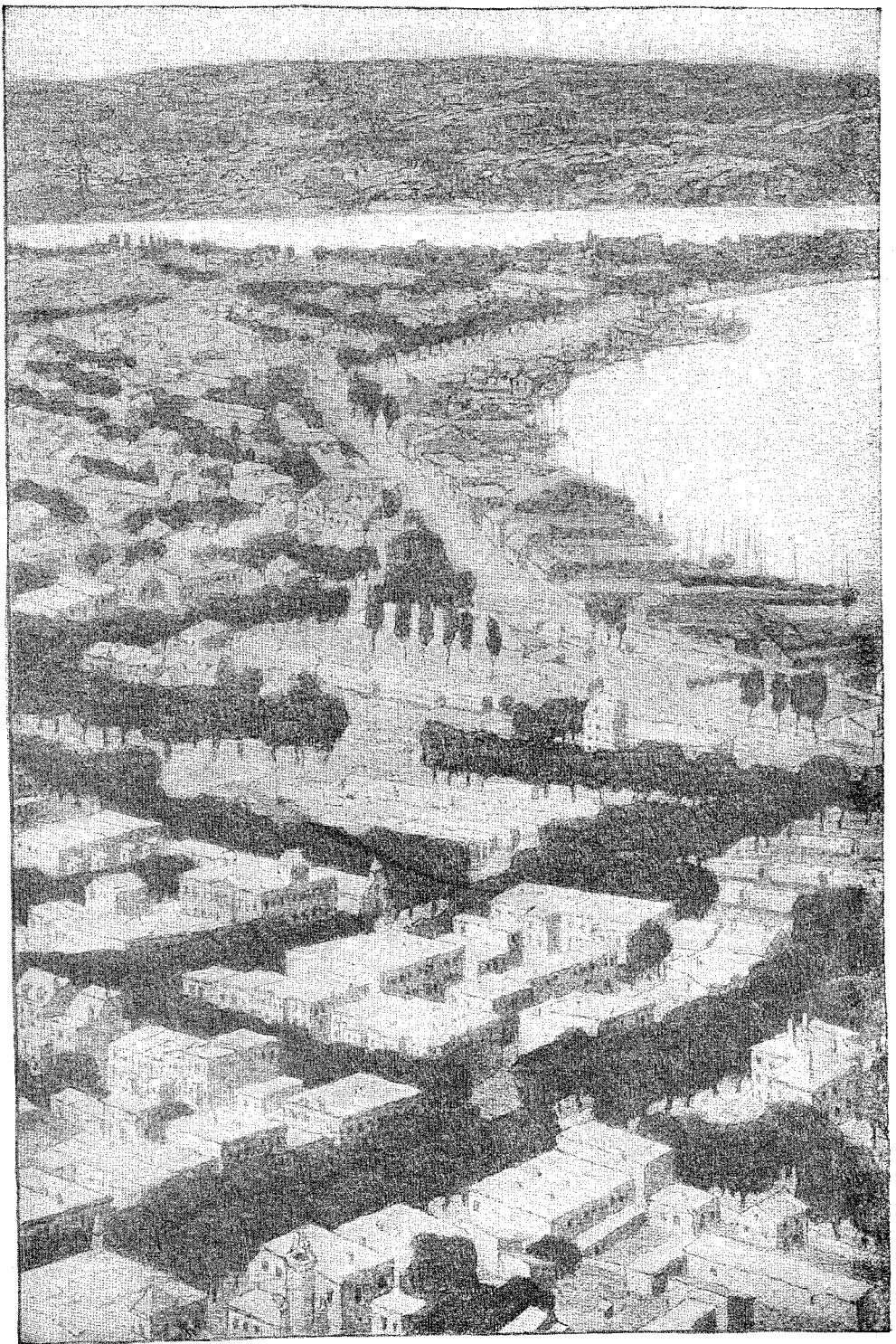

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

This long, narrow tongue of land where

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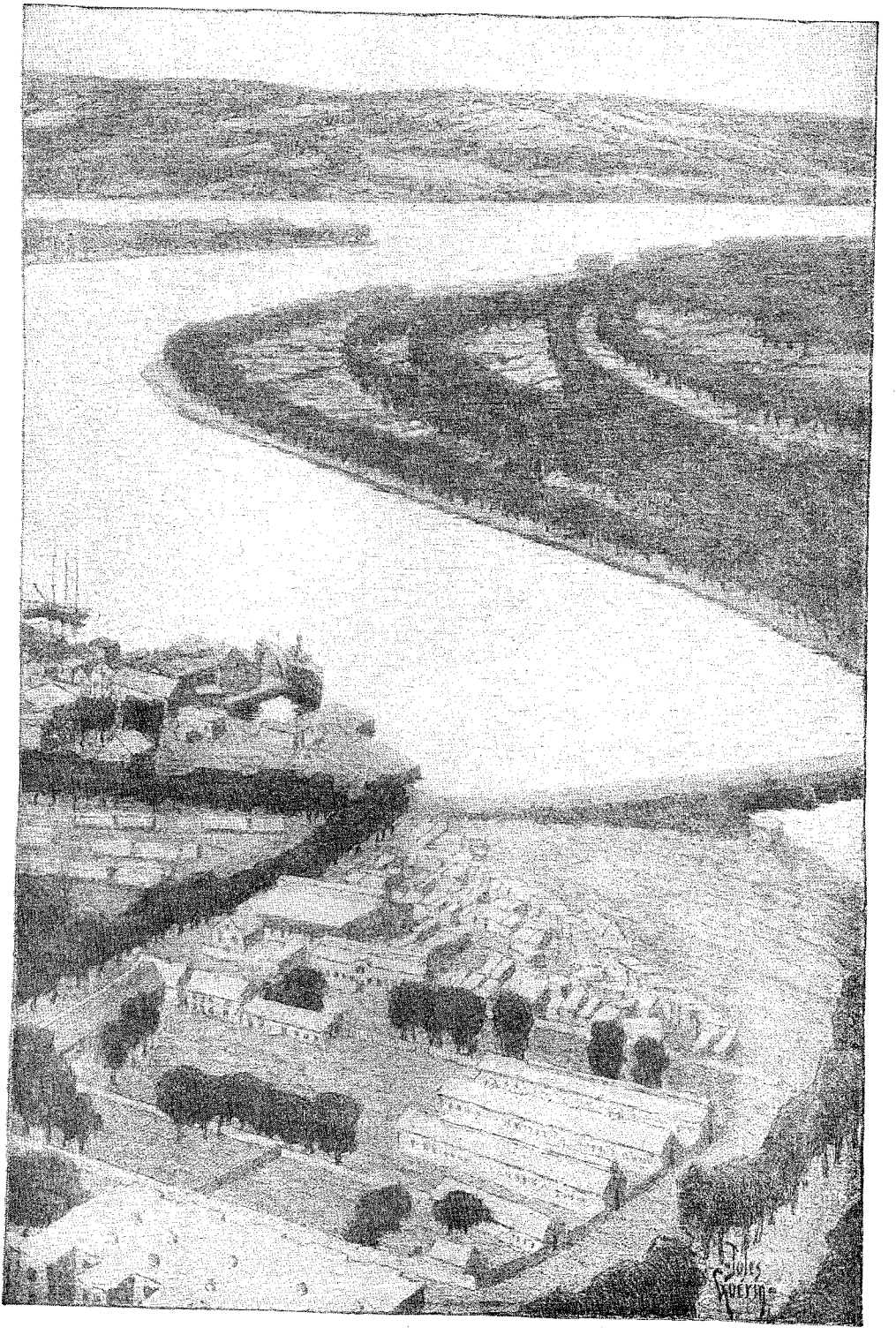

Anacostia Creek joins the Potomac.—Page 141.

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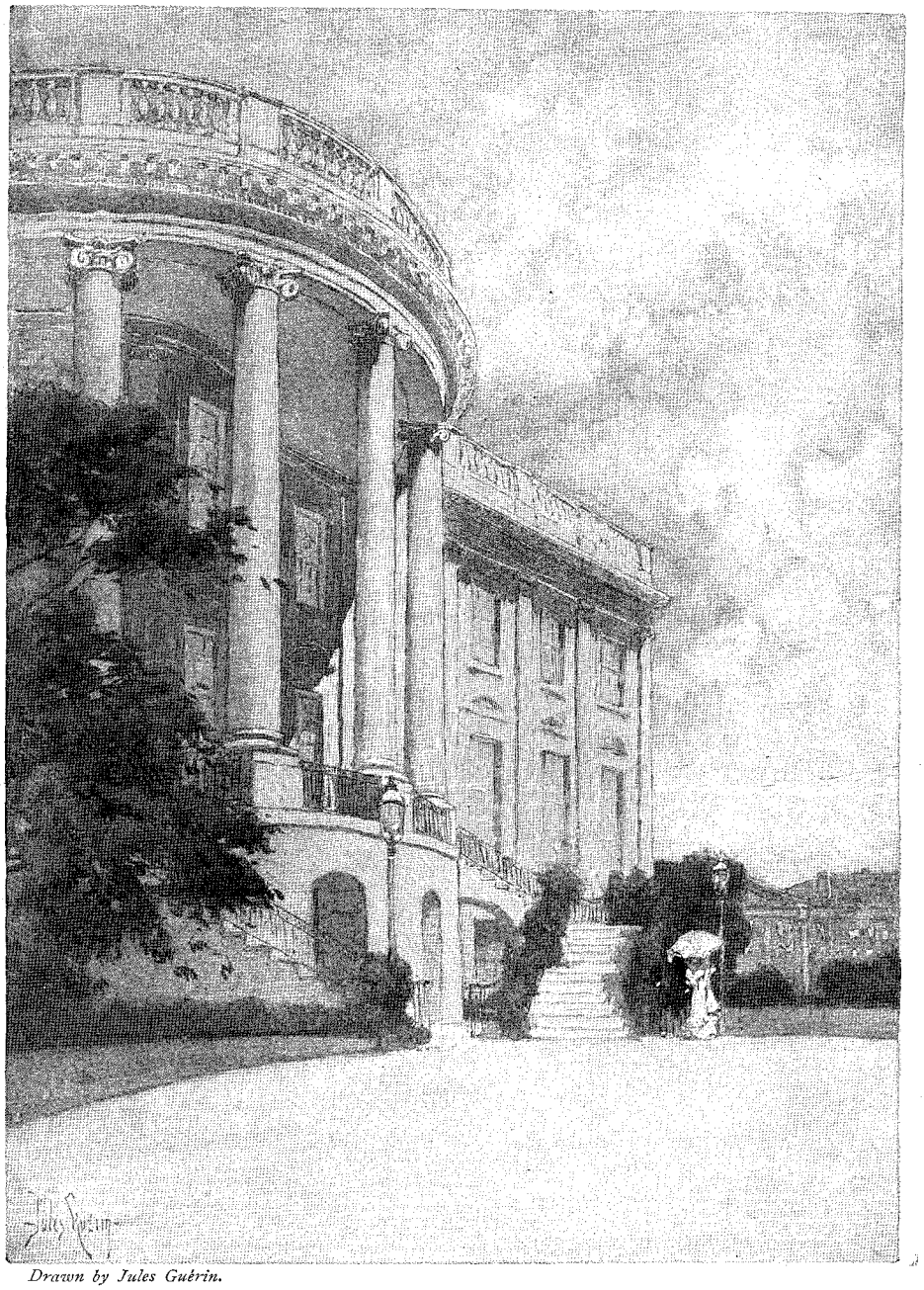

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The quaint old river-front of the White House.—Page 141.

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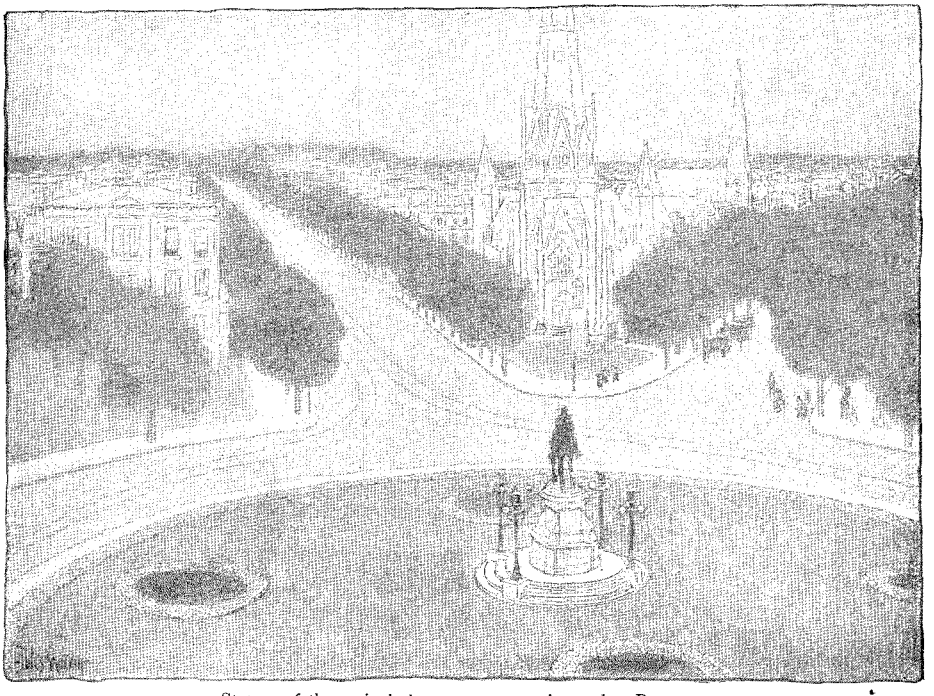
gay one moment and grave the next, like the world. Sometimes in the varying lights it loses its perspective and becomes merely a flat blade struck against space; an hour later, each line and seam is marked with the crispness of chiselled sculpture. On a fair morning it is radiant under the first beams of the rising sun; in the full of the moon it is like a thing from another world—cold, shimmering, unreal. Often in the spring and fall its peak is lost in vapor, and the shaft looks as if it were a tall, thin Ossa penetrating the home of the gods. Again, with its base wrapped in fog and its summit in cloud, it is a symbol of human destiny, emerging from one mystery only to pass after a little into another. Always the same, yet never twice alike, it is to the old Washingtonian a being instinct with life, a personality to be known and loved. It has relatively little to tell the passing stranger, but many confidences for the friend of years.

It is mid-morning now, but from our outlook on the Capitol terrace we face a thick and troubled sky. The air is murky. Clouds fringed with fine gray fleece, which have been hanging so low as to hide the apex of the monument, are folding back upon themselves in the southern heavens, forming a rampart dark and forbidding. Against this the marble obelisk is projected, having caught and held one ray of pure sunshine which has found an opening and shot through like a search-light. It is plain that an atmospheric battle is at hand. The garrulous city seems struck dumb; the timid trees are shivering with apprehension; the voice of the wind is half sob and half warning. The search-ray vanishes as the door of the cloud fort is closed and the rumbling of the bolts is heard behind it. The landscape in the background is blotted from view by eddies of yellow dust, as if a myriad of horsemen were making a tentative charge. Silent and unmoved the obelisk stands there, a white warrior bidding defiance to the forces of sky and earth. As the subsiding dust marks the retreat of the cavalry, the artillery opens fire. First one masked porthole and then another belches flame, but the sharp crash or dull roar which follows passes quite unnoticed by the champion. Then comes



Statues of the nation's heroes appear at intervals.—Page 130.

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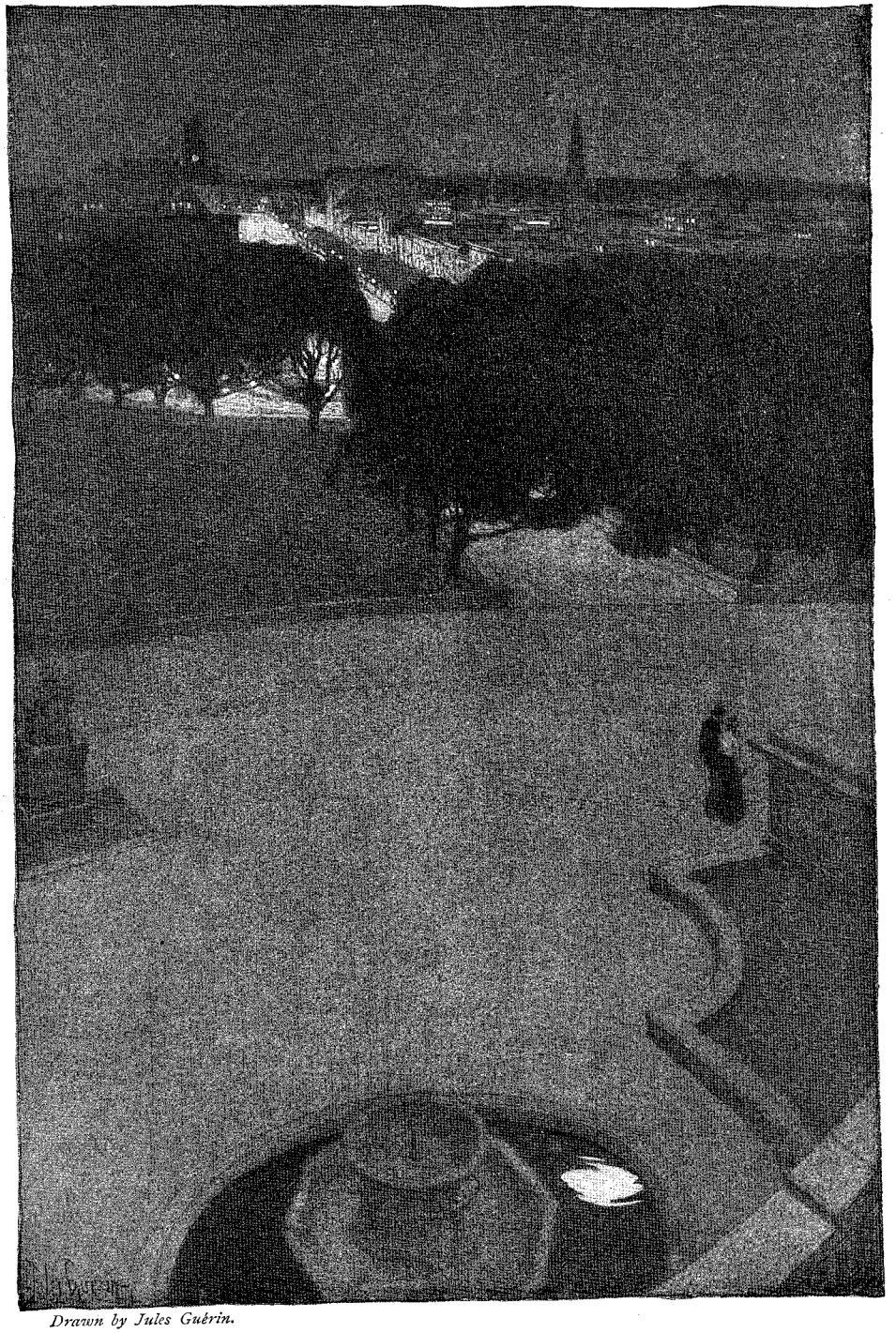

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

That unbroken mile of avenue.—Page 143.

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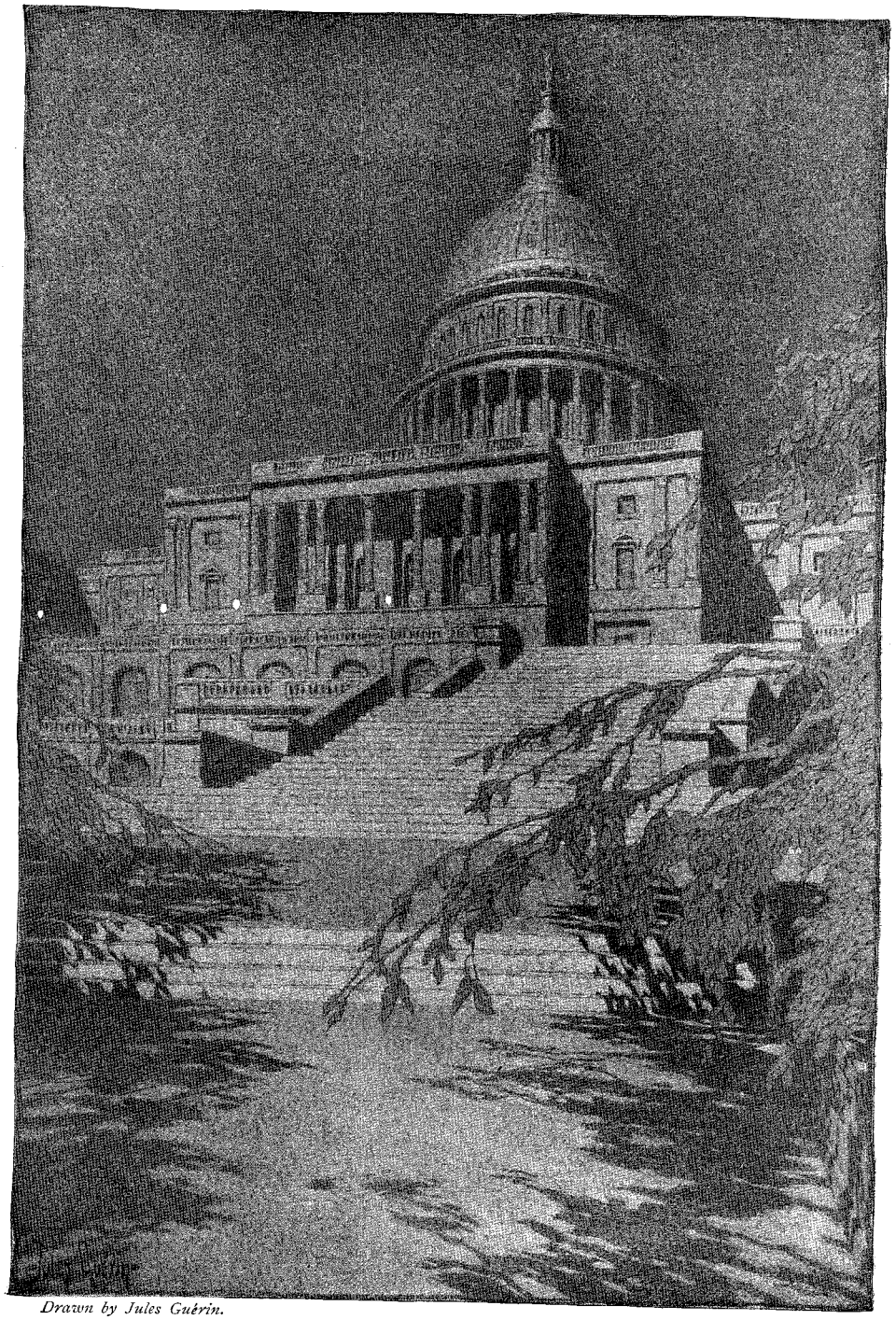

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Mount the Capitol terrace at night.—Page 143.

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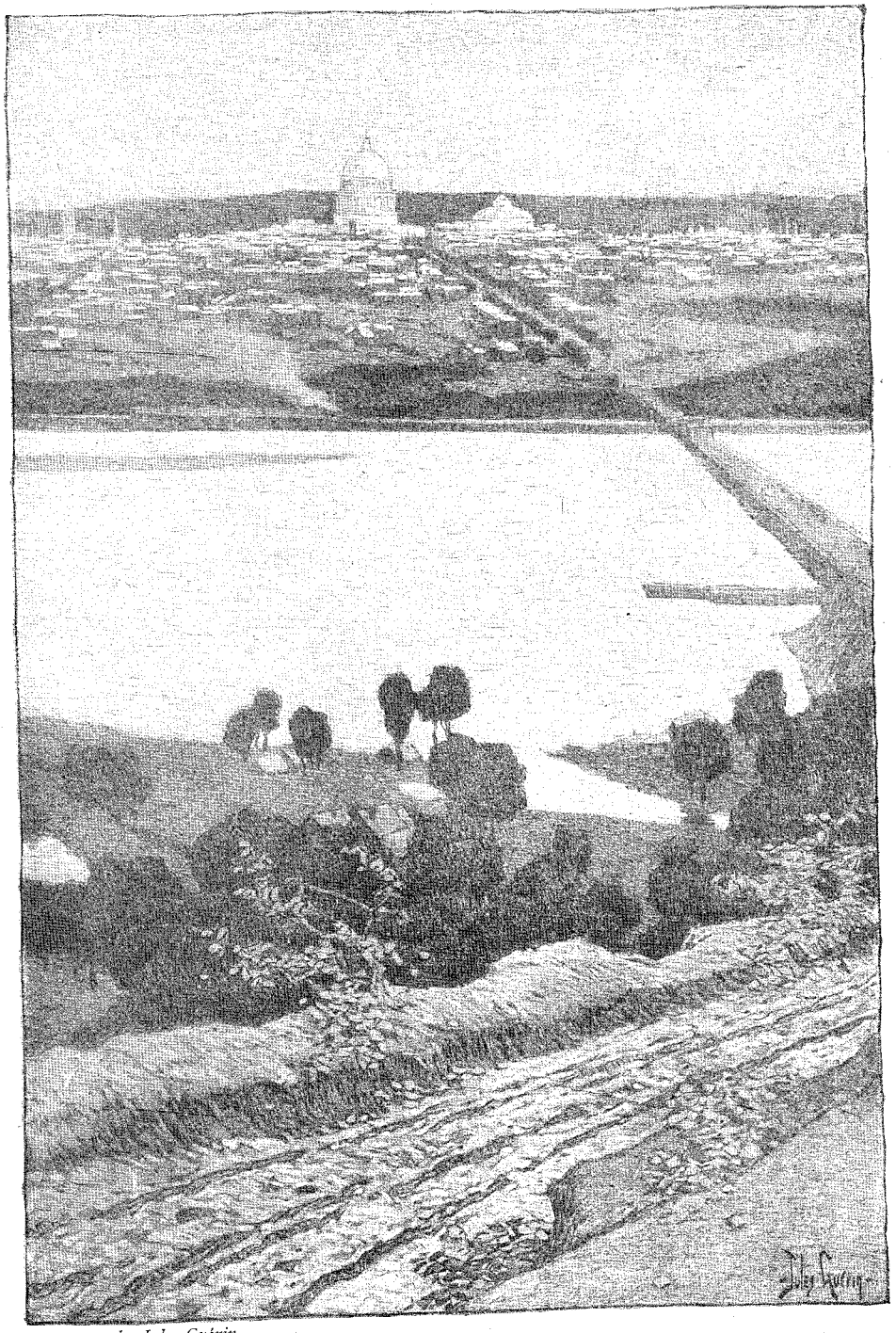

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The valley of domes and spires.—Page 143.

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the rattle of musketry, as a sheet of hail sweeps across the field.

We are not watching a combat, only an assault, for these demonstrations call forth no response. On the champion—taking everything, giving nothing—the only effect they produce is a change of color from snowy white to ashen gray. Even that is but for a moment. As the storm of hail melts into a shower of limpid raindrops to which the relieved trees open their palms, the wind ceases its wailing, and the wall of cloud falls apart to let the sun's rays through once more.

I realize that I have gone rapidly over a wide range. Well, there is no better place to rest than the President's garden on a summer Saturday afternoon, when all the Washington world and its sweetheart turns out to hear the Marine Band play. We can find a cool, soft spot on the side of this grass-tufted hillock to stretch ourselves at full length. Lean on your elbow a moment and look about. To your left is the quaint old river-front of the White House, scenically framed between wings of dark green foliage. Its semi-circular portico, upheld by stately columns, fills the central space, and dense masses of honeysuckle rail in the stone stairways, worn smooth by the tread of the lords and ladies of our republican court for eighty years. To the right, a gentle slope of lawn sweeps away toward the river, but soon loses itself in a labyrinth of shrubbery. Its surface is broken midway by a fountain noiselessly playing, whose spray is blown by the breeze over first one cluster of scarlet cannas and then another. Three-fourths of the horizon is a billowy line of tree-tops; and looming above it, projected against a cloudless southern sky, is seen the upper half of the Monument. The sun has settled far enough to cast long shadows over most of the leaf-walled space and enable the pleasure-seekers to stroll about the greensward without discomfort. The men are clad for the most part in white or in the cooler grays; the women in a multitude of delicate tints which arrange themselves in kaleidoscopic groupings as they stray from place to place.

Where is the city, with its brick and stone and its hard-paved highways, its clang of gongs and clatter of traffic? Surely, a hundred miles away. We cannot see it, for the White House on the one hand and the Monument on the other are the only signs of man's handiwork to remind us that we are not alone with nature; listen as we may, we cannot catch even its distant hum, for between us and it has fallen a curtain of music—one of those untamed Polish dances in which the brasses seem to chase each other across the field, and a night-wind to go howling after the hindmost. Close your eyes. Cannot you see the dainty shapes in lavender and straw-color and white, at which you were looking just now, swaying and swinging and sweeping, this way and that, with the tumultuous rhythm? Are you not watching a village festival in far-off Plotzk?

The dance is ended. You open your eyes for an instant, roused from your day-dream by the clapping of hands; but you close them again and sink back on your grassy couch as the brasses fall to the rear for the encore, and the wood instruments send forth the first melodious bars of the Spring Song. A hush falls upon the whole assemblage. You cannot analyze the sentiment which holds you now, but you are conscious that hundreds of others are feeling what you feel. No wonder the master made this a song without words.

Late October is the season to visit the Old Arsenal, when the grass is at the half-way stage between green and brown, and the yellow leaves strew the ground and play color tricks with the eye that moves from them to other objects. The sunsets are then at their best, and sunset is the hour of hours here.

No spot in all Washington is steeped in more varied associations than this long, narrow tongue of land where Anacostia Creek joins the Potomac. By turns a military post under command of one of Lafayette's lieutenants; the site of the gunshop established by the infant republic; the scene of a disastrous explosion when the British were plying the torch in the War of 1812; a repository for army stores; a penitentiary; the stage on which the last act of the Lincoln tragedy was played; an artillery school; an engineer

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barrack-ground: here are relics of every occupation, like fossil remains in broken strata, waiting for the historian to dig them out and classify them according to the æon to which each belonged in life. But now the old reservation is well on its way toward a fresh chapter in its career, which will exceed all the rest in dignity and lead, perhaps, to its permanent transformation; for it has been chosen as the home of the new War College, where the international art of meeting force with force will be taught as one teaches a game of chess.

There is a spacious parade, of course, enclosed between footpaths and a carriage drive, and bordered with rows of trees set out with great precision, like troops at drill in open order. The walls of the former prison-yard have been razed, and the two wings of the institution, made over into officers' quarters, in their coats of clean paint wear the air of veterans who are keeping back the signs of age by a careful regard for their health and plenty of cold baths and exercise. Between the two buildings rises a green mound, crowned with a mass of foliage plants and flowers, and in the midst a fountain; here is where the gibbet stood of old, and underneath this sod the bones of many a friendless malefactor have been laid away after he has paid his last debt to justice.

The river side, however, is the one from which to view the sunset. A vine-laden sea-wall, pretty well gone to decay, catches the wash of the vessels which go tacking up the current to reach the shelter of some friendly wharf before night can overtake them. The clouds have deserted the upper heavens and followed the sun down to within a little distance of the sky-line, where they are halted and drawn up to bid the day adieu. The old Lee Mansion, which looked down at us from Arlington Heights an hour ago, has faded from sight. The outline of the crest beyond is softened by a faint purple haze; above this the purple fades into pink, the pink into yellow, the yellow into green, the green into turquoise, and the turquoise into pure sapphire blue. Every gradation of color is reflected in the river, sifted through the embroidery of the trees which line Potomac Island, the redeemed shoal between the Old Arsenal and the Virginia shore. In the northwest the Monument rises out of what seems a plain, so dwarfed are all neighboring objects by its towering height. The sun, even after sinking out of view, continues to mark its descent, dial-fashion, on the shaft, up which creep rapidly the shadows of the hills, absorbing the flush that has suffused its marble face during the last few seconds of farewell.

There is a stir about one of the old bronze cannon on the rise of ground back of us. A bugle-call—a flash—an echo-waking roar—and a dagger of smoke stabs the thin vapors which have already begun to rise from the river. From the staff in the centre of the parade the colors descend like the relieved lookout from a ship's masthead, hand under hand. As the bunting touches the grass, the troops in the several squads, who have been standing like statues at "attention," break ranks and saunter into their barracks. The day is done.

Returning to Capitol Hill for a last look before going to bed, we can do no better than to take a leisurely stroll through a negro quarter which will soon be swept away by the fast advancing tide of improvement. It was forlorn enough in the garish light of noon, but now the dusk has softened everything and laid a poetic touch upon even poverty and dirt. These whitewashed shanties are squatter dwellings which seem to have dropped down at random on the ragged turf. They are a rude patchwork of old bits of board and shingle picked from waste-heaps in the city. With no regularity of structure, and saved from collapse only by many props projecting at uncertain angles, they are nevertheless human homes, with such domestic suggestions as here a pair of bean-vines trained on strings over a doorway, there a protruding elbow of stovepipe shooting up a stream of sparks, and yonder an opening with the light of a candle gleaming through. Had we come here in winter we should have found a sprig of Virginia mistletoe tacked to nearly every lintel, and caught the glow of holly-berries against the single pane which serves for a window.

The city engineers are running a sewer across this malarial flat, and have mounted a zigzag row of ruby lanterns to warn

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wayfarers away from the open ditch. In front of one of the shanties sit an Uncle and Auntie, all rags and tatters, smoking their pipes demurely beside a little bonfire, while a brawny young son of Ham, half clad and with his black throat and chest exposed, leans against the door-jamb, thrumming a banjo. Around him a dozen solemn-faced pickaninnies are circling in a weird dance, each a law unto himself as to steps and postures, but all keeping perfect time with the well-punctuated jig-tune. It is a bit of the South of forty years ago thrown out on the picket line of to-day.

Climbing the hill, we reach the Library of Congress and mount the staircase to the portico. Night has come on meanwhile, but the moon has not risen. The blackness overhead is pierced with tiny holes through which glow the fires of other worlds; the blackness below is relieved by globes of white light suspended here and there among the trees like will-o'-the-wisps in a wood, and causing fantastic shadows to chase each other across the ground as the boughs sway with every passing breeze.

Grand and gray, the bulk of the Capitol stands out against a dark expanse. Its base-line, like the hull of an anchored ship, is partly hidden by the surf of foliage between. Studied from here, no obtrusive roof or tower breaks the symmetry of its silhouette. For all that we can see, its nearest neighbors on the other side are the stars. The illumination of the city, however, is reflected against the wall of the western sky-vault, lending to it the faintest hint of ruddy color, and thus accentuating the noble lines of the dome and its massive shoulders.

The Capitol is resting after a period of internal turmoil. Not a window is lighted, not even a watchman is visible. The mantle of sleep is over everything. But somewhere up in the sky, though we cannot see her, we know that "the great bronze Freedom" still

> Peers eastward, as divining
> The new day from the old.

It will be observed that Washington offers its wealth to the picture-seeker only by a frequent shifting of the point of view. Its beauties are many, but lack continuity. Owing to the accidental character of the city's development hitherto, they are still amid incongruous surroundings, and so scattered that one must learn by patient experiment where to go in search of them. The topography is full of wonderful possibilities, some of which have been improved, though here and there a vista with a perfect foreground calls for the free use of the axe and battering-ram to clear the middle distance, and another with a beginning of great promise ends ingloriously. It is to the task of assembling the unrelated fragments and adjusting them to each other in a harmonious whole, that the new Park Commission, consisting of Messrs. Burnham, McKim, and Olmsted, with Augustus St. Gaudens as advising sculptor, has just addressed itself.

No city in the world is so bountifully supplied with parks and breathing-places, but they need a common key and a consecutive interpretation. These the Commission hopes to give them before proceeding to its larger scheme, which embraces novel enterprises in landscape engineering and architectural assimilation. The single feat of connecting by a generous driveway the several scenic beauties, and thus reducing them to a system, would be worthy of the highest artistic endeavor. If no more than the plans already in hand are carried out, the visitor may be borne through grassy fields and virgin forests; along a river's edge bristling with masts; past corners where classic marble façades peep between parted curtains of leaves; down into gorges ploughed by foaming streams, and up over panoramic hill-tops; across spider-web bridges and viaducts of massive masonry: and all within an hour's walk of the heart of a teeming city—a heart that throbs with the concentrated life of 70,000,000 people.

Whether from the heights of Arlington on a fair spring morning we survey the valley of domes and spires, or mount the Capitol terrace at night and sweep with our glance that unbroken mile of avenue which impresses even the Parisian fresh from his boulevards, whether we assist at the dedication of a new monument to heroism or watch the devotees of pleasure taking their way homeward from an official ball, it is always the picturesque

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Washington which first reveals itself to us. Our capital has its practical side, its sordid side, even its repulsive side, but these do not appear till we have broken the spell of that first impression. And why should not the spell work deeper than the surface? If nature and art, joined hand in hand, exert the ennobling influence with which we credit them, is it too much to hope that in course of time, when the renaissance now in prospect shall have reached its full fruition, the face of the City Beautiful may become but the mirror of its soul?

A TRYST

By Winston Churchill

Alas, alas, the leaves do blow
To East and South and West!
And so my thoughts and longings go.

O gray or gold, or steel-blue cold,
My spirit hath no rest.
Where'er I turn, thy story's told.

'Tis whispered from the hills by day,
And nightly by our star.
The burden on the wind—thy lay.

My waking hours are dreams of thee:
My spirit, wandering far,
Comes back, so wearily, to me.

Of thee, the blue light 'neath the pines,
Where silent needles fall,
Repeats, O faintly, wondrous lines.

And ever, ever can I hear
Thy voice beyond my call.
Am I to see thee never, dear?

The misty sun slips in and out
Behind our bare oak-tree.
And so I sway 'twixt hope and doubt.

But in the night my soul takes flight.
Our trysting-place can be
What star in all of Heaven's height?

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THE PROPOSED ISTHMIAN SHIP-CANAL

By William H. Burr

Member of the Isthmian Canal Commission

THE project of a transportation route across the Central American isthmus to connect the two oceans is nearly four hundred years old. The early Spanish explorations were so thorough and well directed that apparently no feasible crossing of the isthmus from Tehuantepec to the Atrato River escaped their examination. The good judgment, energy, and intrepidity displayed by these early Spaniards in pushing their explorations successfully in every direction where anything was to be gained, cannot fail to command admiration and respect, even though the accomplishment of their purposes was frequently accompanied by indescribable cruelties to the natives. From the time of Balboa's first view of the Pacific Ocean, which he called the great South Sea, from the summit of the divide on the Isthmus of Darien, on September 25, 1513, the Spaniards were ceaseless in their search for possible commercial routes across the isthmus. It was while Charles V. was on the throne of Spain, in 1521, that Gil Gonzales de Avila sailed northward from the vicinity of Panama, along the Pacific coast of Central America, searching for a connecting strait between the seas, and discovered Lake Nicaragua. He named it Lake Nicarao, after a native chief. This furnished practically the first material evidence pointing to the Nicaragua route as feasible for a canal. The work begun by De Avila in Nicaragua was extended in 1529 by the Spanish captain Diego Machuka, who constructed some vessels on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, explored that lake, and then passed down the Desaguadero River, now called the San Juan, to the Caribbean Sea. The memory of his exploration is maintained in the rapids which bear his name.

One of the routes of travel across the Isthmus of Panama, established between the years 1517 and 1519, made the town of Nombre de Dios the Atlantic terminus, and the site of old Panama, about five miles east of the present city of Panama, the Pacific terminus. The settlement of old Panama was begun in 1517, and in 1521 it became a city. Subsequently it became the Pacific terminus of a paved road seventeen miles long, running to Cruces, a town on the Chagres River. Great quantities of the precious metals were transported across the isthmus along these early lines of communication, and they were the means of developing an active commerce between the old countries and the new. Indeed, this commerce attained such importance that the idea of a ship-canal took shape soon after the passage across the isthmus was made. It is stated with apparent authority that the Spanish king, Charles V., directed a survey to be made for a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama in 1520, and in 1534 the country between the Chagres and the Pacific was examined under royal decree for that purpose. In the report made the project was considered impracticable on account of the obstacles in the way of forming a water connection between the two seas.

These few facts in the early history of the isthmus show that progressive and broad-minded men have entertained the idea of a ship-canal between the two oceans almost since the earliest years of discovery. During the last half of the nineteenth century the project was actively agitated, and the advocates of both the Nicaragua aud Panama routes have set forth the relative merits of the two lines in a literature that has swelled to proportions far beyond the imagination of those who have not had occasion to examine it. Between 1870 and 1900 the United States Government equipped and sent out a number of well-fitted expeditions for the purpose of authoritatively determining the principal features of all feasible routes between Tehuantepec and the Atrato. These governmental efforts

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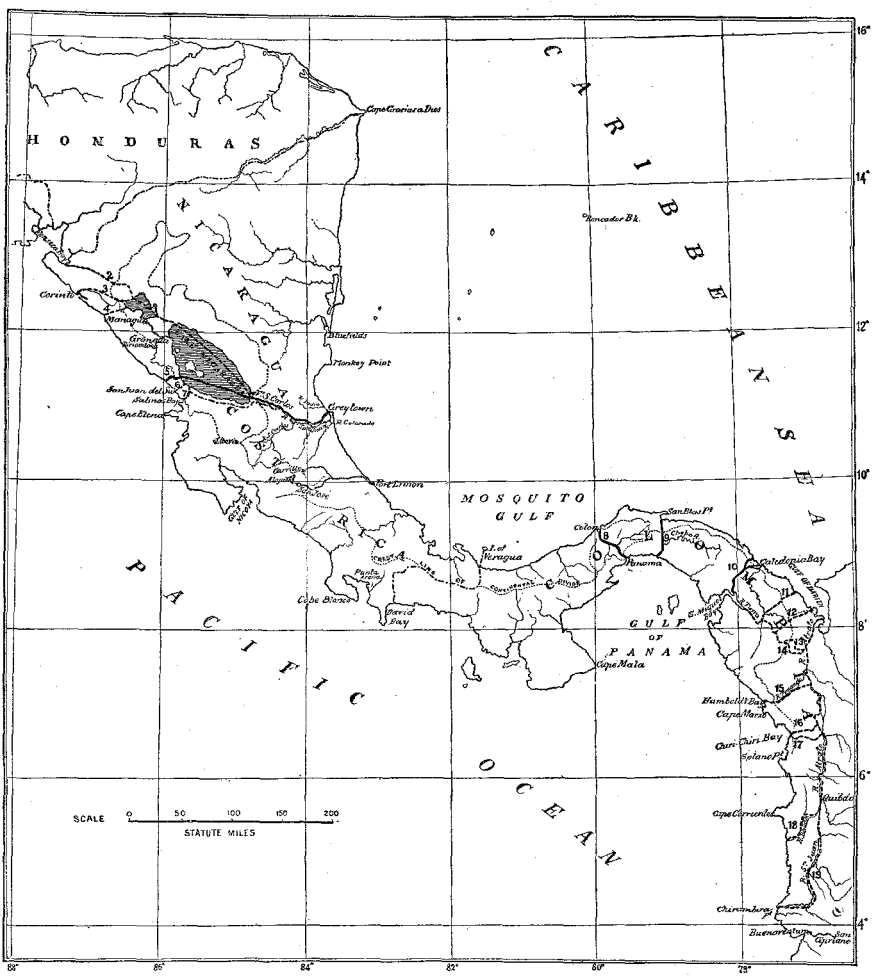

The American Isthmus, showing Routes Investigated for a Ship-Canal.

——— Routes Investigated by the Isthmian Canal Commission.

- - - - - - - - Routes Investigated by Others.

1. Tehuantepec Route (not shown above). 2.* Fonseca. 3. Realejo. 4. Tamarindo. 5. Brito. 6. San Juan del Sur. 7. Salinas Bay. 8. Panama Route. 9. San Blas Route. 10. Caledonia Bay Routes. 11. Tupisa-Tiati-Acanti Route. 12. Arguia-Paya-Tuyra Route. 13. Atrato-Cacarica-Tuyra Route. 14. Atrato-Peranchita-Tuyra Route. 15. Atrato-Truando Route. 16. Atrato-Napipi Route. 17. Atrato-Bojaya Route. 18. Atrato-Baudo Route. 19. Atrato-San Juan Route.

culminated in the appointment of the Isthmian Canal Commission in 1899, whose duties as set forth in the instructions of the Secretary of State included surveys and examinations requisite to determine the most practicable and feasible route for a ship-canal across the Central American isthmus. The operations of the Commission were confined between the rather indefinite eastern limit of what is called the Isthmus of Darien and the Nicaragua route, as including all territory across which it is practicable or feasible to construct a ship-canal. Although the Tehuantepec route has at times been considered in connection with a canal project, it has been sufficiently examined prior to the present time to demonstrate that it cannot be considered as a practicable or feasible line for a canal, although adapted to railroad location and construction.

Parties well equipped for explorations and surveys were sent out by the Isthmian Canal Commission to examine all that part of the isthmus between the

* Routes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 are routes in Nicaragua.

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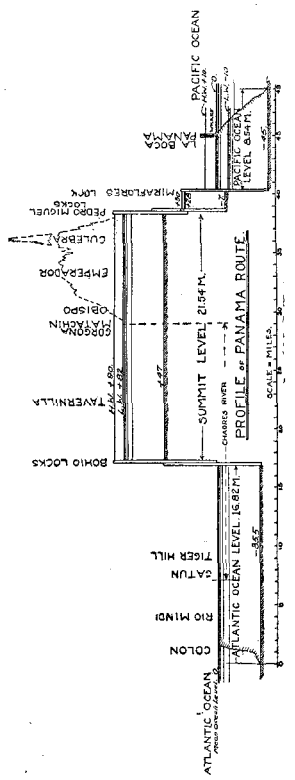
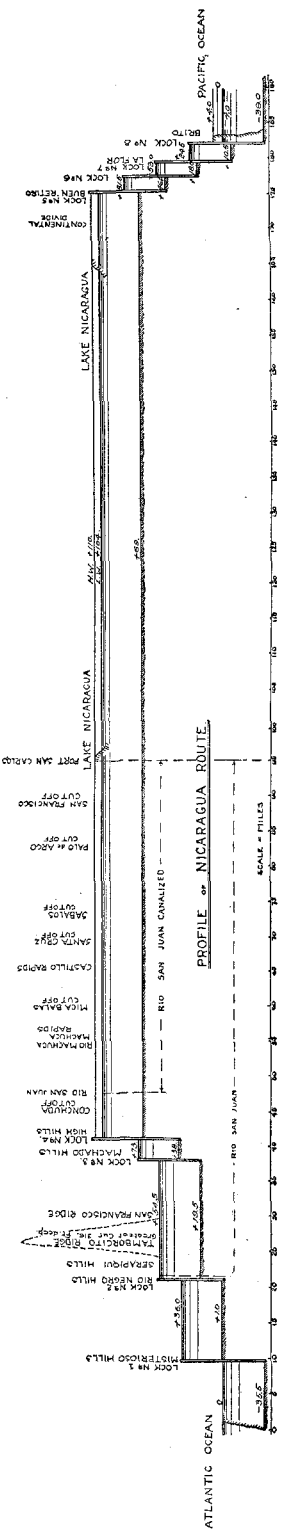
Panama line, running from the city of Colon to Panama, and the mouth of the Atrato River. The most promising routes on this part of the isthmus have been known as the San Blas and the Caledonia. The former will be familiar to many in connection with the examinations made prior to 1860 by Mr. Frederick Kelley. It involves the construction of a ship-tunnel 4.2 miles long. The Caledonia route, running from Caledonia Bay across the isthmus to the Bay of San Miguel on the Pacific side, has been advocated in the past by unscrupulous explorers as one with a very low divide and adapted to easy construction. The surveys and examinations of the Isthmian Canal Commission demonstrate that neither of these routes can be considered as practicable and feasible as either the Panama or Nicaragua route. Other lines on the Isthmus of Darien have been advocated from time to time, but the operations now completed show clearly that there is no reasonable expectation of finding any route east of the Panama line of sufficient merit to be seriously considered. The decision to be made by the Commission, therefore, narrowed down to a choice between the Panama and Nicaragua locations. In order to make that choice it became necessary to undertake extensive and detailed surveys and examinations along both of these routes.





The Nicaragua Canal Commission, created in 1897, made for the first time an accurate and complete survey of Lake Nicaragua. It also ran a line of precise levels from ocean to ocean, surveyed accurately a line from Greytown to Brito with a number of variants, performed a great deal of most valuable hydrographic and geological work and accumulated much other data of value in its report completed in 1899, but the work of that Commission was rendered incomplete by the insufficient funds at its disposal. The Isthmian Canal Commission accepted all work done by the Nicaragua Commission, and added to it by the extension of surveys, by further explorations, by a greatly increased number of borings for the determinations of subsurface material along the line and at all important works, by further hydraulic work, and in other ways tending to the completion of all classes of data necessary for the final solution of the problem.

The work which has been performed by the old Panama

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and the new Panama companies fixed definitely the location of the canal as those companies intended to construct it. There are one or two possible variations of location examined by the Isthmian Canal Commission, but its operations on that route consisted mainly of such surveys and examinations as would confirm the estimates made by the French companies of the work already completed, and determine the chief physical features of the finished canal. In addition to this a considerable amount of examination of subsurface material by jet borings was accomplished at possible sites of the proposed great dam near Bohio. It will be seen, therefore, that there was a very much smaller amount of work required to be done on the Isthmus of Panama than in Nicaragua.

Both routes lie in tropical countries. Naturally, as canal locations must avoid high ground, both locations are but little above sea-level. The temperatures on both lines are, therefore, high, and except for those localities where there is a dry season during a portion of the year the climate is humid. The latter observation applies with particular force to that portion of the Nicaragua route lying between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea, where the season is rainy throughout the entire year. Between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean there is a well-defined dry season, extending from about the middle of December to the middle of May. The amount of rainfall in the vicinity of Greytown, on the Caribbean coast of Nicaragua, may be as much as 300 inches in a year. The easterly and northeasterly trade-winds carry the water-laden atmosphere from the Caribbean Sea up the valley of the San Juan to the lake, the precipitation of rain beginning immediately on reaching the coast, but at a rate which decreases from the sea-coast to the lake, where the annual rainfall may be found less than 100 inches. These trade-winds also blow across the lake, but seem to be freed of so much moisture as to afford no precipitation on the Pacific side during the dry season already mentioned. From about the middle of May to about the middle of December the country between the lake and the Pacific Ocean is subject to rains which records show, at Rivas and Granada during the fifteen years 1886 to 1900, may vary annually from 20.5 inches to 96 inches at those points.

In such a tropical climate all classes of vegetation flourish luxuriantly. Nearly the whole country along the route is covered with forests with thick undergrowth wherever the soil is firm enough to carry it, and with dense vegetation of palms, canes, and coarse grasses on the lower and softer grounds, so that lines of surveys can only be carried forward where ranges of sight have previously been cut out and cleared.

The general course of the Nicaragua route from Greytown is a little north of west to the lake; about westerly through the lake; and a little south of west from Las Lajas, the point where the line leaves the lake, to Brito, on the Pacific Ocean. Besides two small towns on the San Juan River (Castillo Viejo on the river and Fort San Carlos at the point where it leaves the lake), there is practically no population to be found anywhere on the route after leaving Greytown. The only exceptions to this observation are the crude thatched-roof dwellings of the natives found at rare intervals. The old city of Rivas, about four miles from the west side of the lake, is, however, but a half-dozen miles from the canal line.

The San Juan River is the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. The lake has a surface area of about 3,000 square miles, or nearly one-third that of Lake Erie. The San Juan leaves the lake at what may be called its southeast corner, and flows through an uncultivated and almost uninhabited forest country about 110 miles to the Caribbean Sea. It is a clear-water stream with insignificant tributaries only for a distance of about fifty-five miles, or half its course. At that point it receives the waters of the San Carlos, a river rising in the mountains of Costa Rica and bringing down, in times of flood, great quantities of sand and sediment. Another river, the Serapiqui, flows into the San Juan from the Costa Rica side about twenty miles below the confluence of the San Carlos, and also contributes considerable quantities of sand and sediment to the San Juan. The solid matter brought down from the volcanic regions of Costa Rica by these and other rivers has formed a wide strip of low, marshy, marginal

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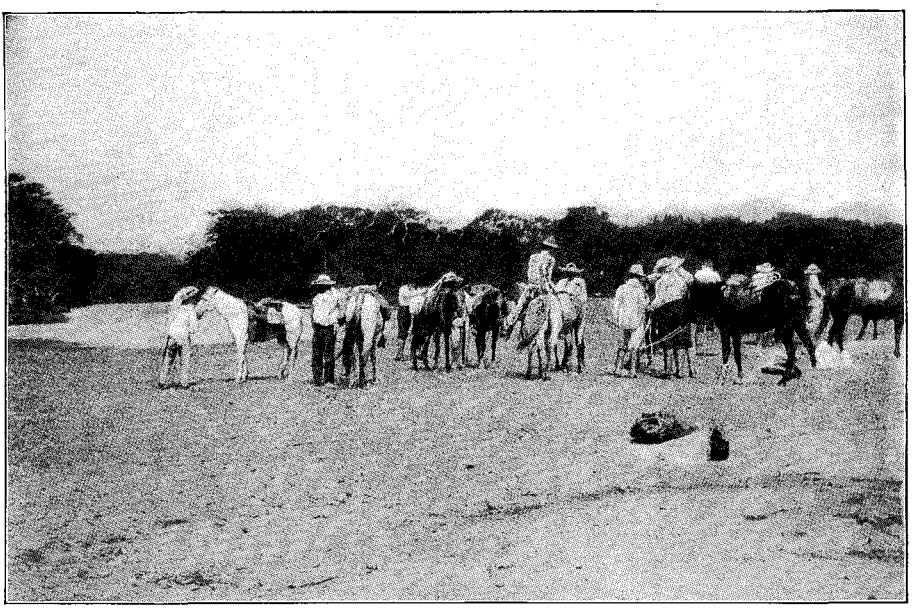

The Commission at the Mouth of Rio Las Lajas, where the Canal enters Lake Nicaragua on its western shore.

country or coastal plain between the ocean and the high grounds or mountains of the adjacent country. The coastal plain is, in some places, over fifteen miles wide, and the San Juan delta with its two principal mouths is included in it. The smaller of these two mouths is named the "Lower San Juan" and empties into the ocean practically at Greytown, while the larger, called the Colorado, empties into the ocean about thirty miles southeast of Greytown, the latter at times carrying three-fourths to five-sixths of the discharge of the San Juan River.

The San Juan River is navigable for vessels of light draught, but in periods of extreme low water the navigation cannot be carried below the junction of the Lower San Juan and the Colorado, about twelve miles from the sea, except through the mouth of the latter. At Castillo there are rapids with a fall of six feet in a few hundred, and at low water vessels do not pass them. A short tramway a half-mile long, with cars drawn by mules, carries both passengers and freight from the steamer below the rapids to that above them, a transshipment being necessary. There are also rapids at other points between Castillo and the lake, but steamboats can pass them without great difficulty, even during the low-water seasons.

All the steamboats on the San Juan River are rather crude in character, although well adapted to the existing conditions of navigation. They are stern-wheel vessels with machinery arranged very much as on the stern-wheel boats of our Western rivers. They draw from three to six or eight feet of water.

The greater portion of Lake Nicaragua has considerable depth, being at points as much as 160 feet deep. The bottom of the lake is, therefore, about fifty feet below sea-level at those points, the surface of the lake itself varying from about 100 to 110 feet above sea-level. A small screw steamboat, called the Victoria, drawing four to six feet of water, navigates the lake under an exclusive concession and does a very profitable business. A line of steamboats navigated the San Juan River and the lake from Greytown to a point called La Virgin, at the southwest extremity of the lake, from about 1850 to 1865, forming a part of the route then much travelled from New York City to San Francisco. This line of steamers operated, in connection with a well-constructed country road, from La Virgin to a harbor on the Pacific coast about fourteen miles distant, called San Juan del Sur. Pacific coasting steamers called at San Juan del Sur and thus completed the trip to San Francisco. This

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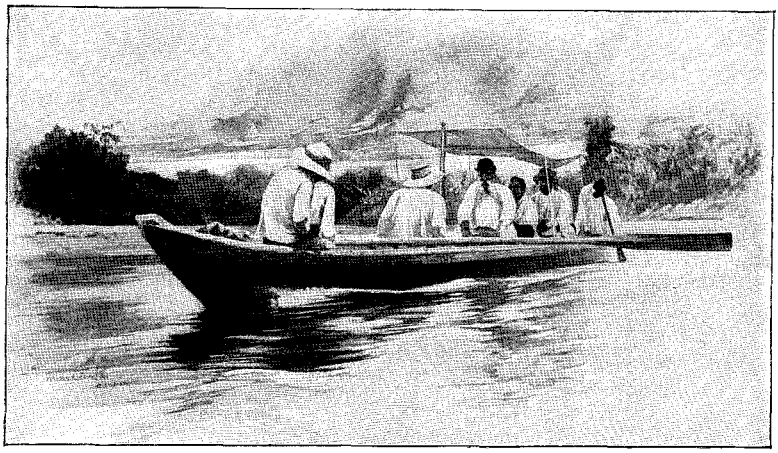

Three Members of the Commission on the Chagres River.

and the route across the Isthmus of Panama were competing lines for the Pacific-coast travel in those early days. The San Juan River line of steamers was owned and operated by Commodore Vanderbilt and his associates. It was an active transportation line with much business. The wagon route between La Virgin and San Juan del Sur still exists, but it has accommodated an insignificant local traffic only since the abandonment of the San Juan River transcontinental route in 1865.

The canal route from Las Lajas, on the western shore of the lake, to Brito, on the Pacific Ocean, cuts the continental divide about twelve miles from the coast, where it is only 153 feet above sea-level. This country is largely forested, but there is a greater population contiguous to it than east of the lake. Indeed, there is considerable land devoted to agricultural purposes at various points but a short distance from the canal line. Between the lake and the divide the canal line follows approximately the course of the small Las Lajas River. Between the divide and the Pacific Ocean it follows quite closely the course of a small river called the Rio Grande. The entire length of the canal from Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, to Brito, on the Pacific, is 183.66 miles. The distance by the canal from the sea at Greytown to Fort San Carlos is 95.81 miles; from Fort San Carlos across the lake to Las Lajas, 70.51 miles; and from Las Lajas to Brito, 17.34 miles.

It is of the utmost importance to determine, with the greatest attainable accuracy, the elevation of the highest part of the canal above the two oceans. In the older examinations of possible isthmian canal lines it was usually reported that the mean elevation of the surface of the Pacific Ocean was different from that of the Atlantic, and that idea probably survives to the present day in some minds. The fact that the rise and fall of the tides are quite different in the two oceans on the shores of the isthmus obscures the actual mean elevations of the two great surfaces of water. At Brito the extreme range of the tides is not precisely known, in the absence of a sufficiently extended series of tidal observations, but it may be taken at about eight feet. At Greytown the same extreme range may be taken at one foot. At Colon, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, the mean range of tides may be also taken at one foot, but the vertical height between mean high and mean low tides at Panama is about twenty feet. Precise levels have been run both on the Nicaragua route and the route at Panama, the former by the Nicaragua Canal Commission and the latter by the engineering force of the old and new Panama companies. The results of these levels leads to the conclusion that the mean ocean level may be taken the same on the two sides of the isthmus. In discussing the highest portions, *i.e.*, the summit levels, of either route, therefore, the elevations above mean sea-level should

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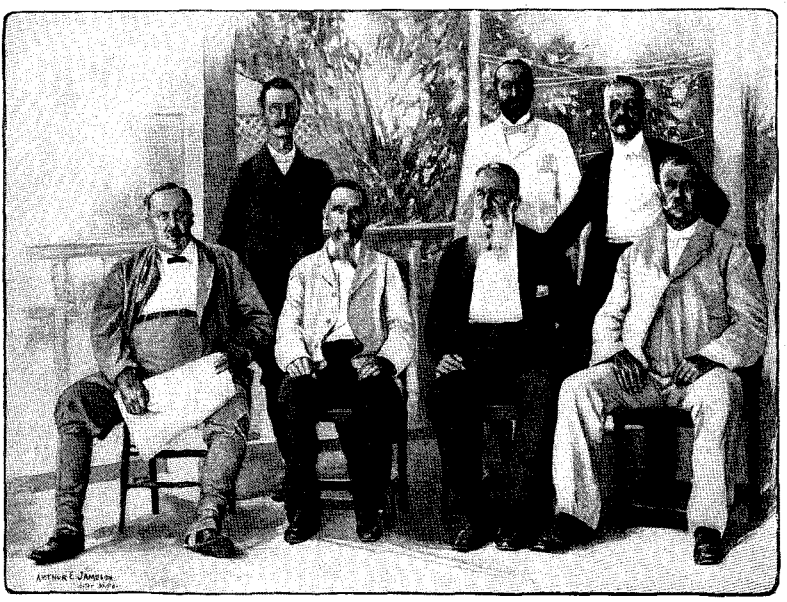
be understood to be the elevations above the common mean level of the two oceans.

Obviously the highest part of the canal, or, as civil engineers call it, the summit level, on the Nicaragua route, would be the surface of the water in Lake Nicaragua; but the convenient and efficient operation of the canal will not permit the elevation of that lake surface to vary beyond certain fixed limits in either direction. In seasons of great rain never permit the surface of the lake to fall lower than 104 feet above mean sea-level, or sensibly higher than 110 feet above the same level.

The lake, acting as a reservoir, has a number of important functions to perform. No canal having locks can be operated without a continuous supply of water, as every time a ship passes through a lock a lockful of water may be taken out of that portion of the canal on the upper level.



A Picture of Seven Members of the Commission taken on the Veranda of the House of the San Antonio Sugar Estate, near Corinto.

or inflow into the lake, therefore, its surface must be under such control as never to rise to an elevation producing inconvenience to the operation of the canal or damage to its structures. On the other hand, in seasons of extreme drought or low water, the elevation of the lake surface must not be permitted to fall too low, for in that case there would not be sufficient depth of water for navigation purposes in those parts of the canal immediately adjacent to the lake. It is, therefore, essential to control the elevation of the lake surface within certain limits. After a careful examination of all the lake conditions and the consideration of the amount of water which might come into the lake during rainy seasons, the Isthmian Canal Commission decided to make plans for such controlling works as would

Having given the number of locks and their volumes in a canal and the number of times per day they will be operated, it is a matter of comparatively simple computation to determine how much water will be required to operate a given canal. If it be assumed that enough ships would pass through the Nicaragua Canal to have a carrying capacity of 10,000,000 tons per year, the amount of water required for all canal purposes of every kind would be but a little less than 1,100 cubic feet for each second of time. All of this water-supply must flow down from the summit level or highest part of the canal, *i.e.*, in the present instance from Lake Nicaragua, as a reservoir. During the rainy season, when far more water is running into the lake than is required to operate the canal, the surplus water over that required to

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A Dredge in Greytown Harbor Owned by the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua.

A Near View of Same, showing Wrecked Condition.

keep the lake surface as high as is desired, will be allowed to run to waste, and that is one function of the controlling-works. In dry seasons, however, when there is at most very little water running into the lake, the amount required to operate the canal and to meet the loss due to evaporation must be found stored in the lake. Indeed, so much water must be stored in the lake that at the end of the driest season which the records have ever shown, there must be sufficient water left in the lake to keep its surface above the lowest elevation permissible, or 104 feet above the sea. The total amount of water required per year for the operation of the canal is only about one-twelfth of the amount evaporated from the lake surface; it represents a depth of water over the entire lake area of about five inches only.

The regulating-works alluded to consist chiefly of a large masonry dam at a point called Conchuda, on the San Juan River, about fifty-three miles from the lake, together with a masonry overflow or wasteway constructed across a wide channel leading through a small valley on the Costa Rican side of the river, at a point about three-fourths of a mile from the latter. This wasteway is, therefore, a construction entirely independent of the dam. The top of the masonry over which the water flows, both for the wasteway and the dam, has an elevation above mean sea-level of 104 feet, the least allowed elevation of the lake surface. When, therefore, there is more water flowing into the lake than is desired, the surplus will waste both over the dam and the wasteway, the aggregate length of the crests of which is 1,600 feet. These crests are fitted with movable iron or steel gates, which may be raised or lowered so as to allow any desired amount of water within the capacity of the gates to flow through. They are constructed of such dimensions that when necessary the water of the lake may be held at 110 feet above mean sea-elevation. The proper operations of these gates, therefore, will always control the lake-surface elevation within the limits of 104 and 110 feet above the sea.

In order that a ship may be brought through the canal either from the Atlantic Ocean or the Pacific Ocean, and on its way carried up to the summit level of the lake, locks must be used. These locks are in their general features of the same type as those used on the Erie and other canals, both in this country and in Europe. In the main they consist of large and massive masonry enclosures, of a length somewhat greater than the longest ship ever passing through them, and with a width a little greater than that of the width or beam of the widest ship. The side walls of these locks are in fact sides of the canal, but at the ends there are gates of two leaves opening at the centre and swinging about vertical axes in the sides. These gates may be made of timber or metal; the Commission has planned to use gates of steel on both

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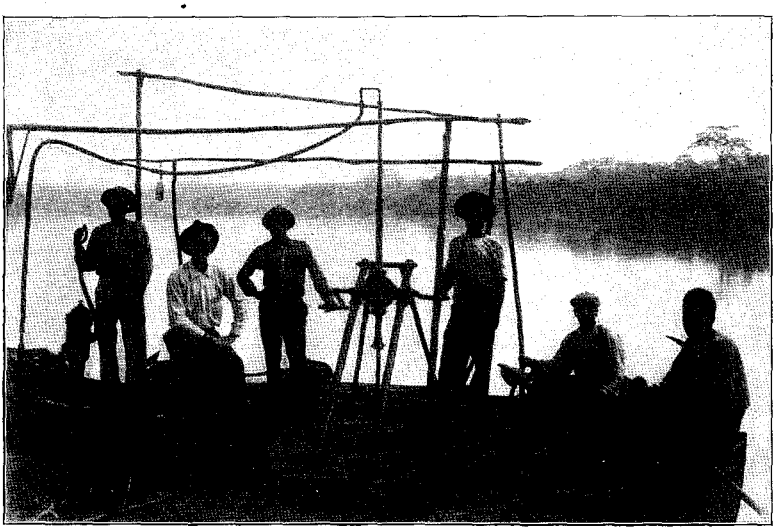
routes. Suitable valves, in pipes or conduits leading from the upper and lower canal levels into the locks, are employed to control their filling or emptying.

The Nicaragua Canal has been planned to require four locks in passing up to the lake level from either ocean. These locks have lifts varying from 18½ to 37 feet. They are distributed at suitable points along the line where the topography is favorable to securing any lift desired, and where rock is found for their foundation-beds.



Catamaran on the Rio San Juan.
Boring party at work for the Commission.

The dam and wasteway at Conchuda convert the upper portion of the San Juan River into what is practically an arm of the lake. In its natural condition that part of the San Juan River is not deep enough at all points for the desired navigation, even with the water backed up in it by the dam, hence some excavation must be made in many places to give the desired depth as well as to secure a straightened channel by excavating through points around which the river flows, *i.e.*, by cut-offs.

In order to construct the dam across this river, which is subject to heavy floods, it will be necessary to resort to the most advanced engineering expedients. The masonry must be carried to bed-rock at a maximum depth of about eighty feet below mean water of the river, or 135 feet below the water back of the dam at its highest elevation. These foundations are planned to be sunk by what is known as the pneumatic process, enabling them to be inspected during all stages of construction. There is but little rock at present known along the line of the canal adapted to such dimension stone-work as is largely used in this country; hence the great mass of masonry for the dam would be composed of concrete, for which there is an abundance of good stone. The total length of the dam is 1,310 feet, and its cost is estimated at $4,017,650.

The canal line enters the arm of the lake formed by the Conchuda dam at a point about three miles and three-tenths up the river from that structure. During flood discharges over the dam, therefore, ships navigating that part of the San Juan River above the dam would have to contend with the flood current. The greatest flood discharge over the dam and the wasteway near it may possibly amount to 70,000 cubic feet per second, and it will flow in those portions of the canal lying within a distance of twenty-five miles east of Fort San Carlos containing the most restricted sections. This discharge may, for short periods of a few days each, raise the velocity of the flowing water nearly to four feet per second, or about 2.7 miles per hour, which will

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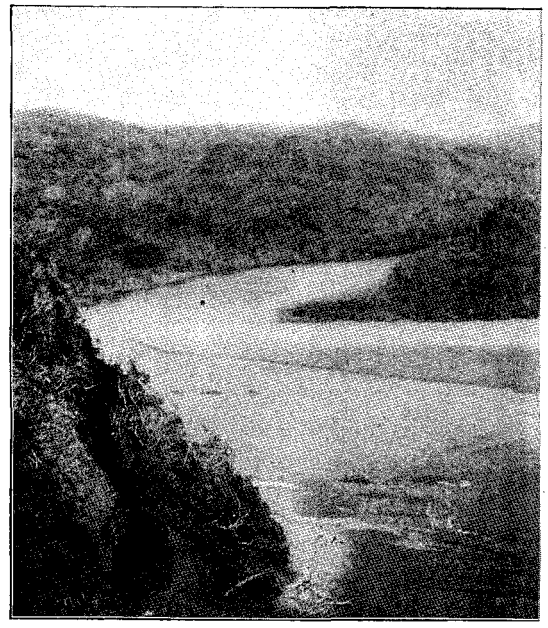
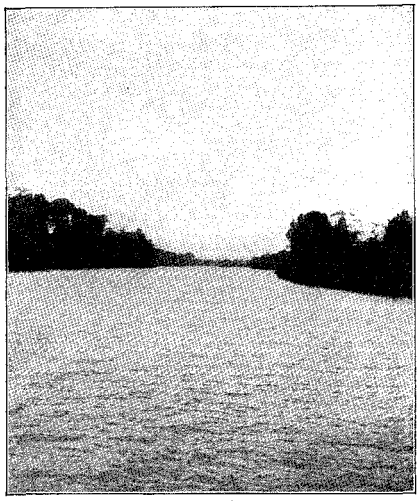
give no sensible inconvenience to ships passing either way along the canal. All the wastage from the lake is down the course of the San Juan River. The only water flowing toward the west is that required for lockage and other canal purposes between the lake and the Pacific Ocean.

The Federal statute under which the Isthmian Canal Commission was created required that body to make examinations and devise plans for a canal of sufficient navigable depth and of the requisite dimensions to accommodate the largest vessels afloat. As a rule, merchant ships are longer than naval vessels, while the latter class have relatively much the greater beam or width. The longest vessel now afloat is the Oceanic of the White Star Line; it has a length of practically 704 feet. It is quite probable that within a comparatively short time longer vessels will be built, but it would manifestly be impracticable for the Commission to take into consideration the possible development of ship design for an indefinite future period. It was, then, necessary to consider those vessels at present afloat whose dimensions are the largest yet used, and design the canal and its works so as to afford a reasonable margin beyond those limits, but not so great as to involve excessive cost. To meet these conditions the locks were designed to give a clear length of 740 feet and a clear width of eighty-four feet. The greatest beam or breadth of warship at present is practically seventy-seven feet. The locks, therefore, meet the requirements of the law and give some room for developments beyond the maximum limits of size already attained.



Mouth of the Rio Grande, taken from Brito Head, Adjacent to the Pacific Terminus of the Nicaragua Canal.



View of Beginning of Excavation for the Nicaragua Canal, by the Maritime Canal Company, at Greytown.

It is well known that ships drawing as much as thirty-two feet in sea-water have entered or passed from New York Harbor as well as some other ports, and there is no reason to believe that the limit of draught has yet been reached. It was, therefore, decided that the least navigable depth in the canal should be thirty-five feet, and that limit has been carefully observed throughout its entire length. In the harbor entrances at the extremities of the canal this depth of thirty-five feet is provided at mean low tide. This involves some extensive excavation at the entrance of the canal at Panama, but the Commission was of the opinion that in so great a work prompt passage might be an imperative requirement, and that provision should be made for it.

One of the most serious questions in connection with the development of the canal plans was that relating to the dimensions of the canal prism, or what may

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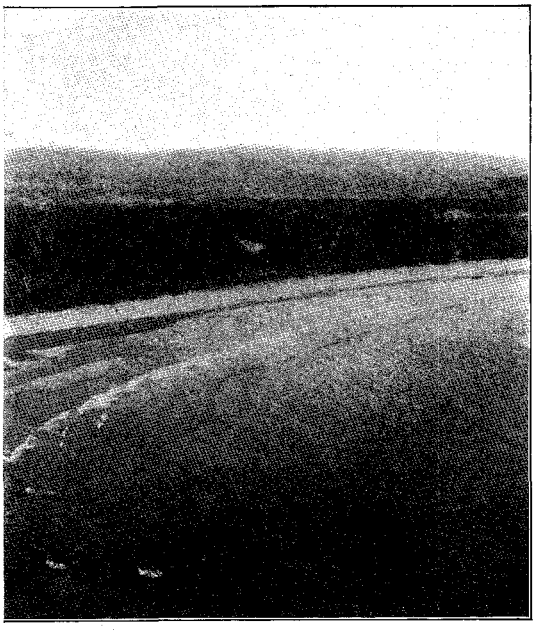
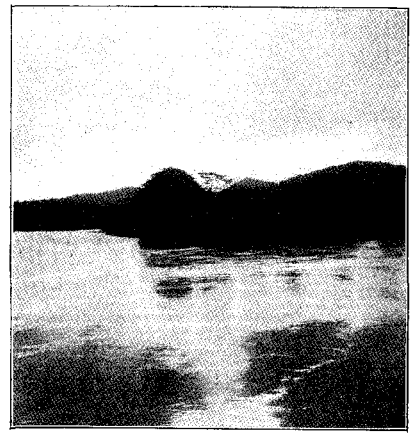


The Beach at Brito, at the Pacific Terminus of the Nicaragua Canal, taken from Brito Head.

be called the standard canal section. There are a number of ship-canals in the world, such as those at Kiel, Suez, Manchester, and between Amsterdam and the North Sea, but as none of them has been constructed to meet the same class of requirements as those at the American isthmus, it was necessary to give the question of dimensions consideration based upon independent treatment born of the necessities of the case. A bottom width of 150 feet was adopted over which the minimum navigable depth of 35 feet would always be found. The side-slopes extending upward from this bottom width must necessarily depend upon the character of the material in which the excavation is made. In firm earth the slope on each side is one vertical to one and a half horizontal below a berm, ten feet wide six feet under water, and a slope of one on one, or forty-five degrees, above that berm. In order to prevent wash or injury above the berm caused by the waves of passing ships, these side-slopes are to be covered with a heavy stone pavement, extending up to an elevation six feet above the water. In soft earth and in sand the side-slopes below the berm are one vertical on three horizontal, and above the berm one vertical on two horizontal. In rock the sides are vertical from the bottom up to a berm ten feet wide, five feet above the water-surface and with a slope nearly vertical, *i.e.*, four vertical on one horizontal above the berm. In other materials of a more or less special nature the side-slopes are to be varied to suit the nature of the material, as is the treatment of those surfaces wherever any treatment may be necessary. The dimensions and side-slopes must be determined in view of the needs of navigation, the protection of the banks, or any other consideration arising from conditions of use or maintenance. A gently sloping earth-bank below the water-surface is not objectionable, since a ship's hull may occasionally rub against it without damage; but a gently sloping rock bank with its jagged surface would, under the same circumstances, tear open a ship's bottom. It is, therefore, advisable to make the rock-banks of a canal below the surface of the water vertical, so that the top portion exposed to view makes clear the line of danger. Again, it is not permissible to make the surface of the canal-banks flush with the water-surface, because the unavoidable variation of water-level in the prism and the swells of passing ships would constantly cause overflows and in many cases serious damage. It was, therefore, determined that wherever embankments exist their tops should be carried to an elevation five feet above the ordinary surface



The Junction of the San Juan and San Carlos Rivers, Nicaragua.

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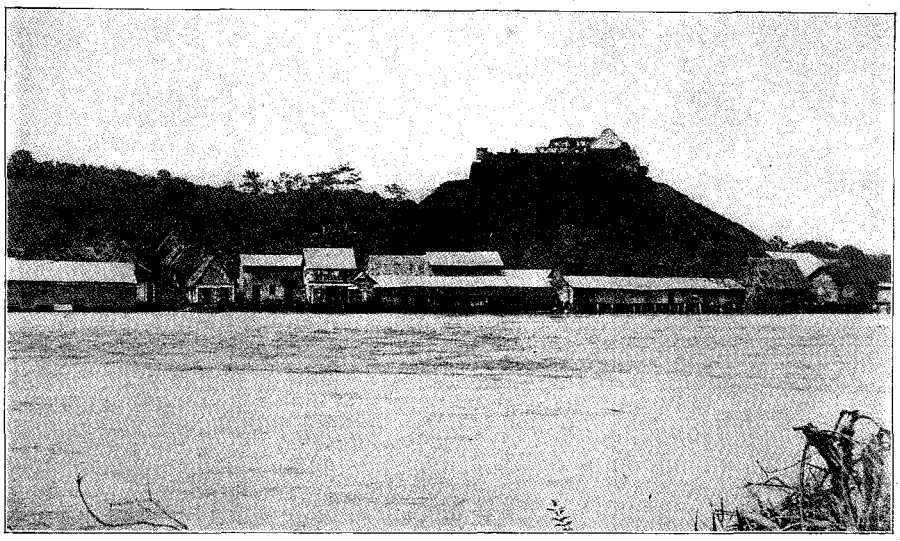
of water in the prism, and that the tops of the banks should nowhere be less than twenty feet wide. In the locks and in other special places it is not necessary to maintain a free-board so high, but it has in no instance been made less than about three feet, so that ample provision exists against possible overflow.

The availability of a canal for purposes of navigation involves easily accessible harbors at the extremities. These harbors must not only be of sufficient capacity to afford ample room for all ships there at one time, but they must also be easy to enter under all stress of weather. The Nicaragua route possesses the disadvantage of having no natural harbor at either end. Formerly there existed at Greytown a good natural harbor, and fifty years ago it offered easy entrance and a navigable depth of thirty feet. At the present time and for many years past the movement of sand northwesterly along the coast into the bay which in early days formed the harbor of Greytown has partially filled the latter and closed the entrance to it, forming a closed lagoon completely unavailable for harbor purposes. Occasionally the action of the waves forces a temporary opening into the lagoon, but closure soon follows. It is necessary, therefore, that a harbor of sufficient dimensions and depth of water for heavy shipping be excavated, and, further, that its entrance be protected against the encroaching sands. The Commission has made ample provision for these purposes. Its plans include a harbor of sufficient dimensions to accommodate all the shipping that may seek it, with an entrance protected by two breakwaters extending out into the ocean to the six-fathom curve. It would be necessary to maintain this harbor entrance by annual dredging, but this is perfectly practicable at moderate cost.



Castillo Viejo, on San Juan River, Nicaragua.

The place called Brito, at the Pacific terminus, is simply a location on the sandy coast of the Pacific Ocean easterly of a point of rocks called Brito Head. There is no town there, nor even a single native habitation. A harbor must be excavated back of the shore-line in the sand, and made of sufficient dimensions to give all the harbor facilities desired and a suitable entrance to it. This is all practicable and involves no operation of a particularly costly character. The entrance to the harbor would be protected by a breakwater on the easterly side, the westerly side being amply protected by Brito Head. This portion of the Pacific coast is rarely stormy, and the harbor would easily be approached at practically all times.

The Panama route is but 49.09 miles long from ocean to ocean, which is but

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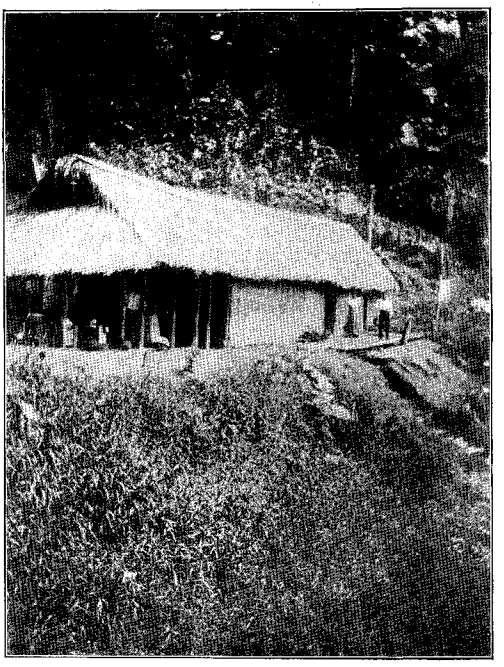
little more than one-fourth of the total length of the Nicaragua route. There is, therefore, less room for variety of features than is found on the Nicaragua line. The city of Colon, formerly called Aspinwall, was chosen by the old Panama Company as the Atlantic terminus. The route then follows along the marshes in a southwesterly direction to a little place called Gatun, on the Chagres River. From that point it follows the line of that river in a general way to Obispo, thirty miles from Colon. At Obispo the route leaves the Chagres and enters the Emperador cut, which merges into the great Culebra cut, where the line crosses the continental divide. From the latter point its general course lies along a small stream called the Rio Grande until it reaches the waters of Panama Bay.



Telegraph Office, Ochoa, on San Juan River, Nicaragua.

This route has attained great prominence within the past twenty years in consequence of the work done on it by the old Panama Canal Company, a French corporation of which Ferdinand de Lesseps was the head. It was not until 1883 that work upon a large scale was begun. The plan adopted was that of a sea-level canal and included a bottom width of 72 feet and a navigable depth of 29.5 feet. The entire cost of the work was estimated by de Lesseps in 1880 at about $128,000,000, and eight years for the time required. Work under this sea-level plan was prosecuted actively until near the end of 1887, when it became evident that the canal on a sea-level plan could not be constructed for the amount of money and time then available to the company. A change of plan was then made under which the canal was to be immediately constructed with locks so as to open it to

The Commission's Service Raft at Toro Rapids, San Juan River, Nicaragua.

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navigation within the shortest possible time, leaving the completion on a sea-level plan for a future time when sufficient funds could be obtained. This procedure was considered to be provisional only and various means were proposed to supply the summit level temporarily with water. Among them the use of pumps was suggested. Work was prosecuted under this plan until 1889, when the company became bankrupt and was dissolved by a judgment of the French court called the "Tribunal Civil de la Seine," and the liquidator was immediately appointed by the court to take charge of the company's affairs. Work was continued under the direction of the liquidator for a few months, but was finally suspended on May 15, 1889. He kept constantly in view the ultimate completion of the work, and all his acts were shaped for the final attainment of that end. Immediately after the suspending of work he took measures to satisfy himself of the feasibility of the project. He appointed a "Commission d'Études," composed of eleven French and foreign engineers to visit the isthmus and make a thorough study of the entire subject.

This Commission rendered a report on May 5, 1890, submitting a plan for a canal with locks. In this report it was estimated that the total cost of completion, including the expenses of administration and financing, would be about $174,600,000. An estimate of the value of the work done and of the plant was not made with confidence, but a rough approximation, called an "intuitive estimate," was made at about half of the above total cost of completion, *i.e.*, about $87,300,000. In consequence of the failure of the old company and the suspension of work the liquidator was obliged to obtain from the Columbian Government an extension of ten years of the period within which the work was to be done. This extension of time is dated December 26, 1890. It required a new company to be formed and work upon the canal to be resumed on or before February 28, 1893. As this latter condition was not fulfilled a second extension of time was obtained on April 4, 1893, providing that the term of ten years granted by the extension of 1890 should begin to run not later than October 31, 1894. By another agreement, dated April 26, 1900, the time was again extended to October 31, 1910; but there appears to be a shadow over the validity of the last extension. After many difficulties the liquidator succeeded in securing the organization of a new company now known as the New Panama Canal Company on October 20, 1894. This company has a

Surveying Party in the Silico Swamps, near Greytown.

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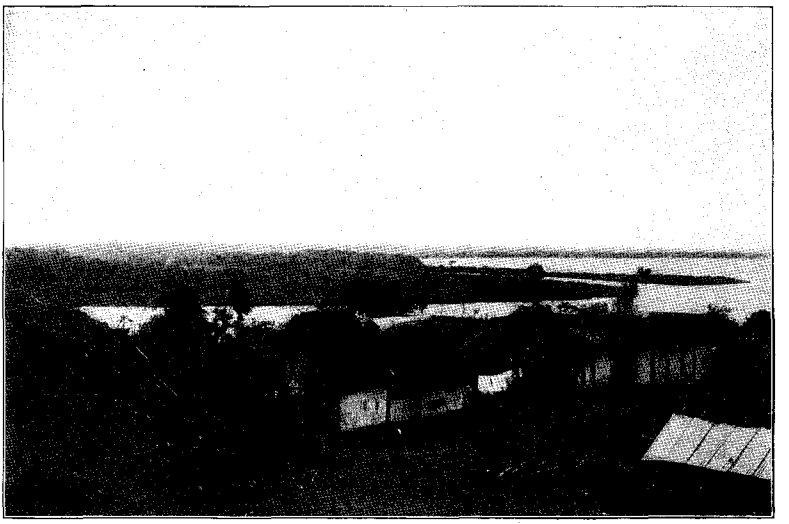

Fort San Carlos, at Entrance of San Juan River from Lake Nicaragua.

capital stock of 650,000 shares of 100 francs each. Fifty thousand of these shares, however, were given as full-paid stock to the Columbian Government, as required by the terms of the extension of the concession on December 26, 1890. At that time it was very difficult, if not impossible, to secure public subscriptions to the stock of the new company. It was a question, therefore, where should be found the subscribers to this new stock. The failure of the old company was followed by suits brought against certain loan associations, administrators, contractors, and others who were charged with having been benefited in an illegal manner under the operations of the old company. A number of convictions were secured and other suits were in progress when compromises were made under which these parties agreed to subscribe for stock on discontinuance of the suits. Blocks of stock were taken by them and a small amount was also obtained by public subscription. The remainder of the stock was subscribed for by the liquidator in his official capacity from funds remaining in his hands as assets of the old company or from other sources. The new Panama Canal Company took possession of the property of the old immediately after organization in 1894.

The Panama Railroad Company, whose line was completed prior to 1860, held an exclusive concession from the Columbian Government for all trans-isthmian transit within certain specified limits, which included all feasible railroad or canal lines along or in the vicinity of the Panama route. When the first concession was granted to the original French association it was subject to the rights of the Panama Railroad Company. No work could be done under it until the rights of that company were satisfied. In order to remove all difficulties which might be encountered in consequence of the prior grant to the railroad company, the old Panama Canal Company secured 68,500 of the 70,000 shares of the capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company. This gave the canal company practically all the rights for the construction of trans-isthmian transit lines along the Panama route, and no canal can be built across the isthmus on that route without satisfying the terms of the original concession to the railroad company. The Panama Railroad shares are held in trust for the benefit of the New Panama Canal Company. Immediately after taking possession of the property of the old company by the New Panama Canal Company the latter proceeded to make a most careful study of the whole project of constructing a canal across the isthmus both as to its engineering and commercial features. It resumed work with a force sufficient to satisfy the terms of the concession. This force has been reported to be from 1,900 to 3,600 men.

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The Bohio Lock Site, Panama Canal.

The company's charter requires the appointment jointly by it and the liquidator of a special engineering commission of five members, whose duty it should be to report upon the work done and upon the conclusions justified by it. This commission was to report when the money expended by the new company should have reached one-half the capital stock, which was in 1898. The New Panama Company also appointed a technical committee composed of fourteen eminent European and American engineers. After a careful consideration of the whole matter and with the aid of additional surveys and examinations, this committee reported on November 16, 1898. The report was referred to the special engineering commission of five members who reported in 1899 that it was feasible to build the canal "within the limits of time and money estimated." Owing to disagreements among the shareholders of the new company, no action has ever been taken on this report. The new company is still carrying on its work in a provisional way, but an element of uncertainty now exists in consequence of the United States Government having taken up the question of constructing a canal across the isthmus.

The plan adopted by the New Company involves the use of locks and has two levels, the summit level at an elevation of 97.5 feet above the sea, being supplied by water drawn from a reservoir formed by a dam across the Chagres River, about twelve miles above Obispo, at a place called Alhajuela.

This summit level is limited at the end toward the Atlantic by two locks placed immediately adjacent to each other, so as to form a flight at Obispo. The Pacific end of the summit level would be limited by a single lock at a place called Paraiso. The lower level on the Atlantic side would extend from the flight of two locks at Obispo to a point near the village of Bohio, where two locks are again arranged as a flight. By this second flight the Atlantic maritime section of the canal is reached where the level in the canal is the same as that of the Caribbean Sea. On the Pacific side the lower level is reached by the single lock at Paraiso, about a mile and a half from which a flight of two locks at a point called Pedro Miguel leads down to the Pacific maritime section, with a level identical with that in the Bay of Panama at high water. Inasmuch as the range of tides in the Bay of Panama is about twenty feet, by this plan a tidal lock would be placed at a place called Miraflores. At high tide

Obispo Lock Site of Old Panama Canal.

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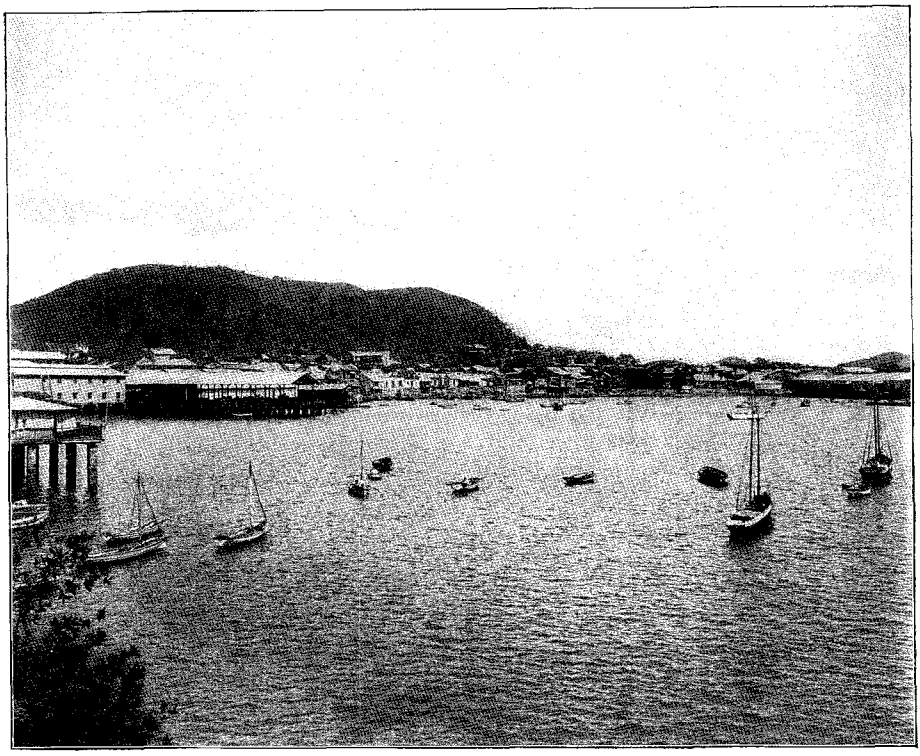

Panama.

the gates would be left open, but at all other stages they would be opened and closed as in the ordinary operation of locks. This plan, with its locks with lifts varying from twenty to thirty-three feet and two levels, was a provisional measure to which resort was made by the New Panama Canal Company, to secure a ship-canal across the isthmus if possible within the limits of time and money at its command. The estimated cost of completing the works alone of this plan, not including either administration or financing, was $101,850,000. It did not appear to be the plan to which the free preference of the Company was given; it was, so to speak, recommended under pressure of adverse circumstances.

The plan which the New Company and its engineers seemed to prefer involved only one level above the ocean, and that was the level of the artificial Bohio Lake, the latter being formed by a suitable dam near Bohio. This plan necessitated a much deeper cut at Emperador and Culebra and contemplated the abandonment of the feeder from Alhajuela, but the retention of the latter reservoir. In this case the feeding of the canal would be done through the Chagres River, which the canal line would join near Obispo. Although this plan would involve a much greater volume of excavation, two locks and the costly feeder from Alhajuela would be avoided and the total cost would not be much increased. The elevation of the Bohio-Culebra level, the Paraiso lock being omitted, would be 61.5 feet above the sea. The estimated cost of completing the works on this plan, covering only the same items as before, was $105,500,000. It is thus seen that the difference in estimated cost of the two plans was, for such a matter, small, while the advantages gained were great, *i.e.*, two less locks with the correspondingly diminished time of transit, and with the troublesome feeder with its expensive and hazardous maintenance omitted. It seems somewhat inexplicable that the small additional cost, more than compensated for by the increased merits of the latter plan, did not secure its approval by the New Panama Canal Company. The increased time required for its construction probably had

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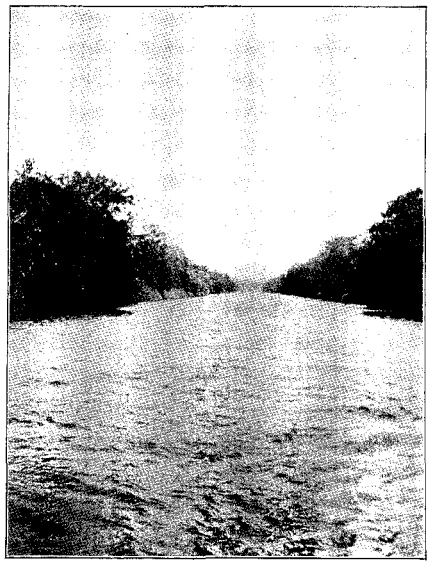
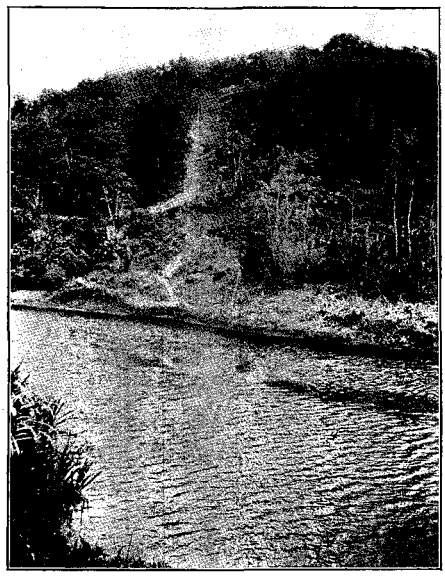


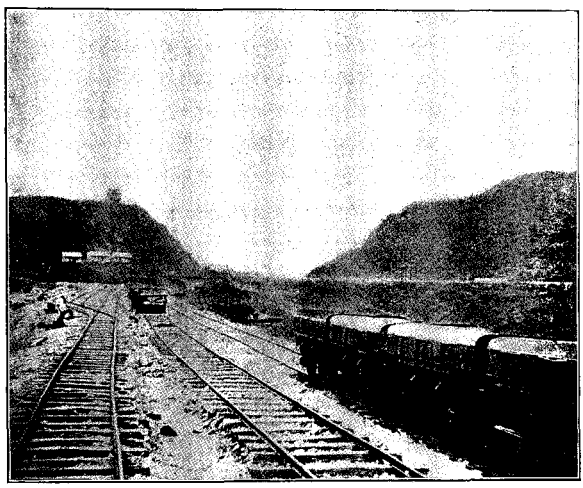
The Excavated Portion of the Panama Canal, About Eight Miles from Colon.

much more weight than the increased cost.

This was the situation of the Panama Canal enterprise when the Isthmian Canal Commission was appointed by the President of the United States. In order to inform itself thoroughly of the entire history and all features of the Panama Canal project a majority of the members of the Commission visited Paris, the headquarters of the New Panama Canal Company, in August and September of 1899, where the officials of the New Company received them most courteously and gave them complete information regarding the estimates and plans of all work completed or initiated up to that time. Subsequently the entire Commission, with the exception of one member, made an extended visit of examination over the Nicaragua and Panama routes in the early months of 1900. After the Commission had completed its examination, both in Paris and on the isthmus, of the plans and estimates and other data, and of the actual work in progress on the line of the



The French Site for the Bohio Dam across the Chagres, Panama Canal.



View through the Culebra Cut, from the Dump on the Easterly Side.

New Panama Canal Company, it selected for its estimates practically the line adopted by the French company, together with the main features of the plans of the latter with two or three material modifications only.

The New Panama Canal Company planned to waste the surplus waters of the Chagres, partly over the dam at Bohio and partly through a saddle or notch suitably located between two hills near the dam. Again the same company made plans for an earth-dam, based upon borings along the adopted

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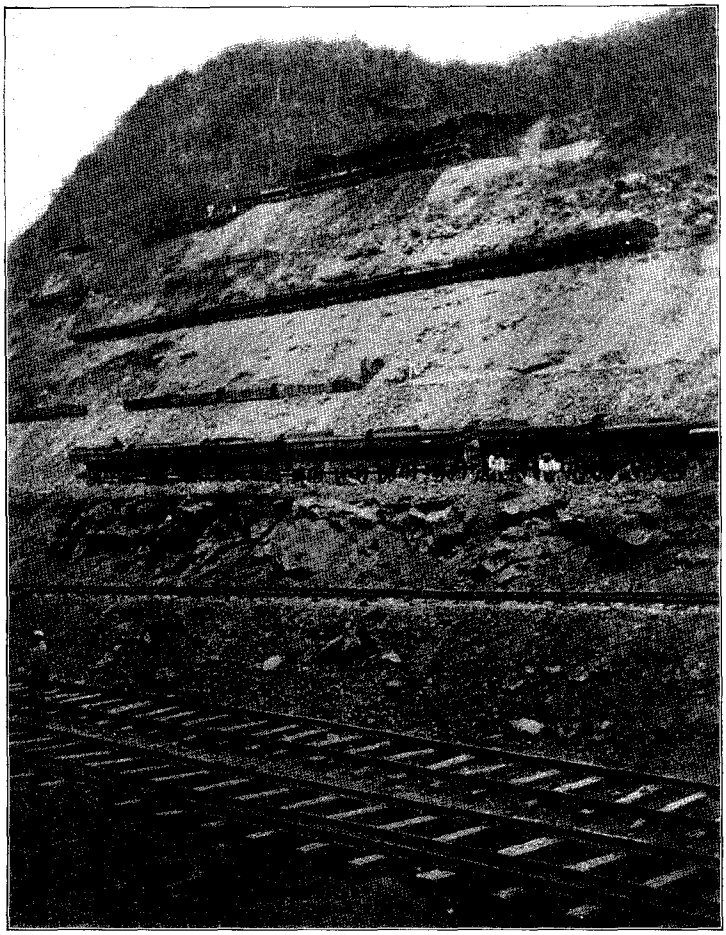

The Culebra Cut, Panama Canal, Showing Railroad Tracks on the Face of the Excavation.

site, which, however, were in a few cases only carried to bed rock. The Commission supplemented these borings by others, which revealed considerable sandy material pervious to water between the lowest limit of the French borings and the underlying rock. This appeared to the Commission to be a subsurface condition possibly involving grave danger to the safety of the dam. A large number of borings were, therefore, made both up and down stream from the French site, with a view of determining the best location, if possible, for either a masonry dam or an earth dam, with a heavy masonry core, the foundation of the masonry in either case to be carried down to bed-rock so as to complete a positive closure of the geologic channel against any possible flow of subsurface water. Such a site was found about one-fourth of a mile down-stream from the French location, where the deepest rock was 128 feet below sea-level, but under such circumstances that the well-known pneumatic method of constructing subaqueous foundations could be executed without exceeding the limits of air-pressure heretofore encountered.

The Commission further decided that it would be safer and better in every way to permit no surplus flood-waters of the Chagres to be wasted, either over the dam or between the adjoining low hills, but that a location for a wasteway, about three miles southwest of the dam, discovered by the French engineers but a short time before the Commission was appointed, should be utilized for the purpose of carrying off wastage. This location is at

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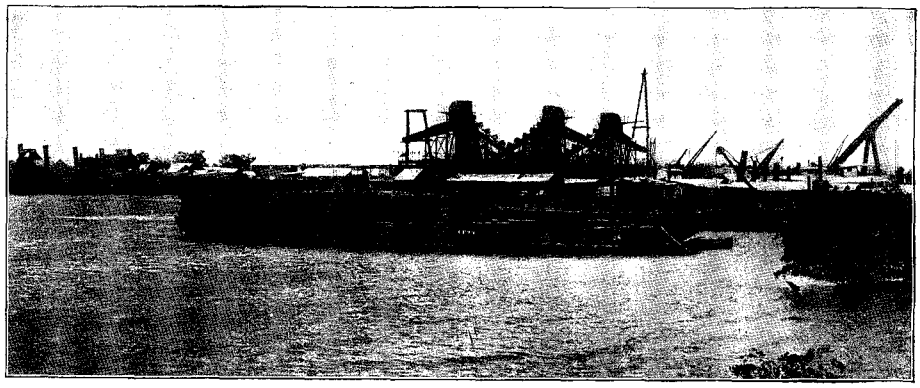

Old Dredges at Colon, Panama Canal.

a low divide between the head-waters of a small tributary of the Chagres called the Gigante, and the water-shed of the Lower Chagres. This wasteway consists of a simple but massive masonry weir about 2,000 feet long in the clear, so that the wasting stream in times of the Chagres flood would be that wide, while its depth would vary up to a maximum of six to seven feet. This flood-water, after leaving the wasteway, would flow through two large swamps connected by a short artificial channel of suitable dimensions, and eventually into the Chagres a few miles from the sea. Levees or embankments would be required to protect the canal for a short portion of its length below Bohio against these flood-waters, but their construction involves no difficulty and insures the safety of the canal beyond any doubt.

Finally, the Commission decided that, inasmuch as a flight of two locks could be advantageously used at Bohio, it would be advisable to make the mean summit-level the level of the water in the artificial Bohio Lake at its ordinary stage, eighty-five feet above mean sea-level. The line, therefore, as approved by the Commission for the purposes of its estimates and comparison with the Nicaragua route, would include the following main features: From the entrance to Colon Harbor at sea-level to Bohio locks and dam, the two structures having practically the same locations, 16.81 miles; the flight of two locks to the summit level of the artificial Lake Bohio, eighty-five feet at ordinary stage above mean sea-level; Lake Bohio continuing 13.96 miles; thence 7.91 miles at the same level through the Culebra section to the flight of two locks at Pedro Miguel; thence descending to the Pedro Miguel level thirty feet above the sea for a distance of 1.68 miles to Miraflores lock; from the latter point, where the Pacific level is reached with the varying lift of nothing at high water to twenty feet at low water, 8.73 miles to the entrance to Panama Harbor; the total length of the line being 49.09 miles.

The investigations of the Commission show that under this plan the volume of storage available in Lake Bohio during the lowest recorded rainy season is sufficient to supply all the water needed for evaporation from the lake, and for all the uses of the canal during the dry season, until the business of the canal exceeds 10,000,000 tons, which it is not likely to reach for a considerable number of years after its opening. It is not the judgment of the Commission, therefore, that the Alhajuela reservoir should be built concurrently with the opening of the canal, but that its construction should be deferred until the traffic has grown to proportions needing the water that would be stored in it. This conclusion was reached only after the most complete computations had shown that the volume of Lake Bohio, in connection with the capacity of wastage of the Gigante spillway, is sufficient to control floods of the Chagres larger than any yet recorded, without damage to the canal works or any inconvenience to the passage of ships, beyond, possibly, the suspension of navigation for a few hours at the height of the highest floods considered.

The operation of control at Lake Bohio

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is automatic. When water pours into the lake, its level being above the crest of the Gigante weir, the surplus will waste over the latter at an increasing rate as the flood-waters of the Chagres increase, and that operation will continue until the head or depth on the weir is about 6½ feet for a river discharge of 140,000 cubic feet per second. The highest flood of which there is any information whatever was that of 1879, which, at its maximum height, is supposed to have discharged 112,000 cubic feet per second. The flood discharges of the Chagres River, under this plan, would be deprived of all their dangerous features, and become the agents by which the required feeding of the summit-level of the canal would be simple and effectively accomplished.

During the dry season following the lowest recorded rainy season, the use of the canal, if the traffic of the latter amounted to 10,000,000 tons, would draw Lake Bohio down three feet below the crest of the weir, or to an elevation of eighty-two feet above mean sea-level, before the replenishment of the succeeding rainy season would occur. It is possible, therefore, for the elevation of water in the summit-level to vary between the limits of 82 feet and 91.5 or 92 feet above sea-level, the elevation above 85 feet being temporary and holding only during short periods of high rainfall. Whenever the business of the canal gives promise of exceeding 10,000,000 tons per annum, the construction of the dam at Alhajuela would be undertaken. The site is most desirable for a masonry structure, as the rock is at the surface. The storage secured by such a dam is sufficient to furnish water for an increase of at least 40,000,000 tons of traffic per annum. The water-supply for the Panama route may therefore be considered as practically inexhaustible so far as the purposes of the canal are concerned.

This plan of the Commission possesses the advantage of requiring no more time for the passage of a ship than the second plan of the New Panama Canal Company, but its increased elevation of the summit level diminishes materially the volume of excavation in the Culebra-Emperador cut, avoids entirely the Alhajuela feeder, and the Alhajuela dam until it is needed by the large increase of traffic, and renders the control of the Chagres floods extremely simple and perfectly safe.

The main features of these two principal lines of trans-isthmian waterways are as thus set forth. While quite different in most of their detailed features, some of the main characteristics are alike. Both cross the continental divide not more than twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean; both receive their water-supplies from lakes constituting their summit levels, one being natural and the other artificial, and more than half of the length of each lying on the Atlantic slope is controlled by the course of a river subjected to heavy floods but capable of complete control. The summit elevations are also not very different, that for Panama being about twenty feet less than that for Nicaragua. The general character of the work to be done on the two routes is about the same, but it is not so concentrated in Nicaragua as at Panama. Nearly half of the total excavation on the latter line is found in the great Culebra-Emperador cut, the other great feature being the Bohio dam. As a rule, it is advantageous to have work so conditioned that it can be prosecuted at a comparatively large number of points; this condition exists on the Nicaragua line to a greater extent than at Panama. On the latter line there is an extraordinary concentration of work at Culebra. Whether this concentration is advantageous or disadvantageous depends upon the character of the attack, but there are no difficulties involved which may not be overcome by suitable organization and appliances. It is not to be supposed that work on either route would be undertaken under the auspices of the United States Government without such effective organization and efficient appliances as to enable the work of excavation on either line to be done without serious difficulty or unnecessary delay.

The dam in either case may be said to be the most important single feature of the work. The location selected for the Conchuda dam on the Nicaragua route makes that work comparatively simple, and for such a matter not very costly. The site at Bohio on the Panama route is less favorable. The rock for the foundation-bed is deeper and the structure is longer. The type selected for the purposes of esti-

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mate is that of an earth structure with a heavy masonry core carried down to bed-rock, and its estimated cost is $6,370,000. The Commission was not perfectly satisfied with this site. Its examinations, however, were extensive, and the time at its command did not permit further work of this character to be done. The site is feasible and meets the demands of the situation; but it was the opinion of the Commission that before work of construction would be commenced further examination should be made with a view of finding, if possible, a location at which a dam could be constructed in less time and for less money. It is possible that such a site could be found.

The harbor features of both routes are not quite satisfactory, and yet as planned they would always be adequate for the purposes of a canal. The great difficulty on the Nicaragua route will be found at Greytown, where the sand movement along the coast has been so active for an indefinitely extended period. It is perfectly feasible to maintain the harbor contemplated for Greytown, but it will require an annual expenditure of at least as much as estimated by the Commission, $100,000, to keep the harbor entrance free from the moving sand to a depth of thirty-five feet below mean low water, even after the construction of the two jetties or breakwaters. This is not a new difficulty in the maintenance of a harbor. It has been experienced not less seriously at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, as well as in many other places. Apparently, Greytown is about the northern limit of the sand movement on that part of the Nicaragua coast. A river called the Indio empties into the ocean between five and six miles north of the proposed entrance into Greytown Harbor. At the mouth of this river present appearances indicate that the sand movement is practically nothing; indeed, that there has been essentially no movement outward of the sea-shore for a considerable distance south of the mouth of the Indio. Although the foreshore at this point is less steep than at the point selected for entrance into Greytown Harbor, requiring more extended protection works, on account of the apparent absence of any essential sand movement the writer is of opinion that it promises some material advantages over the Greytown location and is worthy of further examination.

The time required for passing through a trans-isthmian canal is an important feature of the problem; it is affected by the length, by the number of locks, by the number of curves, and by the sharpness of the curvature, for in general it is not feasible to run a ship on a curve in a narrow channel with the same speed as on a straight course, unless, indeed, the curvature is very slight. The speed is also affected by depth of water under the keel of the ship. It is well known that the same power applied to a ship in deep water of unlimited width will produce a much higher rate of movement than the same power applied to the same ship in a restricted waterway, especially when the draft of the ship is but little less than the depth of the water. These considerations all have their bearing upon the dimensions of a ship-canal and they have probably never before received such careful consideration in connection with the designing of a waterway as by the Isthmian Canal Commission. The effect of the depth and width of the canal on the time of passage by either route was determined with as great a degree of accuracy as the data at the command of engineers at the present time will permit. Equally careful consideration was given to the effect of curvature and to the time of passing through the locks on each line, the latter including the delay of slowing on approaching the lock and of increasing speed after passing it, the time of opening and closing the gates, and the time of emptying or filling the locks. The computations based upon all these elements of the question indicate that what may be called an average ship will require thirty-three hours for passing through the Nicaragua Canal and twelve hours for the Panama Canal. It is thus seen that the time of passage through the Panama Canal will not much exceed one-third of the time required by the Nicaragua route.

The commercial value of the canal received careful and extended study from the Commission. One of its members, Professor E. R. Johnson, was authorized to make a special investigation of this entire question and report his findings to the Commission. This was done, and his valuable work will be found embodied in

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a report over his signature in the report of the Commission.

It is obvious, from an examination of the map of the Eastern Hemisphere, that the Nicaragua Canal offers the shortest route between the Atlantic and the Pacific ports of the United States, although a considerable portion of that advantage in distance is lost by the greater time required to pass through the Nicaragua Canal.

The effect of this ship waterway upon the well-being of the United States is not altogether of a commercial character. As indicated by the Commission, this additional bond between the two portions of the country will have a beneficial effect upon the unity of the political interests, as well as upon the commercial welfare of the people. Indeed, it is the judgment of many well-informed people that the commercial advantages resulting from a closer touch between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the country are of less consequence than the unifying of political interests. The distances between our Atlantic ports and the ports on the west coast of South America are less by the Panama crossing than by that in Nicaragua, although either would efficiently serve the interests of that commerce. Nor would there be any material advantage in either route over the other so far as our Atlantic trade with the Orient is concerned. Indeed, so far as our political or commercial interests are concerned, neither route has any material advantage over the other.

The time within which an isthmian canal may be completed and ready for traffic is an element of the problem of much importance. The Commission has estimated ten years for the completion of the canal on the Panama route and eight years for the Nicaragua route, including in both cases the time required for preparation and that consumed by unforeseen delays. The writer believes that the actual circumstances attending work on the two routes would justify an exchange of these time relations. There is great concentration of work in the Culebra-Emperador cut, on the Panama route, covering about forty-five per cent. of the total excavation of all grades, which is distributed over a distance of about seven miles, with the location of greatest intensity at Culebra. This demands efficient organization and special plant so administered as to reduce the working force to an absolute minimum by the employment of machinery to the greatest possible extent. A judicious, effective organization and plant would transform the execution of this work into what may be called a manufactory of excavation with all the intensity of direction and efficiency of well-designed and administered machinery which characterizes the concentration of labor and mechanical appliances in great manufacturing establishments. Such a successful installation would involve scarcely more advance in contract operations than was exhibited, in its day, in the execution of the work on the Chicago Drainage Canal. By such means only can the peculiar difficulties attendant upon the execution of great works in the tropics be reduced to controllable dimensions. The same general observations may be applied to the construction of the Bohio dam, even should a no more favorable site be found.

The greatest concentration of excavation on the Nicaragua route is between the lake and the Pacific, but it constitutes only ten per cent. of the total excavation of all grades, and it can be completed in far less time than the great cut on the Panama route. If this were the only great feature of work besides the dam, the time for completion of work on this route would be materially less than that required for the Panama crossing. As a matter of fact there are a succession of features of equivalent magnitude, or very nearly so, from Greytown nearly to Brito, extending over a distance of at least 175 miles, requiring the construction of a substantial service railroad over a considerable portion of the distance prior to the beginning of work. This attenuation of work requires the larger features to be executed in succession to a considerable extent, or much duplication of plant and the employment of a great force of laborers, practically all of whom must be foreigners, housed, organized, and maintained in a practically uninhabited tropical country where many serious difficulties reach a maximum. It is not within the experience of civil engineers to execute by any practicable means that kind of a programme on schedule time.

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The weight of this observation is greatly increased when it is remembered that the total volume of work is considerably greater in Nicaragua than at Panama, and that large portions between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea must be executed in a region of continual and enormous rainfall. It would seem more reasonable to the writer to estimate eight years for the completion of the Panama Canal and ten years for the completion of the Nicaragua Canal.

There is a widespread, popular impression that the Central American countries are necessarily intensely unhealthful. This is an error, in spite of the facts that the construction of the Panama Railroad was attended with an appalling amount of sickness and loss of life, and that records of many epidemics at other times and in other places exist in nearly all of these countries. There are the best of good reasons to believe that with the enforcement of sanitary regulations, which are now well understood and completely available, the Central American countries would be as healthful as our Southern States. A proper recognition of hygienic conditions of life suitable to a tropical climate would work wonders in Central America in reducing the death-rate. At the present time the domestic administration of most of the cities and towns of Nicaragua and Panama, as well as the generality of Central American cities, is characterized by the absence of practically everything which makes for public health, and by the presence of nearly every agency working for the diseases which flourish in tropical climates. When the United States Government reaches the point of actual construction of an isthmian canal, the sanitary features of that work should be administered and enforced in every detail with the rigor of the most exacting military discipline. Under such conditions, epidemics could either be avoided or reduced to manageable dimensions, but not otherwise.

It is not improbable that the requirements of our Pacific-coast commerce and industries may demand an isthmian canal either with tolls just sufficient to pay costs of operation and maintenance, or, possibly, without tolls. The expenses to be incurred annually, therefore, in the operation and maintenance of the canal after completion constitute an item of gravity. The Commission made a most careful study of this feature. Its estimates were $3,350,000 for the Nicaragua route, and $2,000,000 for the Panama route, exhibiting a less annual cost of operation and maintenance in favor of the Panama route of $1,350,000, which should not be lost sight of in the comparison of the two crossings.

The Commission sums up the cost of constructing the canal on the Nicaragua route and of completing the Panama Canal, excluding the costs of acquiring both the concessions from the different governments and the rights and property of the New Panama Canal Company, as follows: Nicaragua, $189,864,062; Panama, $144,233,358.

The New Panama Canal Company has estimated the value of its rights and property at $109,141,500, but the Commission estimates the value of the same rights and property at $40,000,000. If the former sum be included, the total cost of completion of the Panama Canal and the acquisition of the rights and property of the New Panama Canal Company would be $253,374,858. This is the amount which must now be compared with the preceding estimated cost of the Nicaragua Canal.

In order to determine the total estimated cost of the isthmian canal by either route, there must be added to the preceding figures the costs of securing the requisite concessions from the Colombian Government in the one case, and from the governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in the other, as there are at present neither concessions from nor treaties with any of those countries of sufficient scope or in terms suitable or adequate for the completion of the canal.

The statutory instructions under which the Commission acted show that the selection of the route to be recommended was not to be dependent upon either engineering or commercial considerations only, although those matters were to be carefully weighed. The disinclination which the officers of the New Panama Canal Company have exhibited to part with all property and rights at a reasonable price and so as to enable the United States to secure prompt possession, may render the physical advantages of the Panama route unavailable to this country.

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Whatever the route selected, it is essential that it should be owned and controlled by the United States Government, and the Commission wisely concluded that neither under the terms of the law nor in view of a proper public policy could the United States Government enter into any partnership in the ownership of an isthmian waterway; it must own and control an isthmian ship-canal without any qualifications whatever as to divided ownership. The Nicaragua Canal meets all the requirements of the law in that respect.

Concisely stating the situation, its main features may be expressed somewhat as follows:

Both routes are entirely "practicable and feasible."

Neither route has any material commercial advantage over the other as to time, although the distance between our Atlantic (including Gulf) and Pacific ports is less by the Nicaragua route.

The Panama route is about one-fourth the length of that in Nicaragua; it has less locks, less elevation of summit-level, and far less curvature, all contributing to correspondingly decreased risks peculiar to the passage through a canal. The estimated annual cost of operation and maintenance of the Panama route is but six-tenths that for the Nicaragua route.

The harbor features may be made adequate for all the needs of a canal by either route, with such little preponderance of advantage as may exist in favor of the Panama crossing.

The Commission estimated ten years for the completion of the Panama Canal and eight years for the Nicaragua waterway, but the writer believes that these relations should be exchanged, or at least that the time of completion for the Panama route should not be estimated greater than for the Nicaragua.

The water-supply is practically unlimited on both routes, but the controlling or regulating works, being automatic, are much simpler and more easily operated and maintained on the Panama route.

The Nicaragua route is practically uninhabited and consequently practically no sickness exists there. On the Panama route, on the contrary, there is a considerable population extending along the entire line, among which yellow fever and other tropical diseases are probably always found. Initial sanitary works of much larger magnitude would be required on the Panama route than on the Nicaragua, although probably as rigorous sanitary measures would be required during the construction of the canal on one route as on the other.

The railroad on the Panama route and other facilities offered by a considerable existing population render the beginning of work and the housing and organization of the requisite labor force less difficult and more prompt than on the Nicaragua route.

The greater amount of work on the Nicaragua route, and its distribution over a far greater length of line, involve the employment of a correspondingly greater force of laborers for an equally prompt completion of the work.

The relative seismic conditions of the two routes cannot be quantitatively stated with accuracy, but in neither case are they of sufficient gravity to cause anxiety as to the effects upon completed canal structures.

Concessions and treaties require to be secured and negotiated for the construction of the canal on either route, but the Nicaragua route only is free from the complications of prior rights and concessions.

In view of the unreasonably high price put upon their rights and property by the New Panama Canal Company the Nicaragua route must be taken as the most "practicable and feasible" for the construction of a ship-canal by the United States Government. This decision may ultimately be affected by further negotiations or by the reasonableness of terms under which concessions may be secured or treaties negotiated with the respective Central American governments and the promptness with which these ends may be attained.

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FLICKERBRIDGE

By Henry James

I

FRANK GRANGER had arrived from Paris to paint a portrait—an order given him, as a young compatriot with a future, whose early work would some day have a price, by a lady from New York, a friend of his own people and also, as it happened, of Addie's, the young woman to whom it was publicly both affirmed and denied that he was engaged. Other young women, in Paris—fellow-members there of the little tight transpontine world of art-study—professed to know that the pair had been "several times" over so closely contracted. This, however, was their own affair; the last phase of the relation, the last time of the times, had passed into vagueness: there was perhaps even an impression that if they were inscrutable to their friends they were not wholly crystalline to each other and themselves. What had occurred, at all events, for Granger, in connection with the portrait, was that Mrs. Bracken, his intending model, whose return to America was at hand, had suddenly been called to London by her husband, occupied there with pressing business, but had yet desired that her displacement should not interrupt her sittings. The young man, at her request, had followed her to England and profited by all she could give him, making shift with a small studio lent him by a London painter whom he had known and liked, a few years before, in the French *atelier* that then cradled, and that continued to cradle, so many of their kind.

The British capital was a strange, gray world to him, where people walked, in more ways than one, by a dim light; but he was happily of such a turn that the impression, just as it came, could nowhere ever fail him, and even the worst of these things was almost as much an occupation—putting it only at that—as the best. Mrs. Bracken, moreover, passed him on, and while the darkness ebbed a little in the April days he found himself consolingly committed to a couple of fresh subjects. This cut him out work for more than another month, but meanwhile, as he said, he saw a lot—a lot that, with frequency and with much expression, he wrote about to Addie. She also wrote to her absent friend, but in briefer snatches, a meagreness to her reasons for which he had long since assented. She had other play for her pen, as well as, fortunately, other remuneration; a regular correspondence for a "prominent Boston paper," fitful connections with public sheets perhaps also, in cases, fitful, and a mind, above all, engrossed at times, to the exclusion of everything else, with the study of the short story. This last was what she had mainly come out to go into, two or three years after he had found himself engulfed in the mystery of Carolus. She was indeed, on her own deep sea, more engulfed than he had ever been, and he had grown to accept the sense that, for progress too, she sailed under more canvas. It had not been particularly present to him till now that he had in the least got on, but the way in which Addie had—and evidently, still more, would—was the theme, as it were, of every tongue. She had thirty short stories out and nine descriptive articles. His three or four portraits of fat American ladies—they were all fat, all ladies and all American—were a poor show compared with these triumphs; especially as Addie had begun to throw out that it was about time they should go home. It kept perpetually coming up in Paris, in the transpontine world, that, as the phrase was, America had grown more interesting since they left. Addie was attentive to the rumor, and, as full of conscience as she was of taste, of patriotism as of curiosity, had often put it to him frankly, with what he, who was of New York, recognized as her New England emphasis: "I'm not sure, you know, that we do *real* justice to our country." Granger felt he should do it on the day—if the day ever came—he should irrevocably marry her. No other country could possibly have produced her.

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II

But meanwhile it befell, in London, that he was stricken with influenza and with subsequent sorrow. The attack was short but sharp—had it lasted Addie would certainly have come to his aid; most of a blight, really, in its secondary stage. The good ladies his sitters—the ladies with the frizzled hair, with the diamond ear-rings, with the chins tending to the massive—left for him, at the door of his lodgings, flowers, soup, and love, so that with their assistance he pulled through; but his convalescence was slow and his weakness out of proportion to the muffled shock. He came out, but he went about lame; it tired him to paint—he felt as if he had been ill for a month. He strolled in Kensington Gardens when he should have been at work; he sat long on penny-chairs and helplessly mused and mooned. Addie desired him to return to Paris, but there were chances under his hand that he felt he had just wit enough left not to relinquish. He would have gone for a week to the sea—he would have gone to Brighton; but Mrs. Bracken had to be finished—Mrs. Bracken was so soon to sail. He just managed to finish her in time—the day before the date fixed for his breaking ground on a greater business still, the circumvallation of Mrs. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn duly waited on him, and he sat down before her; feeling, however, ere he rose, that he must take a long breath before the attack. While asking himself that night, therefore, where he should best replenish his lungs, he received from Addie, who had had from Mrs. Bracken a poor report of him, a communication which, besides being of sudden and startling interest, applied directly to his case.

His friend wrote to him under the lively emotion of having from one day to another become aware of a new relative, an ancient cousin, a sequestered gentlewoman, the sole survival of "the English branch of the family," still resident, at Flickerbridge, in the "old family home," and with whom, that he might immediately betake himself to so auspicious a quarter for change of air, she had already done what was proper to place him, as she said, in touch. What came of it all, to be brief, was that Granger found himself so placed almost as he read: he was in touch with Miss Wenham of Flickerbridge, to the extent of being in correspondence with her, before twenty-four hours had sped. And on the second day he was in the train, settled for a five-hours' run to the door of this amiable woman who had so abruptly and kindly taken him on trust and of whom but yesterday he had never so much as heard. This was an oddity—the whole incident was—of which, in the corner of his compartment, as he proceeded, he had time to take the size. But the surprise, the incongruity, as he felt, could but deepen as he went. It was a sufficiently queer note, in the light, or the absence of it, of his late experience, that so complex a product as Addie should have *any* simple insular tie; but it was a queerer note still that she should have had one so long only to remain unprofitably unconscious of it. Not to have done something with it, used it, worked it, talked about it at least, and perhaps even written—these things, at the rate she moved, represented a loss of opportunity under which, as he saw her, she was peculiarly formed to wince. She was at any rate, it was clear, doing something with it now, using it, working it, certainly, already, talking—and, yes, quite possibly writing — about it. She was, in short, smartly making up what she had missed, and he could take such comfort from his own action as he had been helped to by the rest of the facts, succinctly reported from Paris on the very morning of his start.

It was the singular story of a sharp split—in a good English house—that dated now from years back. A worthy Briton, of the best middling stock, had, early in the forties, as a very young man, in Dresden, whither he had been dispatched to qualify in German for a stool in an uncle's counting-house, met, admired, wooed, and won an American girl, of due attractions, domiciled at that period with her parents and a sister, who was also attractive, in the Saxon capital. He had married her, taken her to England, and there, after some years of harmony and happiness, lost her. The sister in question had, after her death, come to him, and to his young child, on a visit, the effect of which, between the pair, eventually defined itself as a sentiment that was not to be resisted. The be-

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reaved husband, yielding to a new attachment and a new response, and finding a new union thus prescribed, had yet been forced to reckon with the unaccommodating law of the land. Encompassed with frowns in his own country, however, marriages of this particular type were wreathed in smiles in his sister's-in-law, so that his remedy was not forbidden. Choosing between two allegiances he had let the one go that seemed the least close, and had, in brief, transplanted his possibilities to an easier air. The knot was tied for the couple in New York, where, to protect the legitimacy of such other children as might come to them, they settled and prospered. Children came, and one of the daughters, growing up and marrying in her turn, was, if Frank rightly followed, the mother of his own Addie, who had been deprived of the knowledge of her indeed, in childhood, by death, and been brought up, though without undue tension, by a stepmother—a character thus, in the connection, repeated.

The breach produced in England by the invidious action, as it was there held, of the girl's grandfather, had not failed to widen—all the more that nothing had been done on the American side to close it. Frigidity had settled, and hostility had only been arrested by indifference. Darkness, therefore, had fortunately supervened, and a cousinship completely divided. On either side of the impassable gulf, of the impenetrable curtain, each branch had put forth its leaves—a foliage wanting, in the American quarter, it was distinct enough to Granger, in no sign or symptom of climate and environment. The graft, in New York, had taken, and Addie was a vivid, an unmistakable flower. At Flickerbridge, or wherever, on the other hand, strange to say, the parent stem had had a fortune comparatively meagre. Fortune, it was true, in the vulgarest sense, had attended neither party. Addie's immediate belongings were as poor as they were numerous, and he gathered that Miss Wenham's pretensions to wealth were not so marked as to expose the claim of kinship to the imputation of motive. To this lady's single identity, at all events, the original stock had dwindled, and our young man was properly warned that he should find her shy and solitary. What was singular was that, in these conditions, she should desire, she should endure, to receive him. But that was all another story, lucid enough when mastered. He kept Addie's letters, exceptionally copious, in his lap; he conned them at intervals; he held the threads.

He looked out between whiles at the pleasant English land, an April *aquarelle* washed in with wondrous breadth. He knew the French thing, he knew the American, but he had known nothing of this. He saw it already as the remarkable Miss Wenham's setting. The doctor's daughter at Flickerbridge, with nippers on her nose, a palette on her thumb, and innocence in her heart, had been the miraculous link. She had become aware, even there, in our world of wonders, that the current fashion for young women so equipped was to enter the Parisian lists. Addie had accordingly chanced upon her, on the slopes of Montparnasse, as one of the English girls in one of the thoroughgoing sets; they had met in some easy collocation and had fallen upon common ground; after which the young woman, restored to Flickerbridge for an interlude and retailing there her adventures and impressions, had mentioned to Miss Wenham, who had known and protected her from babyhood, that that lady's own name of Adelaide was, as well as the surname conjoined with it, borne, to her knowledge, in Paris, by an extraordinary American specimen. She had then recrossed the Channel with a wonderful message, a courteous challenge, to her friend's duplicate, who had, in turn, granted, through her, every satisfaction. The duplicate had, in other words, bravely let Miss Wenham know exactly who she was. Miss Wenham, in whose personal tradition the flame of resentment appeared to have been reduced by time to the palest ashes—for whom, indeed, the story of the great schism was now but a legend only needing a little less dimness to make it romantic—Miss Wenham had promptly responded by a letter fragrant with the hope that old threads might be taken up. It was a relationship that they must puzzle out together, and she had earnestly sounded the other party to it on the subject of a possible visit. Addie had met her with a definite promise; she would come soon, she would come when free, she would

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come in July; but meanwhile she sent her deputy. Frank asked himself by what name she had described, by what character introduced him to Flickerbridge. He felt mainly, on the whole, as if he were going there to find out if he were engaged to her. He was at sea, really, now, as to which of the various views Addie herself took of it. To Miss Wenham she must definitely have taken one, and perhaps Miss Wenham would reveal it. This expectation was really his excuse for a possible indiscretion.

III

He was indeed to learn on arrival to what he had been committed; but that was for a while so much a part of his first general impression that the fact took time to detach itself, the first general impression demanding verily all his faculties of response. He almost felt, for a day or two, the victim of a practical joke, a gross abuse of confidence. He had presented himself with the moderate amount of flutter involved in a sense of due preparation; but he had then found that, however primed with prefaces and prompted with hints, he had not been prepared at all. How *could* he be, he asked himself, for anything so foreign to his experience, so alien to his proper world, so little to be preconceived in the sharp north light of the newest impressionism? and yet so recognized, after all—really, in the event, so noted and tasted and assimilated? It was a case he would scarce have known how to describe—could doubtless have described best with a full, clean brush, supplemented by a play of gesture; for it was always his habit to see an occasion, of whatever kind, primarily as a picture—so that he might get it, as he was wont to say, so that he might keep it, well together. He had been treated, of a sudden, in this adventure, to one of the sweetest, fairest, coolest impressions of his life—one, moreover, visibly, from the start, complete and homogeneous. Oh, it was *there*—if that was all one wanted of a thing! It was so "there" that, as had befallen him in Italy, in Spain, confronted at last, in dusky side-chapel or rich museum, with great things dreamed of or with greater ones unexpectedly presented, he had held his breath for fear of breaking the spell; had almost, from the quick impulse to respect, to prolong, lowered his voice and moved on tip-toe. Supreme beauty suddenly revealed is apt to strike us as a possible illusion, playing with our desire—instant freedom with it to strike us as a probable rashness.

This, fortunately, however—and the more so as his freedom, for the time, quite left him—didn't prevent his hostess, the evening of his advent and while the vision was new, from being exactly as queer and rare and *impayable*, as improbable, as impossible, as delightful, at dinner, at eight (she appeared to keep these immense hours), as she had, overwhelmingly, been at tea at five. She was in the most natural way in the world one of the oddest apparitions, but that the particular means to such an end *could* be natural was an inference difficult to make. He failed in fact to make it for a couple of days; but then—though then only—he made it with confidence. By this time indeed he was sure of everything, including, luckily, himself. If we compare his impression, with slight extravagance, to some of the greatest he had ever received, this is simply because the image before him was so rounded and stamped. It expressed with pure perfection, it exhausted its character. It was so absolutely and so unconsciously what it was. He had been floated by the strangest of chances out of the rushing stream into a clear, still backwater—a deep and quiet pool in which objects were sharply mirrored. He had hitherto, in life, known nothing that was old except a few statues and pictures; but here everything was old, was immemorial, and nothing so much so as the very freshness itself. Vaguely to have supposed there were such nooks in the world had done little enough, he now saw, to temper the glare of their opposites. It was the fine touches that counted, and these had to be seen to be believed.

Miss Wenham, fifty-five years of age and unappeasably timid, unaccountably strange, had, on her reduced scale, an almost Gothic grotesqueness; but the final effect of one's sense of it was an amenity that accompanied one's steps like wafted gratitude. More flurried, more spasmodic, more apologetic, more completely at a

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loss at one moment and more precipitately abounding at another, he had never before, in all his days, seen any maiden lady; yet for no maiden lady he had ever seen had he so promptly conceived a private enthusiasm. Her eyes protruded, her chin receded, and her nose carried on, in conversation, a queer little independent motion. She wore on the top of her head an upright circular cap that made her resemble a caryatid disburdened, and on other parts of her person strange combinations of colors, stuffs, shapes—of metal, mineral, and plant. The tones of her voice rose and fell, her facial convulsions, whether tending—one could scarce make out—to expression or *re*pression, succeeded each other by a law of their own; she was embarrassed at nothing and at everything, frightened at everything and at nothing, and she approached objects, subjects, the simplest questions and answers and the whole material of intercourse, either with the indirectness of terror or with the violence of despair. These things, none the less, her refinements of oddity and intensities of custom, her suggestion at once of conventions and simplicities, of ease and of agony, her roundabout, retarded suggestions and perceptions, still permitted her to strike her guest as irresistibly charming. He didn't know what to call it—she was a fruit of time. She had a queer distinction. She had been expensively produced, and there would be a good deal more of her to come.

The result of the whole quality of her welcome, at any rate, was that, the first evening, in his room, before going to bed, he relieved his mind in a letter to Addie which, if space allowed us to embody it in our text, would usefully perform the office of a "plate." It would enable us to present ourselves as profusely illustrated. But the process of reproduction, as we say, costs. He wished his friend to know how grandly their affair turned out. She had put him in the way of something absolutely special—an old house untouched, untouchable, indescribable, an old corner such as one didn't believe existed, and the holy calm of which made the chatter of studios, the smell of paint, the slang of critics, the whole sense and sound of Paris, come back as so many signs of a huge monkey-cage. He moved about, restless, while he wrote; he lighted cigarettes and, nervous and suddenly scrupulous, put them out again; the night was mild, and one of the windows of his large, high room, which stood over the garden, was up. He lost himself in the things about him, in the type of the room—the last century with not a chair moved, not a point stretched. He hung over the objects and ornaments, blissfully few and adorably good, perfect pieces all, and never one, for a change, French. The scene was as rare as some fine old print with the best bits down in the corners. Old books and old pictures, allusions remembered and aspects conjectured, reappeared to him; he knew now what anxious islanders had been trying for in their backward hunt for the homely. But the homely, at Flickerbridge, was all style—even as style, at the same time, was mere honesty. The larger, the smaller past—he scarce knew which to call it—was at all events so hushed to sleep round him as he wrote that he had almost a bad conscience about having come. How one might love it—but how one might spoil it! To look at it too hard was positively to make it conscious, and to make it conscious was positively to wake it up. Its only safety, of a truth, was to be left still to sleep—to sleep in its large, fair chambers, and under its high, clean canopies.

He added thus, restlessly, a line to his letter, maundered round the room again, noted and fingered something else, and then, dropping on the old flowered sofa, sustained by the tight cubes of its cushions, yielded afresh to the cigarette, hesitated, stared, wrote a few words more. He wanted Addie to know—that was what he most felt, unless he perhaps felt more how much she herself would want to. Yes, what he supremely saw was all that Addie would make of it. Up to his neck in it there he fairly turned cold at the sense of suppressed opportunity, of the outrage of privation, that his correspondent would retrospectively and, as he even divined with a vague shudder, almost vindictively nurse. Well, what had happened was that the acquaintance had been kept for her, like a packet enveloped and sealed for delivery, till her attention was free. He saw her there, heard her and felt her—

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felt how she would feel and how she would, as she usually said, "rave." Some of her young compatriots called it "yell," and in the reference itself, alas, illustrated their meaning. She would understand the place, at any rate, down to the ground; there wasn't the slightest doubt of that. Her sense of it would be exactly like his own, and he could use, in anticipation, just the terms of recognition and rapture in which she would abound. He knew just what she would call quaint, just what she would call bland, just what she would call weird, just what she would call wild. She would take it all in with an intelligence much more fitted than his own, in fact, to deal with what he supposed he must regard as its literary relations. She would have read the obsolete, long-winded memoirs and novels that both the figures and the setting ought clearly to remind one of; she would know about the past generations—the lumbering county magnates and their turbaned wives and round-eyed daughters, who, in other days, had treated the ruddy, sturdy, tradeless town, the solid square houses, and wide, walled gardens, the streets to-day all grass and gossip, as the scene of a local "season." She would have warrant for the assemblies, dinners, deep potations, for the smoked sconces in the dusky parlors, for the long, muddy century of family coaches, "holsters," highwaymen. She would put a finger, in short, just as he had done, on the vital spot—the rich humility of the whole thing, the fact that neither Flickerbridge in general nor Miss Wenham in particular, nor anything nor anyone concerned, had a suspicion of their character and their merit. Addie and he would have to come to let in light.

He let it in then, little by little, before going to bed, through the eight or ten pages he addressed to her; assured her that it was the happiest case in the world, a little picture—yet full of "style" too—absolutely composed and transmitted, with tradition, and tradition only, in every stroke, tradition still noiselessly breathing and visibly flushing, marking strange hours in the tall mahogany clocks that were never wound up and that yet audibly ticked on. All the elements, he was sure he should see, would hang together with a charm, presenting his hostess—a strange iridescent fish for the glazed exposure of an aquarium—as floating in her native medium. He left his letter open on the table, but, looking it over next morning, felt of a sudden indisposed to send it. He would keep it to add more, for there would be more to know; yet, when three days had elapsed, he had still not sent it. He sent instead, after delay, a much briefer report, which he was moved to make different and, for some reason, less vivid. Meanwhile he learned from Miss Wenham how Addie had introduced him. It took time to arrive with her at that point, but after the Rubicon was crossed they went far afield.

IV

"Oh, yes—she said you were engaged. That was why—since I *had* broken out so—she thought I would like to see you; as I assure you I've been so delighted to. But *aren't* you?" the good lady asked as if she saw in his face some ground for doubt.

"Assuredly—if she says so. It may seem very odd to you, but I haven't known, and yet I've felt that, being nothing whatever to you directly, I need some warrant for consenting thus to be thrust on you. We *were*," the young man explained, "engaged a year ago; but since then (if you don't mind my telling you such things; I feel now as if I could tell you anything!) I haven't quite known how I stand. It hasn't seemed that we were in a position to marry. Things are better now, but I haven't quite known how she would see them. They were so bad six months ago that I understood her, I thought, as breaking off. *I* haven't broken; I've only accepted, for the time—because men must be easy with women—being treated as 'the best of friends.' Well, I try to be. I wouldn't have come here if I hadn't been. I thought it would be charming for her to know you—when I heard from her of the extraordinary way you had dawned upon her, and charming, therefore, if I could help her to it. And if I'm helping you to know *her*," he went on, "isn't that charming too?"

"Oh, I so want to!" Miss Wenham murmured, in her unpractical, impersonal way. "You're so different!" she wistfully declared.

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"It's *you*, if I may respectfully, ecstatically say so, who are different. That's the point of it all. I'm not sure that anything so terrible really ought to happen to you as to know us."

"Well," said Miss Wenham, "I do know you a little, by this time, don't I? And I don't find it terrible. It's a delightful change for me."

"Oh, I'm not sure you ought to have a delightful change!"

"Why not—if you do?"

"Ah, I can bear it. I'm not sure that *you* can. I'm too bad to spoil—I *am* spoiled. I'm nobody, in short; I'm nothing. I've no type. You're *all* type. It has taken long, delicious years of security and monotony to produce you. You fit your frame with a perfection only equalled by the perfection with which your frame fits you. So this admirable old house, all time-softened white within and time-faded red without, so everything that surrounds you here and that has, by some extraordinary mercy, escaped the inevitable fate of exploitation: so it all, I say, is the sort of thing that, if it were the least bit to fall to pieces, could never, ah, never more, be put together again. I have, dear Miss Wenham," Granger went on, happy himself in his extravagance, which was yet all sincere, and happier still in her deep, but altogether pleased, mystification—"I've found, do you know, just the thing one has ever heard of that you most resemble. You're the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

He still had no compunction when he heard her bewilderedly sigh: "Oh, you're too delightfully droll!"

"No, I only put things just as they are, and, as I've also learned a little, thank heaven, to see them—which isn't, I quite agree with you, at all what everyone does. You're in the deep doze of the spell that has held you for long years, and it would be a shame, a crime, to wake you up. Indeed I already feel, with a thousand scruples, that I'm giving you the fatal shake. I say it, even though it makes me sound a little as if I thought myself the fairy prince."

She gazed at him with her queerest, kindest look, which he was getting used to, in spite of a faint fear, at the back of his head, of the strange things that sometimes occurred when lonely ladies, however mature, began to look at interesting young men from over the seas as if the young men desired to flirt. "It's so wonderful," she said, "that you should be so very odd and yet so very good-natured." Well, it all came to the same thing—it was so wonderful that *she* should be so simple and yet so little of a bore. He accepted with gratitude the theory of his languor—which, moreover, was real enough and partly perhaps why he was so sensitive; he let himself go as a convalescent, let her insist on the weakness that always remained after fever. It helped him to gain time, to preserve the spell even while he talked of breaking it; saw him through slow strolls and soft sessions, long gossips, fitful, hopeless questions—there was so much more to tell than, by any contortion, she *could* —and explanations addressed gallantly and patiently to her understanding, but not, by good fortune, really reaching it. They were perfectly at cross-purposes, and it was all the better, and they wandered together in the silver haze with all communication blurred.

When they sat in the sun in her formal garden he was quite aware that the tenderest consideration failed to disguise his treating her as the most exquisite of curiosities. The term of comparison most present to him was that of some obsolete musical instrument. The old-time order of her mind and her air had the stillness of a painted spinnet that was duly dusted, gently rubbed, but never tuned nor played on. Her opinions were like dried rose-leaves; her attitudes like British sculpture; her voice was what he imagined of the possible tone of the old gilded, silver-stringed harp in one of the corners of the drawing-room. The lonely little decencies and modest dignities of her life, the fine grain of its conservatism, the innocence of its ignorance, all its monotony of stupidity and salubrity, its cool dulness and dim brightness, were there before him. Meanwhile, within him, strange things took place. It was literally true that his impression began again, after a lull, to make him nervous and anxious, and for reasons peculiarly confused, almost grotesquely mingled, or at least comically sharp. He was distinctly an agitation and a new taste—that he could see; and he saw quite as much, therefore, the excitement she al-

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ready drew from the vision of Addie, an image intensified by the sense of closer kinship and presented to her, clearly, with various erratic enhancements, by her friend the doctor's daughter. At the end of a few days he said to her: "Do you know she wants to come without waiting any longer? She wants to come while I'm here. I received this morning her letter proposing it, but I've been thinking it over and have waited to speak to you. The thing is, you see, that if she writes to *you* proposing it——"

"Oh, I shall be so particularly glad!"

V

THEY were, as usual, in the garden, and it had not yet been so present to him that if he were only a happy cad there would be a good way to protect her. As she wouldn't hear of his being yet beyond precautions she had gone into the house for a particular shawl that was just the thing for his knees, and, blinking in the watery sunshine, had come back with it across the fine little lawn. He was neither fatuous nor asinine, but he had almost to put it to himself as a small task to resist the sense of his absurd advantage with her. It filled him with horror and awkwardness, made him think of he didn't know what, recalled something of Maupassant's—the smitten "Miss Harriet" and her tragic fate. There was a preposterous possibility—yes, he held the strings quite in his hands—of keeping the treasure for himself. That was the art of life—what the real artist would consistently do. He would close the door on his impression, treat it as a private museum. He would see that he could lounge and linger there, live with wonderful things there, lie up there to rest and refit. For himself he was sure that after a little he should be able to paint there—do things in a key he had never thought of before. When she brought him the rug he took it from her and made her sit down on the bench and resume her knitting; then, passing behind her with a laugh, he placed it over her own shoulders; after which he moved to and fro before her, his hands in his pockets and his cigarette in his teeth. He was ashamed of the cigarette—a villanous false note; but she allowed, liked, begged him to smoke, and what he said to her on it, in one of the pleasantries she benevolently missed, was that he did so for fear of doing worse. That only showed that the end was really in sight. "I dare say it will strike you as quite awful, what I'm going to say to you; but I can't help it. I speak out of the depths of my respect for you. It will seem to you horrid disloyalty to poor Addie. Yes—there we are; there *I* am, at least, in my naked monstrosity." He stopped and looked at her till she might have been almost frightened. "Don't let her come. Tell her not to. I've tried to prevent it, but she suspects."

The poor woman wondered. "Suspects!"

"Well, I drew it, in writing to her, on reflection, as mild as I could—having been visited, in the watches of the night, by the instinct of what might happen. Something told me to keep back my first letter—in which, under the first impression, I myself rashly 'raved;' and I constructed instead of it an insincere and guarded report. But guarded as I was I clearly didn't keep you 'down,' as we say, enough; the wonder of your color—daub you over with gray as I might—must have come through and told the tale. She scents battle from afar—by which I mean she scents 'quaintness.' But keep her off. It's hideous, what I'm saying—but I owe it to you. I owe it to the world. She'll kill you."

"You mean I sha'n't get on with her?"

"Oh, fatally! See how *I* have. She's intelligent, remarkably pretty, remarkably good. And she'll adore you."

"Well, then?"

"Why, that will be just how she'll do for you."

"Oh, I can hold my own!" said Miss Wenham, with the head-shake of a horse making his sleigh-bells rattle in frosty air.

"Ah, but you can't hold hers! She'll rave about you. She'll write about you. You're Niagara before the first white traveller—and you know, or rather you can't know, what Niagara became *after* that gentleman. Addie will have discovered Niagara. She will understand you in perfection; she will feel you down to the ground; not a delicate shade of you will

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she lose or let anyone else lose. You'll be too weird for words, but the words will nevertheless come. You'll be too exactly the real thing, and to be left too utterly just as you are, and all Addie's friends and all Addie's editors and contributors and readers will cross the Atlantic and flock to Flickerbridge, so, unanimously, universally, vociferously, to leave you. You'll be in the magazines with illustrations; you'll be in the papers with headings; you'll be everywhere with everything. You don't understand—you think you do, but you don't. Heaven forbid you *should* understand! That's just your beauty—your 'sleeping' beauty. But you needn't. You can take me on trust. Don't have her. Say, as a pretext, as a reason, anything in the world you like. Lie to her—scare her away. I'll go away and give you up—I'll sacrifice everything myself." Granger pursued his exhortation, convincing himself more and more. "If I saw my way out, my way completely through, *I* would pile up some fabric of fiction for her—I should only want to be sure of its not tumbling down. One would have, you see, to keep the thing up. But I would throw dust in her eyes. I would tell her that you don't do at all—that you're not, in fact, a desirable acquaintance. I'd tell her you're vulgar, improper, scandalous; I'd tell her you're mercenary, designing, dangerous; I'd tell her the only safe course is immediately to let you drop. I would thus surround you with an impenetrable legend of conscientious misrepresentation, a circle of pious fraud, and all the while privately keep you for myself."

She had listened to him as if he were a band of music and she a small shy garden-party. "I shouldn't like you to go away. I shouldn't in the least like you not to come again."

"Ah, there it is!" he replied. "How can I come again if Addie ruins you?"

"But how will she ruin me—even if she does what you say? I know I'm too old to change and really much too queer to please in any of the extraordinary ways you speak of. If it's a question of quizzing me I don't think my cousin, or anyone else, will have quite the hand for it that *you* seem to have. So that if *you* haven't ruined me——"

"But I *have*—that's just the point!" Granger insisted. "I've undermined you at least. I've left, after all, terribly little for Addie to do."

She gave her beautiful laugh. "Well, then, we'll admit that you've done everything but frighten me."

He looked at her with surpassing gloom. "No—that again is one of the most dreadful features. You'll positively like it—what's to come. You'll be caught up in a chariot of fire like the prophet—wasn't there, was there, one?—of old. That's exactly why—if one could but have done it—you would have been to be kept ignorant and helpless. There's something or other in Latin that says that it's the finest things that change the most easily for the worse. You already enjoy your dishonor and revel in your shame. It's too late—you're lost!"

VI

ALL this was as pleasant a manner of passing the time as any other, for it didn't prevent his old-world corner from closing round him more entirely, nor stand in the way of his making out, from day to day, some new source, as well as some new effect, of its virtue. He was really scared at moments at some of the liberties he took in talk—at finding himself so familiar; for the great note of the place was just that a certain modern ease had never crossed its threshold, that quick intimacies and quick oblivions were a stranger to its air. It had known, in all its days, no rude, no loud invasion. Serenely unconscious of most contemporary things, it had been so of nothing so much as of the diffused social practice of running in and out. Granger held his breath, on occasions, to think how Addie would run. There were moments when, for some reasons, more than at others, he heard her step on the staircase and her cry in the hall. If he played freely, none the less, with the idea with which we have shown him as occupied, it was not that in every measurable way he didn't sacrifice, to the utmost, to stillness. He only hovered, ever so lightly, to take up again his thread. She wouldn't hear of his leaving her, of his being in the least fit again, as she said, to travel. She spoke of the journey to London—which was in fact a matter of

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many hours—as an experiment fraught with lurking complications. He added then day to day, yet only, hereby, as he reminded her, giving other complications a larger chance to multiply. He kept it before her, when there was nothing else to do, that she must consider; after which he had his times of fear that she perhaps really would make for him this sacrifice.

He knew that she had written again to Paris, and knew that he must himself again write—a situation abounding for each in the elements of a quandary. If he stayed so long, why then he wasn't better, and if he wasn't better Addie might take it into her head—! They must make it clear that he *was* better, so that, suspicious, alarmed at what was kept from her, she shouldn't suddenly present herself to nurse him. If he was better, however, why did he stay so long? If he stayed only for the attraction the sense of the attraction might be contagious. This was what finally grew clearest for him, so that he had for his mild disciple hours of still sharper prophecy. It consorted with his fancy to represent to her that their young friend had been by this time unsparingly warned; but nothing could be plainer than that this was ineffectual so long as he himself resisted the ordeal. To plead that he remained because he was too weak to move was only to throw themselves back on the other horn of their dilemma. If he was too weak to move Addie would bring him her strength—of which, when she got there, she would give them specimens enough. One morning he broke out at breakfast with an intimate conviction. They would see that she was actually starting—they would receive a wire by noon. They didn't receive it, but by his theory the portent was only the stronger. It had moreover its grave as well as its gay side, for Granger's paradox and pleasantry were only the most convenient way for him of saying what he felt. He literally heard the knell sound, and in expressing this to Miss Wenham with the conversational freedom that seemed best to pay his way he the more vividly faced the contingency. He could never return, and though he announced it with a despair that did what might be to make it pass as a joke, he saw that, whether or no she at last understood, she quite at last believed him. On this, to his knowledge, she wrote again to Addie, and the contents of her letter excited his curiosity. But that sentiment, though not assuaged, quite dropped when, the day after, in the evening, she let him know that she had had, an hour before, a telegram.

"She comes Thursday."

He showed not the least surprise. It was the deep calm of the fatalist. It *had* to be. "I must leave you then to-morrow."

She looked, on this, as he had never seen her; it would have been hard to say whether what was in her face was the last failure to follow or the first effort to meet. "And really not to come back?"

"Never, never, dear lady. Why should I come back? You can never be again what you *have* been. I shall have seen the last of you."

"Oh!" she touchingly urged.

"Yes, for I should next find you simply brought to self-consciousness. You'll be exactly what you are, I charitably admit—nothing more or less, nothing different. But you'll be it all in a different way. We live in an age of prodigious machinery, all organized to a single end. That end is publicity—a publicity as ferocious as the appetite of a cannibal. The thing therefore is not to have any illusions—fondly to flatter yourself, in a muddled moment, that the cannibal will spare you. He spares nobody. He spares nothing. It will be all right. You'll have a lovely time. You'll be only just a public character—blown about the world for all you are and proclaimed for all you are on the housetops. It will be for *that*, mind, I quite recognize—because Addie is superior—as well as for all you aren't. So good-by."

He remained, however, till the next day, and noted at intervals the different stages of their friend's journey; the hour, this time, she would really have started—the hour she would reach Dover, the hour she would get to town, where she would alight at Mrs. Dunn's. Perhaps she would bring Mrs. Dunn, for Mrs. Dunn would swell the chorus. At the last, on the morrow, as if in anticipation of this, stillness settled between them; he became as silent as his hostess. But before he went she brought out, shyly and anxiously, as

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an appeal, the question that, for hours, had clearly been giving her thought. "Do you meet her then to-night in London?"

"Dear, no. In what position am I, alas, to do that? When can I *ever* meet her again?" He had turned it all over. "If I could meet Addie after this, you know, I could meet *you*. And if I do meet Addie," he lucidly pursued, "what will happen, by the same stroke, is that I *shall* meet you. And that's just what I've explained to you that I dread."

"You mean that she and I will be inseparable?"

He hesitated. "I mean that she'll tell me all about you. I can hear her, and her ravings, now."

She gave again—and it was infinitely sad—her little whinnying laugh. "Oh, but if what you say is true, you'll know."

"Ah, but Addie won't! Won't, I mean, know that *I* know—or at least won't believe it. Won't believe that anyone knows. Such," he added, with a strange, smothered sigh, "*is* Addie. Do you know," he wound up, "that what, after all, has most definitely happened is that you've made me see her as I've never done before?"

She blinked and gasped, she wondered and despaired. "Oh, no, it will be *you*. I've had nothing to do with it. Everything's *all* you!"

But for all it mattered now! "You'll see," he said, "that she's charming. I shall go, for to-night, to Oxford. I shall almost cross her on the way."

"Then, if she's charming, what am I to tell her from you in explanation of such strange behavior as your flying away just as she arrives?"

"Ah, you needn't mind about that—you needn't tell her anything."

She fixed him as if as never again. "It's none of my business, of course I feel—but isn't it a little cruel if you're engaged?"

Granger gave a laugh almost as odd as one of her own. "Oh, you've cost me that!"—and he put out his hand to her.

She wondered while she took it. "Cost you ——?"

"We're not engaged. Good-by."

USES

By Edith Wharton

Ah, from the niggard tree of Time
How quickly fall the hours!
It needs no touch of wind or rime
To loose such facile flowers.

Drift of the dead year's harvesting,
They clog to-morrow's way,
Yet serve to shelter growths of Spring
Beneath their warm decay.

Or, blent by pious hands with rare
Sweet savors of content,
Surprise the soul's December air
With June's forgotten scent.

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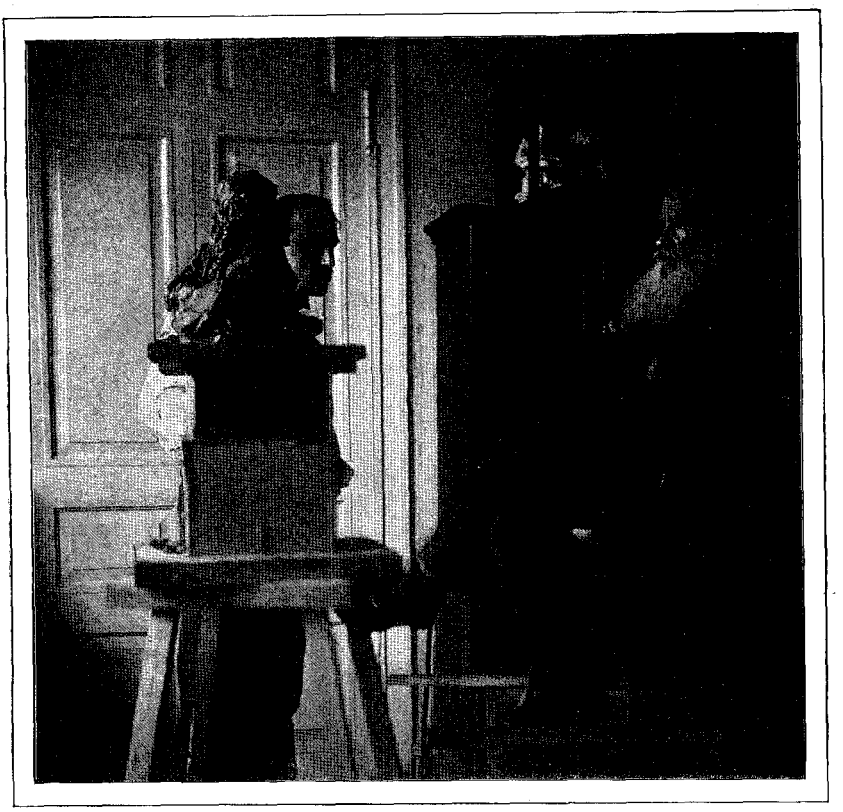

At Work on Bust of Count Tolstoy.

PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR

By William Jarvis

Paul Troubetzkoy.

PAUL TROUBETZKOY, the successful competitor for the equestrian statue of the late Emperor Alexander III., soon to be erected at St. Petersburg, and the winner of the Grand Prix in the Russian exhibit of sculpture at the Paris Exposition of 1900, is of course claimed as a Russian sculptor. But his mother is an American, and as he was born and educated in Italy, the question to which nation rightfully belongs this man of real genius is somewhat complicated.

Americans may at least believe that his American mother's devotion to art—her particular branch being music—indicates the origin of his own artistic temperament, which, combined with indomitable perseverance—another Anglo-Saxon attribute—has made him what he is.

Paul Troubetzkoy was born at Intra, Lago Maggiore, on the 15th of February, 1866, the second son of Prince Pierre and Princess Ada Troubetzkoy (*née* Winans). The delight of the child was to model; using first soft bread, then later, at the age of seven, being allowed modelling wax to play sculptor. He chose for his first model an old beggar whom he chanced to find outside the villa gates, and whom he paid

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The Indian Scout.

with fruit saved from his own dessert. From this beginning, always encouraged by his mother, he continued to model from life, his pets and other domestic animals serving as subjects, until, at ten years of age, he was so successful with the head of a horse, that his mother, realizing that the child was becoming serious in his work, took the head to Milan for the criticism of the sculptor Grandi.

Looking at it carefully, Grandi pronounced it the work of genius, and said that the boy if he worked on was destined to become a famous sculptor. This prediction did not meet with the approval of Prince Troubetzkoy, whose ambition for this son was a military career, the eldest having been already granted permission to study art, as he showed a decided talent for portraiture.

Accordingly, at the age of seventeen the young sculptor was sent to his paternal relatives in Russia, with the hope that under new influences the youth might be made to forget his hobby. But the power of calling was too great. The allurements of a high military career failed to turn him, and after some months absence he returned to Italy.

In Milan he became a pupil of Barcaglia, with whom he studied one month; then he worked under Bazzaro, another famous Milanese sculptor, and after remaining with him two months his pupilage was finished. Finding that he could not follow the others, however great they might be, Paul Troubetzkoy began working according to his own particular light; he opened a studio of his own; toiled with all his might, deaf to the criticism of friend or foe; and so impressed both public and critics that it was finally acknowledged that a new star had arisen, the magnitude of which it was at first difficult to measure.

In 1886 he exhibited the figure of a

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Child and Dog.

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Mother and Child.

horse at the Brera, in Milan, which attracted marked attention. At Venice, the following spring, his exhibit made still more agitation in artistic circles. He won a gold medal at Rome in 1894, when he exhibited his famous bronze "Indian Scout," the modelling for which was made while Buffalo Bill was performing in Milan. This bronze was afterward purchased for the Gallery of Modern Art at Rome.

Troubetzkoy has exhibited in all the leading cities of Italy, and his works, while exciting harsh criticism, have also forced admiration. The Italians now seem to claim him as their own, in spite of the fact that he has not one drop of Italian blood in his veins, and in spite of their assertion that he is not of the modern Italian school. Upon this point a well-known Italian critic is quoted: "In my opinion he is so original in his works that even in the smallest detail he cannot be said to have derived his characteristics from any other modern Italian sculptor. He may have some far-away and unconscious affinity of disposition, in the search for picturesque effects, and in the ambition to give the impression of movement, with one or two foreign sculptors, perhaps with the Frenchman, Auguste Rodin, perhaps with the Belgian, Constantin Meunier. But while they are the exponents of strength, of the most violent passions, he is, over and above all, the evocator of grace, of elegance, and of the most gentle and noble of human sentiments."

A visit to his studio is indeed all convincing that Troubetzkoy has marked individuality. His works, bold as they are in outline, have always the light, shade,

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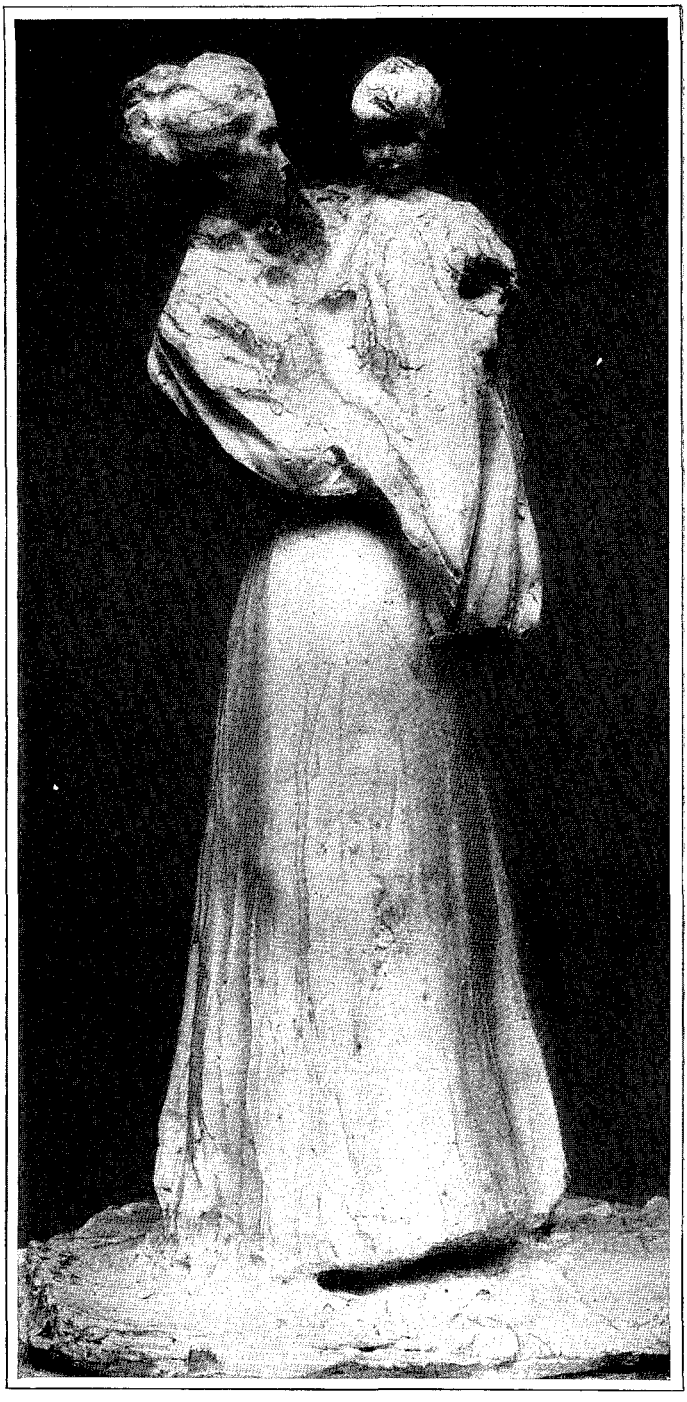

Mother and Child.

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Father and Child.

and softness to produce a likeness; and if at times details are seemingly slighted, it is only in a way to bring out more important characteristics and the true spirit of the subject—the innermost soul rather than the outer drawing. What a world of parental tenderness and love is expressed in the attitudes of the two mothers, and of the father with his child held so close in his arms! Then what tender sympathy between the little girl and her favorite dog! Imagination has but a small part to play in these heart sketches. How natural, indeed, are all of his figures! How easy, graceful, and perfect their poise. How true to life the keen glance of the Indian scout, and the careless attitudes of his other horsemen! In modelling animal life Troubetzkoy has no superior, and few if any equals.

About three years ago, wishing to enlarge his field of action, Troubetzkoy had almost decided to go to the United States,

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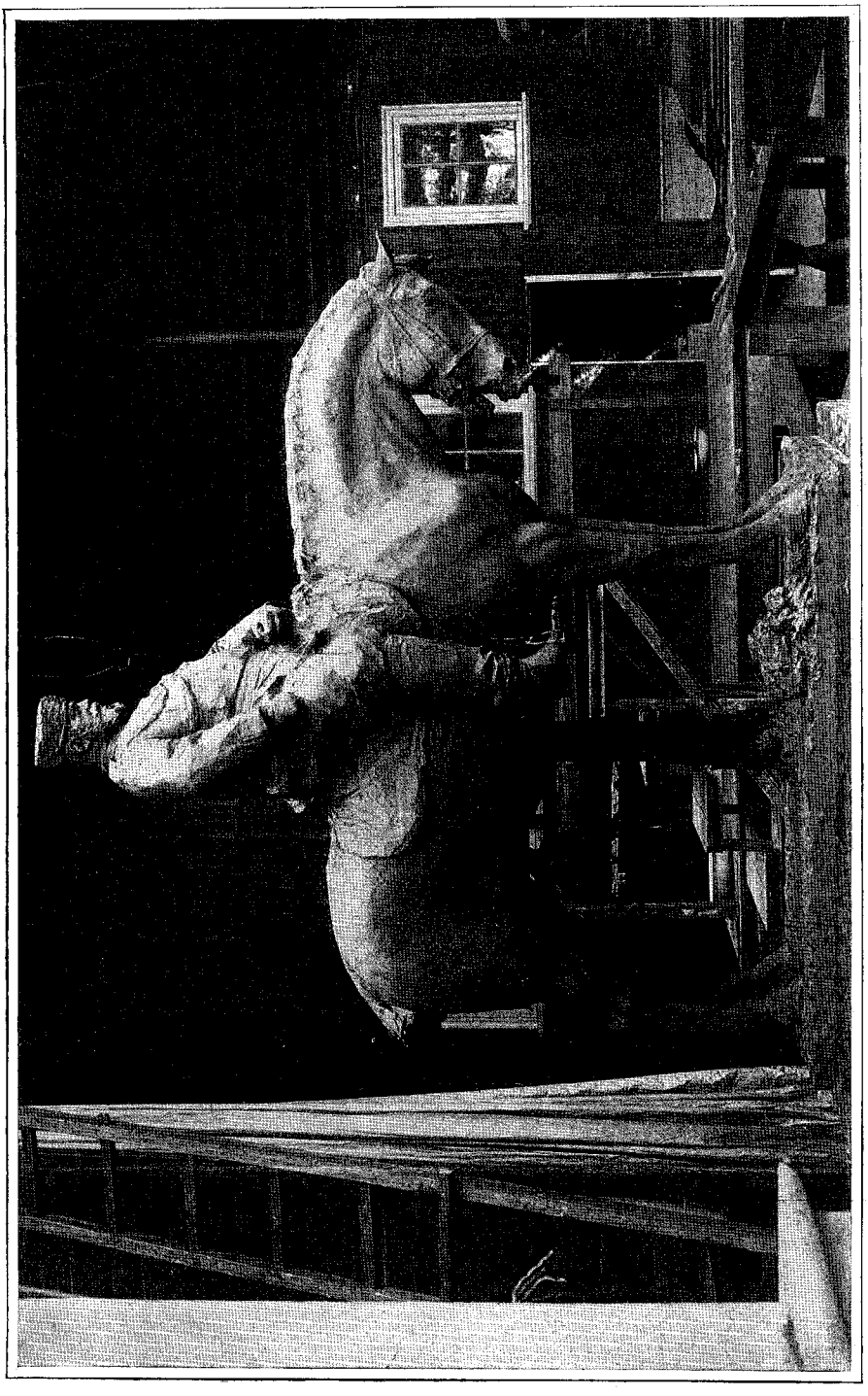

Statue of Alexander III.

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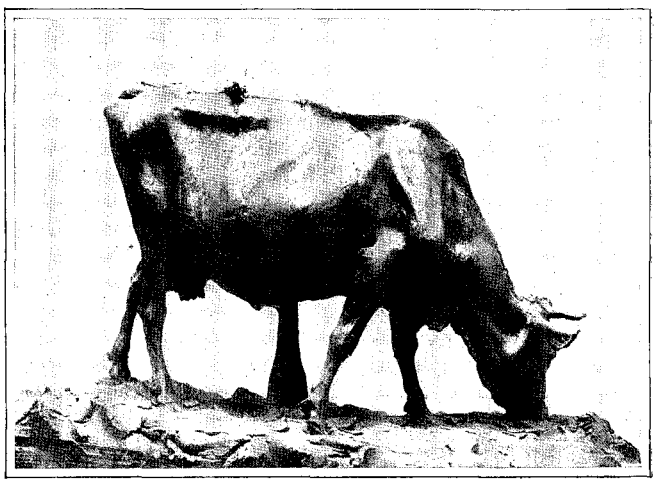
when chance turned his course. A cousin of his, living in Moscow, wrote advising a visit to that city. Troubetzkoy went, and soon proved by his works that the reputation which had preceded him was deserved.

His first commission was for a full-length figure of the Grand Duchess Elisabeth Feodorovna, wife of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovich, Governor-General of Moscow; his next, a bust of Count Tolstoy, the bronze of which was purchased by the Luxembourg. After these followed other models, distinctly Russian, his success leading to his appointment as professor of sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts at Moscow; and as the crowning triumph, he was proclaimed the winner of the contest, open to the world, for the statue of Alexander III. His model for this statue is regarded as a masterpiece. The Dowager Empress is especially pleased with the likeness to the Emperor, and the attitude is one familiar to all who have ever seen Alexander III. reviewing his troops. The horse was the subject of special study, for it was only after a personal search in three kingdoms, and with the royal Russian stables placed at his disposal, that Troubetzkoy finally selected his model. He is now at work upon the final model in a studio built especially for him at St. Petersburg, and the casting of the bronze is to be under his direct supervision. There is an interesting incident in connection with this last work which shows Troubetzkoy's force of character. It was the night before the model was to be presented to the judges, just after the finishing touches had been given, that in some unaccountable way it was knocked from its pedestal and broken into fragments. For a moment Troubetzkoy hesitated, thinking to let Fate decide; then his indomitable will reasserted itself; he would not be ruled out without a trial, and, clearing the studio, he set to work and at daybreak had another model completed which he considered better than the first, and which he personally carried to St. Petersburg that same day.

Paul Troubetzkoy, personally, is young, strong, vigorous, of fine physique, genial in his bearing, courteous, gentle, and unassuming; he has attributes well worthy of the fame which he is winning.



Cow Feeding.

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CROWNED WITH GLORY AND HONOR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

MISTS blew about the mountains across the river, and over West Point hung a raw fog. Some of the officers who stood with bared heads by the heap of earth and the hole in the ground shivered a little. The young Chaplain read, solemnly, the solemn and grand words of the service, and the evenness of his voice was unnatural enough to show deep feeling. He remembered how, a year before, he had seen the hero of this scene playing football on just such a day, tumbling about and shouting, his hair wild and matted and his face filled with fresh color. Such a mere boy he was, concerned over the question as to where he could hide his contraband dress boots, excited by an invitation to dine out Saturday night. The dear young chap! There were tears in the Chaplain's eyes as he thought of little courtesies to himself, of little generosities to other cadets, of a manly and honest heart shown everywhere that character may show in the guarded life of the nation's schoolboys.

The sympathetic, ringing voice stopped, and he watched the quick, dreadful, necessary work of the men at the grave, and then his sad eyes wandered pitifully over the rows of boyish faces where the cadets stood. Just such a child as those, thought the Chaplain—himself but a few years older—no history; no life, as we know life; no love, and what was life without—you may see that the Chaplain was young; the poor boy was taken from these quiet ways and sent direct on the fire-lit stage of history, and in the turn, behold! he was a hero. The white-robed Chaplain thrilled and his dark eyes flashed. He seemed to see that day; he would give half his life to have seen it—this boy had given all of his. The boy was wounded early, and as the bullets poured death down the hill he crept up it, on hands and knees, leading his men. The strong life in him lasted till he reached the top, and then the last of it pulled him to his feet and he stood and waved and cheered—and fell. But he went up San Juan Hill. After all, he lived. He missed fifty years, perhaps, but he had Santiago. The flag wrapped him, he was the honored dead of the nation. God keep him! The Chaplain turned with a swing and raised his prayer-book to read the committal. The long black box—the boy was very tall—was being lowered gently, tenderly. Suddenly the heroic vision of Santiago vanished and he seemed to see again the rumpled head and the alert, eager, rosy face of the boy playing football—the head that lay there! An iron grip caught his throat, and if a sound had come it would have been a sob. Poor little boy! Poor little hero! To exchange all life's sweetness for that fiery glory! Not to have known the meaning of living—of loving—of being loved!

The beautiful, tender voice rang out again so that each one heard it to the farthest limit of the great crowd—"We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come."

. . . . . .

An hour later the boy's mother sat in her room at the hotel and opened a tin box of letters, found with his traps, and given her with the rest. She had planned it for this time and had left the box unopened. To-morrow she must take up life and try to carry it, with the boy gone, but to-day she must and would be what is called morbid. She looked over the bend in the river to the white-dotted cemetery—she could tell where lay the new mound, flower-covered, above his yellow head. She looked away quickly and bent over the box in her lap and turned the key. Her own hand-writing met her eyes first; all her letters for six months back were there, scattered loosely about the box. She gathered them up, slipping them through her fingers to be sure of the writing. Letter after letter, all hers.

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"They were his love-letters," she said to herself. "He never had any others, dear little boy—my dear little boy!"

Underneath were more letters, a package first; quite a lot of them, thirty, fifty—it was hard to guess—held together by a rubber strap. The strap broke as she drew out the first envelope and they fell all about her, some on the floor, but she did not notice it, for the address was in a feminine writing that had a vague familiarity. She stopped a moment with the envelope in one hand and the fingers of the other hand on the folded paper inside. It felt like a dishonorable thing to do—like prying into the boy's secrets, forcing his confidence; and she had never done that. Yet someone must know whether these papers of his should be burned or kept, and who was there but herself? She drew out the letter. It began "My dearest." The boy's mother stopped short and drew a trembling breath, with a sharp, jealous pain. She had not known. Then she lifted her head and saw the dots of white on the green earth across the bay and her heart grew soft for that other woman to whom he had been "dearest" too, who must suffer this sorrow of losing him too. But she could not read her letters, she must send them, take them to her, and tell her that his mother had held them sacred. She turned to the signature.

"And so you must believe, darling, that I am and always will be—always, always, with love and kisses, your own dear, little 'Good Queen Bess.'"

It was not the sort of an ending to a letter she would have expected from the girl he loved, for the boy, though most undemonstrative, had been intense and taken his affections seriously always. But one can never tell, and the girl was probably quite young. But who was she? The signature gave no clew; the date was two years before, and from New York—sufficiently vague! She would have to read until she found the thread, and as she read the wonder grew that so flimsy a personality could have held her boy. One letter, two, three, six, and yet no sign to identify the writer. She wrote first from New York on the point of starting for a long stay abroad, and the other letters were all from different places on the other side. Once in awhile a familiar name cropped up, but never to give any clew. There were plenty of people whom she called by their Christian names, but that helped nothing. And often she referred to their engagement — to their marriage to come. It was hard for the boy's mother, who believed she had had his confidence. But there was one letter from Vienna that made her lighter-hearted as to that.

"My dear sweet darling," it began, "I haven't written you very often from here, but then I don't believe you know the difference, for you never scold at all, even if I'm ever so long in writing. And as for you, you rascal, you write less and less, and shorter and shorter. If I didn't know for certain—but then, of course, you love me? Don't you, you dearest boy? Of course you do, and who wouldn't? Now don't think I'm really so conceited as that, for I only mean it in joke, but in earnest, I might think it if I let myself, for they make such a fuss over me here—you never saw anything like it! The Prince von H—— told Mamma yesterday I was the prettiest girl who had been here in ten years—what do you think of that, sir? The officers are as thick as bees wherever I go, and I ride with them and dance with them and am having just the loveliest time! You don't mind that, do you darling, even if we are engaged? Oh, about telling your mother—no, sir, you just cannot! You've begged me all along to do that, but you might as well stop, for I won't. You write more about that than anything else, it seems to me, and I'll believe soon you are more in love with your mother than with me. So take care! Remember, you promised that night at the hop at West Point—what centuries ago it seems, and it was a year and a half!—that you would not tell a living soul, not even your mother, until I said so. You see, it might get out and—oh, what's the use of fussing? It might spoil all my good time, and though I'm just as devoted as ever, and as much in love, you big, handsome thing—yes, just exactly!—still, I want to have a good time. Why shouldn't I? As the Prince would say, I'm pretty enough—but that's nonsense, of course."

The letter was signed like all the others "Good Queen Bess," a foolish enough name for a girl to call herself, the boy's mother thought, a touch contemptuously.

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She sat several minutes with that letter in her hand.

"I'll believe soon that you are more in love with your mother than you are with me"—that soothed the sore spot in her heart wonderfully. Wasn't it so, perhaps. It seemed to her that the boy had fallen into this affair suddenly, impulsively, without realizing its meaning, and that his loyalty had held him fast, after the glamour was gone. And perhaps the girl, too. For the boy had much besides himself, and there were girls who might think of that.

The next letter went far to confirm this theory.

"Of course I don't want to break our engagement," the girl wrote. "What makes you ask such a question? I fully expect to marry you some day, of course, when I have had my little 'fling,' and I should just go crazy if I thought you didn't love me as much as always. You would if you saw me, for they all say I'm prettier than ever. You don't want to break the engagement, do you? Please, please, don't say so, for I couldn't bear it."

And in the next few lines she mentioned herself by name. It was a well-known name to the boy's mother, that of the daughter of a cousin with whom she had never been over-intimate. She had had notes from the girl a few times, once or twice from abroad, which accounted for the familiarity of the writing. So she gathered the letters together, the last one dated only a month before, and put them one side to send back.

"She will soon get over it," she said, and sighed as she turned to the papers still left in the bottom of the box. There were only a few, a thin packet of six or eight, and one lying separate. She slipped the rubber band from the packet and looked hard at the irregular, strong writing, woman's or man's, it was hard to say which. Then she spread out the envelopes and took them in order by the post-marks. The first was a little note, thanking him for a book, a few lines of clever nothing signed by a woman's name which she had never heard.

"My dear Mr. ——," it ran. "Indeed you did get ahead of 'all the others' in sending me 'The Gentleman from Indiana.' So far ahead that the next man in the procession is not even in sight yet. I hate to tell you that, but honesty demands it. I have taken just one sidewise peep at 'The Gentleman'—and like his looks immensely—but to-morrow night I am going to pretend I have a headache and stay home from the concert where the family are going, and turn cannibal and devour him. I hope nothing will interrupt me. Unless—I wonder if you are conceited enough to imagine what is one of the very few things I would like to have interrupt me? After that bit of boldness, I think I must stop writing to you. I mean it just the same. And thanking you a thousand times again, I am,

"Sincerely yours."

There were four or five more of this sort, sometimes only a day or two, sometimes a month apart; always with some definite reason for the writing, flowers or books to thank him for, a walk to arrange, an invitation to dinner. Charming, bright, friendly notes, with the happy atmosphere of a perfect understanding between them, of mutual interests and common enthusiasms.

"She was very different from the other," the boy's mother sighed, as she took up an unread letter—there were but two more. There was no harm in reading such letters as these, she thought with relief, and noticed as she drew the paper from the envelope that the post-mark was two months later.

"You want me to write once that I love you"—that is the way it began.

The woman who read dropped it suddenly as if it had burned her. Was it possible? Her light-hearted boy, whose short life she had been so sure had held nothing but a boy's, almost a child's, joys and sorrows! The other affair was surprise enough, and a sad surprise, yet after all it had not touched him deeply, she felt certain of that; but this was another question. She knew instinctively that if love had grown from such a solid foundation as this sweet and happy and reasonable friendship with this girl, whose warm heart and deep soul shone through her clear and simple words, it would be a different love from anything that other poor, flimsy child could inspire. "L'ami-

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tié, c'est l'amour sans ailes." But sometimes when men and women have let the quiet, safe god Friendship fold his arms gently around them, he spreads suddenly a pair of shining wings and carries them off—to heaven—wherever he wills it, and only then they see that he is not Friendship, but Love.

She picked up the letter again and read on :

"You want me to write once that I love you, so that you may read it with your eyes, if you may not hear it with your ears. Is that it—is that what you want, dear ? Which question is a foolish sort of way for me to waste several drops of ink, considering that your letter is open before me. And your picture just back of it, your brown eyes looking over the edge so eagerly, so actually alive that it seems very foolish to be making signs to you on paper at all. How much simpler just to say half a word and then—then ! Only we two can fill up that dash, but we can fill it full, can't we ? However, I'm not doing what you want, and—will you not tell yourself, if I tell you something ? To do what you want is just the one thing on earth I like most to do. I think you have magnetized me into a jelly-fish, for at times I seem to have no will at all. I believe if you asked me to do the Chinese kotow, and bend to the earth before you, I'd secretly be dying to do it. But I wouldn't, you know, I promise you that. I give you credit for liking a live woman, with a will of her own, better than a jelly-fish. And anyway I wouldn't—if you liked me for it or not—so you see it's no use urging me. And still I haven't done what you want—what was it now ? Oh, to tell you that—but the words frighten me, they are so big. That I—I—I—love you. Is it that ? I haven't said it yet, remember. I'm only asking a question. Do you know I have an objection to sitting here in cold blood and writing that down in cold ink ? If it were only a little dark now, and your shoulder—and I could hide my head—you can't get off for a minute ? Ah, I am scribbling along light-heartedly, when all the time the sword of Damocles is hanging over us both, when my next letter may have to be good-by for always. If that fate comes you will find me steady to stand by you, to help you. I will say those three little words, so little and so big, to you once again, and then I will live them by giving up what is dearest to me—that's you, dear—that your 'conduct' may not be 'unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.' You must keep your word. If the worst comes, will you always remember that as an American woman's patriotism. There could be none truer. I could send you marching off to Cuba—and how about that, is it war surely ?—with a light heart, knowing that you were giving yourself for a holy cause and going to honor and fame, though perhaps, dear, to a soldier's death. And I would pray for you and remember your splendid strength, and think always of seeing you march home again, and then only your mother could be more proud than I. That would be easy, in comparison. Write me about the war—but, of course, you would not be sent.

"Now here is the very end of my letter, and I haven't yet said it—what you wanted. But here it is, bend your head, from way up there, and listen. Now—do you hear—I love you. Good-by, good-by, I love you."

The papers rustled softly in the silent room, and the boy's mother, as she put the letter back, kissed it, and it was as if ghostly lips touched hers, for the boy had kissed those words, she knew.

The next was only a note, written just before his sailing to Cuba.

"A fair voyage and a short one, a good fight and a quick one," the note said. "It is my country as well as yours you are going to fight for, and I give you with all my heart. All of it will be with you and all my thoughts, too, every minute of every day, so you need never wonder if I'm thinking of you. And soon the Spaniards will be beaten and you'll be coming home again 'crowned with glory and honor,' and the bands will play fighting music, and the flag will be flying over you, for you, and in all proud America there will be no prouder soul than I—unless it is your mother. Good-by, good-by—God be with you, my very dearest."

He had come home "crowned with glory and honor." And the bands had played martial music for him. But his horse stood riderless by his grave, and the

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empty cavalry boots hung, top down, from the saddle.

Loose in the bottom of the box lay a folded sheet of paper, and, hidden under it, an envelope, the face side down. When the boy's mother opened the paper, it was his own crabbed, uneven writing that met her eye.

"They say there will be a fight to-morrow," he wrote, "and we're likely to be in it. If I come out right, you will not see this, and I hope I shall, for the world is sweet with you in it. But if I'm hit, then this will go to you. I'm leaving a line for my mother and will enclose this and ask her to send it to you. You must find her and be good to her, if that happens. I want you to know that if I die, my last thought will have been of you, and if I have the chance to do anything worth while, it will be for your sake. I could die happy if I might do even a small thing that would make you proud of me."

The sorrowful woman drew a long, shivering breath as she thought of the magnificent courage of that painful passing up San Juan Hill, wounded, crawling on, with a pluck that the shades of death could not dim. Would she be proud of him?

The line for herself he had never written. There was only the empty envelope lying alone in the box. She turned it in her hand and saw it was addressed to the girl to whom he had been engaged. Slowly it dawned on her that to every appearance this envelope belonged to the letter she had just read, his letter of the night before the battle. She recoiled at the thought—those last sacred words of his, to go to that empty-souled girl! All that she would find in them would be a little fuel for her vanity, while the other—she put her fingers on the irregular, black writing, and felt as if a strong young hand held hers again. She would understand, that other; she had thought of his mother in the stress of her own strongest feeling; she had loved him for himself, not for vanity. This letter was hers, the mother knew it. And yet the envelope, with the other address, had lain just under it, and she had been his promised wife. She could not face her boy in heaven if this last earthly wish of his should go wrong through her. How could she read the boy's mind now? What was right to do?

The twilight fell over Crow Nest, and over the river and the great heaped-up mountains that lie about West Point, and in the quiet room the boy's mother sat perplexed, uncertain, his letter in her hands; yet with a vague sense of coming comfort in her heart as she thought of the girl who would surely "find her and be good to her." But across the water, on the hill-side, the boy lay quiet.

GOOD NIGHT—GOOD DAY

By Marrion Wilcox

I

Good Night hath filled her cup with white
  Star-sparkling wine—
O'erbrimmed our valley with moonlight—
  Your cup and mine.
It is the dreamful wine of sleep:
Drink of it, my Delight, drink deep.
    Good-night!

II

Now fade night fancies, white and gray,
  In sunlit blue.
All that Night gave Day takes away—
  Takes me from you.
Too far from us the morning sky:
"Good Day" you scarce will say; as I,
    "Good Day!"

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THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

SECOND PAPER—ITALY, AUSTRIA, GERMANY

INDUSTRIALLY it is no longer the Old World. It is New Europe and Old America! It is New Europe, a land of undeveloped possibilities, abounding in opportunity for keen captains of industry. It is mature America, the exemplar of modern industrial methods, perfected mechanical ideas, and ripe economic policy.

This conception of a new Europe, looking toward mature America for the best illustrations of industrial development, was novel enough when I first encountered it, but it becomes familiar as one goes from country to country and sees field after field rich in opportunities for the introduction of better methods, the application of better mechanical ideas, and the planting of more correct economic policies. It was in Rome that I first met this thought of a new Europe. I was told that Italy was but thirty years old, that the present economic life dates back only to 1870, and that the modern Roman is to-day an industrial pioneer in a virgin country. Such a thought applied to almost the oldest European civilization is especially striking, but every other country of Europe offers illustrations of the truth of the paradox. We not only find that Italy has suddenly awakened to the possibilities of conserving the force of her enormous water-power, and is beginning a great movement to turn into electrical energy numberless cascades and rapids, but an examination of the industrial side of every other nation shows much that is still unhewn and unwrought. Austria has just formulated a legislative plan for a great net-work of canals which will cost hundreds of millions of florins and revolutionize the transportation of the empire. Germany, from this industrial point of view, is a picture of youth—new factories on every hand, new development everywhere, and the spirit of the industrial pioneer in all the people. England, wedded as she is to industrial precedent, turning instinctively from methods that mean change, holding close to the ways that were the ways of the fathers, presents a field unploughed when looked at from the point of view of the opportunity offered for the introduction of the best industrial methods and the most economical mechanical equipment. France, with her satisfaction over her minute subdivision of ownership and her contentment with small things, offers virgin fields for the exploitation of modern ideas of specialization, combination, and community of interests. Vast Russia, enormous in extent and population, is immaturity itself, new industrially beyond anything America has known for two generations.

When we see that Europe is an industrial field, still undeveloped; that in many directions the methods and practices current in industrial life are as wasteful and expensive as are operations in some new country, we perceive at once that such a condition has two important relations to our own industrial life. If our foreign competitors are not making the most of their opportunities, their time, and their labor, gauged by our standards, it means that they are under a handicap in competition with our industrial output, and so long as our methods are superior to the methods in vogue in Europe we may look for continued advantage in international competition.

The idea of an undeveloped Europe is of decided interest to us, however, from another point of view. With such a field for development as we have had at home

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we have become experts in seeing new opportunities, and have become quick to disregard precedent and long-established conditions, and to perceive the advantages which may come from new combinations, modern equipment, and specialized work. An undeveloped Europe, therefore, offers a field in which this special genius of ours may profitably exploit some of the same industrial methods and policies which have proven so successful at home. This is not a mere theory. There are already notable illustrations of success in exactly that sort of thing, and there are promises of many more successes to come. Our great electrical companies have established works in England, France, Germany, and Russia. There are tool-works in Germany equipped with complete sets of American models, American machines, and Yankee foremen. Important portions of London interurban transportation systems have come into American hands and are feeling the vivifying influence of American ideas. The electric street-railroads and lighting-plants in a number of important cities of France are controlled by American interests, and the transportation system of Paris itself is a field which is tempting close investigation on behalf of American capital.

Some attention has heretofore been drawn to the extraordinary balance in America's favor which the last half-dozen years of foreign trade has built up. The settlement by Europe of these annual trade balances is a problem which has been outlined, and attention has been called to the opinion of many European and not a few American financiers that ultimately the settlement of this trade balance must be effected by America investing in European interests and securities. A few years ago it would have sounded absurd to have talked of the possibility of American capital seeking investment in Europe. The idea is hardly yet so familiar as to make it seem reasonable. It is hard to believe that America, with her endless opportunities, unparalleled richness of natural resources, and admitted pre-eminence in industrial methods, should not continue for a long time to be a more profitable field for the investment of capital than can possibly be found in Europe. For us the disadvantages of distance, of foreign laws and customs, and of competition with great funds of accumulated capital have heretofore seemed to preclude any possibility of our becoming investors across the Atlantic. But this annual trade balance which we have been piling up has been so extraordinary in itself that it seems likely to lead to other unusual features; and among those it now seems easily possible that we shall see American capital become an important factor in European fields.

Naturally, few Americans have gone to Europe to look for investment opportunities. Travellers' descriptions have been endless, but few of them have told us of European conditions from an American investor's point of view. We have in times past had a good many financiers go abroad to convince European capitalists of the credit and good prospects of enterprises that we were developing at home, but it is only within the last few months that Americans have been going abroad to measure investment possibilities, to investigate offerings of securities, and to look into opportunities for profit in new developments, new combinations, and the application of new methods.

If a trade balance of some hundreds of millions of dollars is to be settled by our taking European securities, it becomes decidedly interesting for us to begin to study, from an investor's point of view, the economic conditions prevailing there. It is from such a point of view that I intend to present some of the points that appealed to me as particularly interesting in several of the European countries.

The countries forming the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy—offer the most widely divergent industrial conditions; but because of political bonds there has been a close relation between the financial and commercial interests of the three nations, and an interchange of capital, so they have come to form a natural industrial group as well as a political alliance.

Of all the European powers the industrial newness of Italy strikes one most sharply. That is true both as to the actual lack of development, and from the fact that one naturally associates Roman surroundings with age. We are inclined to think of Italy as a land of cathedrals and art-galleries, blue skies and sunshine,

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where the rich go for pleasure, and the poor stay to beg; and the industrial importance of the country is not a subject that many of our own people have considered deeply. While Italy abounds in glorious history, and is a land of great memories, it has in modern times held a comparatively small place in the industrial history of the world. Developments are going on there now, however, particularly in the north, which promise to bring the measure of Italy's industrial importance much higher up in the column of totals. Southern Italy is hopelessly handicapped for a long time to come by the system of land-ownership, the hardships of taxes, the extreme poverty of the people, and their consequent deterioration from an industrial point of view, and by excessive illiteracy. The elementary and secondary schools there are incredibly bad; teaching is the least honored of the learned professions. Conditions are far better in the north. There are found small individual ownership of land, and an independence and thrift, in striking contrast to the south. The people take more readily to industrial pursuits, too, and there is really striking progress in the recent upbuilding of many industries.

Prior to 1871, when church and state were separated, and the present political *régime* inaugurated, the industries of Italy were comparatively insignificant, viewed from the stand-point of international trade. The population was largely given up to agriculture. In the thirty years that have elapsed there has been notable industrial growth, and that growth is now going forward at a steadily accelerated pace. One-third of all the silk used in the world comes from Italy. Nearly as great progress has been made in the weaving and spinning of the silk cloth as in the production of raw silk. In three years the exports of woven silk have risen from $65,000,000 to $100,000,000. Great progress has also been made in cotton-weaving. The industry did not exist twenty-five years ago, while now it employs 80,000 men and produces annually an output valued at $60,000,000.

The cheap labor of Italy and its comparative efficiency have attracted English manufacturers. Two or three of the best known of the English glove-makers have large factories in Naples. I saw gloves there being turned out by the thousands, stamped with the imprint of well-known English names, and completed by the addition of buttons bearing the legend "Made in England"—a bit of commercial artifice that must be confusing to customs officials when they later attempt to classify England's exports. Endless cartons of beautifully fashioned artificial flowers, believed by the people who buy them to have been created by the deft touch of Parisian fingers, are likewise made in Naples, and later have 100 per cent. or more added to their value by having French names pasted on the boxes.

The industrial development of Italy has two distressing impediments. One is the high rate of taxes, the other the high cost of fuel. In army-ridden Europe there is no other country where the *per-capita* cost of maintaining the military establishment is so great as it is in Italy, and no other country where the people are so little able to afford the glories of armies in the field and of fleets at sea. Italy as a nation is out of her rank in attempting to maintain a first-class war footing, and, until her military expenditures are reduced to a point commensurate with her population and wealth the military burden will be an almost insurmountable obstacle to the desire of her commercial citizens to have the country take foremost rank as a producing nation.

A hindrance to industrial growth, second in importance to that of the demand of the war-chests, is the lack of coal. All the coal used on the railroads and in the factories is shipped from other countries, and Italy's trade balance is reduced each year by the full amount of her fuel bill. This not only has a most unfavorable effect on her balance of trade, but it means that the cost of fuel in Italy is very much higher than is the cost in any of the countries with which she must compete industrially. At Italian seaports the price of coal ranges from $7 to $10 a ton. In Milan manufacturers pay $12 a ton for coal for which German manufacturers pay $6, which the English manufacturer can get for $4, and which is laid down at many factories in the United States at $2.50 a ton. There

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Drawn by A. Castaigne.

Type of the French Mechanic.

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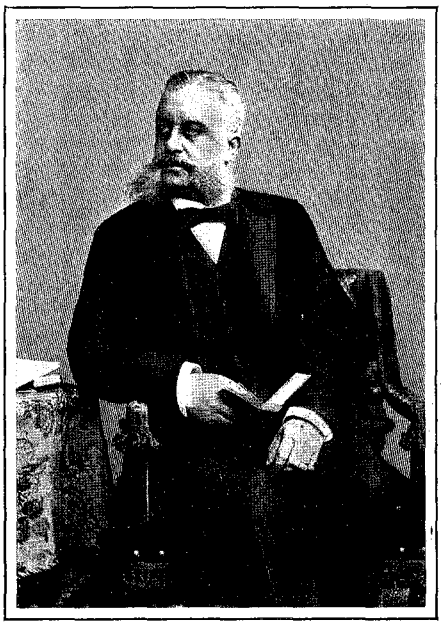
is only one locality in the kingdom where coal is mined, and the output is small and the quality poor.

There seems to be more prospect ahead for Italian industries being relieved from the burden of high fuel charges than from the weight of excessive military taxes. Italy abounds in water-power, and there is just now a great awakening in regard to the development of that latent energy. Manufacturers are coming to understand that future development will most likely be reached along lines of securing power at low cost. Italy is remarkably favored with water-power. To the north are the Alps, and the Apennines run far south along the centre of the Peninsula. The country is an immense watershed, down which innumerable streams flow, none of them very large, but all falling a great distance, and developing in their descent a prodigious amount of power. Engineers who have made a study of the situation estimate that the rivers of Italy can be made to furnish more than 2,500,000 horse-power, which has a value equivalent to coal now costing $125,000,000. More than 1,000 companies have been organized in the last few years to erect power plants along these streams.



Count Agenor Goluchowski, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary.

Italy is lacking in any large fund of capital available for aiding her industrial development. Investment in stock companies has not yet become popular. The Italian is extremely distrustful in finance; his distrust has a fundamental basis in a fear even of banks and bank accounts. He wants to keep his property out of the sight of a tax-gatherer, and he does not put great dependence in the commercial signature of his fellow. The use of bank-checks in current daily business is almost unknown. There are large savings-bank deposits, but the people have not reached a point in commercial development where they will give their capital an effective aggregate by investment in corporate securities. Before Italy cut loose from France and joined her political fortunes with Austria and Germany, French capital had looked with favor upon Italian enterprises. After the political changes of 1887, the Italian exports to France dropped from $81,000,000 to $34,000,000, and have continued at about the lower figure, and French capital ceased to flow into Italian investments. That has in a measure been compensated for by the interest that German capital has taken in financial operations, but Germany's own industrial development went on so rapidly and has now come to so many misfortunes that the present offering of German capital is much restricted.

Italy would look with great favor upon any project to interest American capitalists in her industrial development, and undoubtedly a field is there offered which will bear some inspection at the hands of our financiers. In certain lines there is no possibility of Italy successfully competing with the United States, England, and Germany. The lack of coal will leave the country out of the race in iron and steel manufactures. In those lines of industry, however, where cheap labor is required, and where the cost of raw material is favorable, there promises to be much success. The labor is skilful and effective, and manufacturers are not slow in accepting mechanical improvements and adopting modern methods. The fact that the country is not on a gold basis is a drawback. Italian financiers are anxious to

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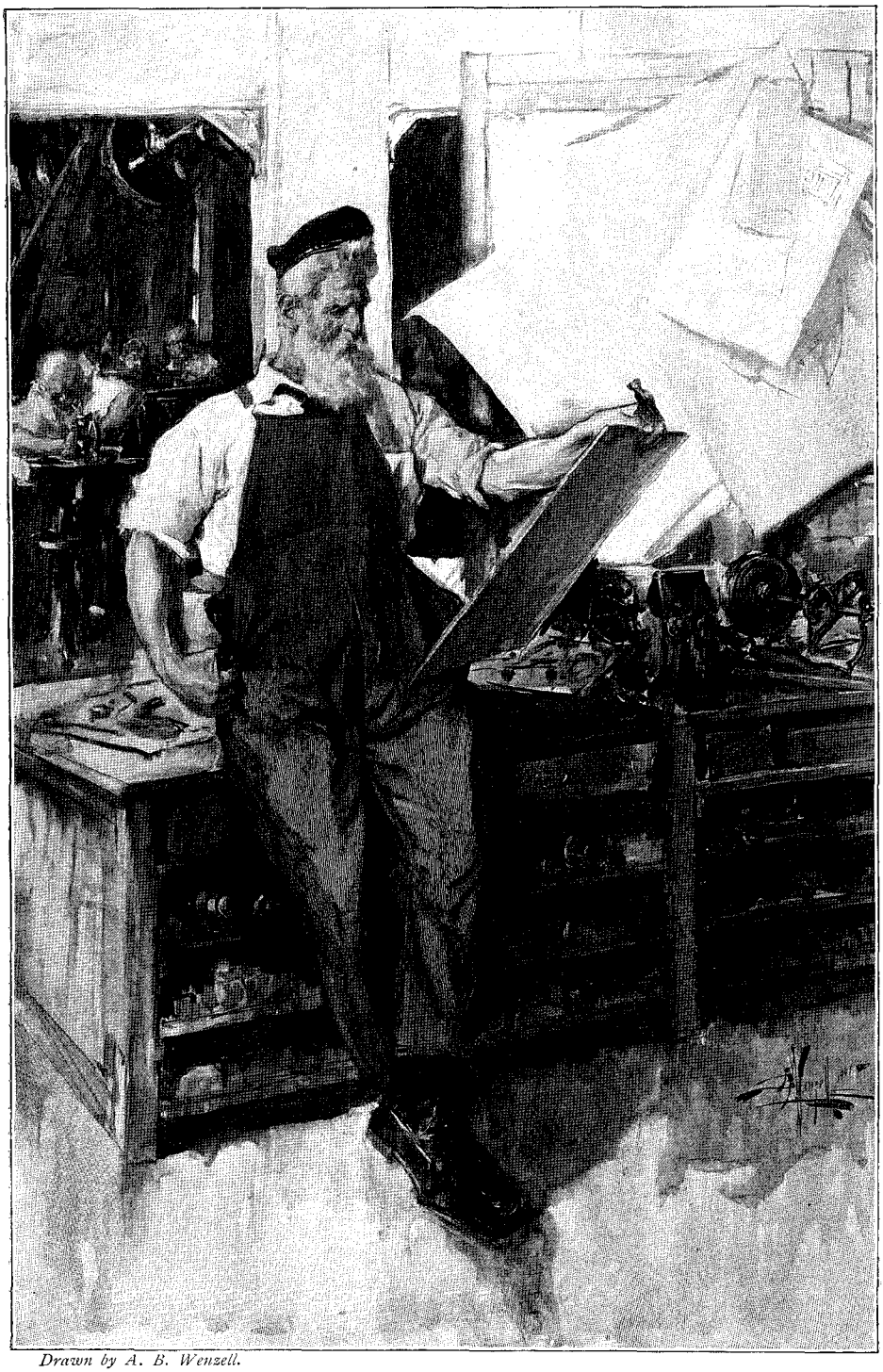

Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

A German Foreman.

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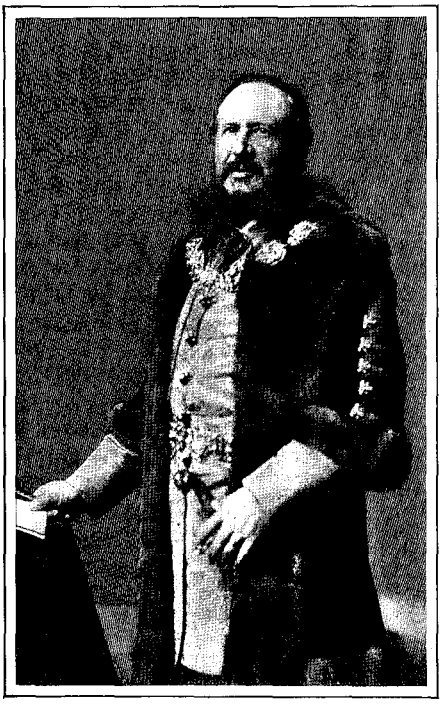
establish the gold standard. The Finance Minister, Signor Chimirri, told me that he had strong hopes of success in that direction. It is recognized that the present uncertainty regarding the value of the Italian money standard acts as a serious deterrent to the investment of foreign capital in the country. An excessive issue of bank-notes, a survival of former days, is the main reason for the depreciation of the currency, but the Government now has a definite programme for reducing the bank-note circulation by a fixed amount each year. Political conditions are in many respects most unsatisfactory. In many sections there is distressing poverty; and the high price for food, made necessary by heavy taxation, brings dire hardships into the lives of the common people. It has been estimated that the average Italian laborer has 310 pounds of cereal food during the year, which is twenty-five per cent. less than is given the inmate of an English workhouse. Socialism is rampant, and the Government must be constantly on the alert to prevent uprising. Judging by the precautions taken, there are sections of the country at all times on the point of an outbreak against constituted authority, inspired by no very definite political reasons and due more to the desperation of hunger than to ideas in political opposition to the Government. The people are under the domination of an army which takes not only the best blood of the country, but imposes an almost unbearable weight of taxation on those left to carry the burden. The army and navy alone absorb six per cent. of the country's income; or in other words, out of every $100 earned in Italy, $6 is taken by the Government in support of the military establishment.



Koloman von Széll, Prime Minister of Hungary; also Minister of the Interior.

The social and political unrest, the burdens of taxation, and the uncertain money standard must cause foreign capital to hesitate even before opportunities that may look alluring, while those same impediments, together with a lack of some of the most essential raw materials and of home capital, must make the further industrial development of the country slow when measured by our standards. The United States has no need to fear Italian competition in the world's markets in any of the great staples of our manufactures. There is, however, easy possibility of greatly increasing our sales to Italy, particularly if her industrial development goes forward along lines which permit her to sell to us some commodities which we can better buy than produce.

In the closing days of his public career Prince Bismarck found occasion to say, "Poor Austria, I fear her days are numbered." Let us hope the Chancellor did not speak prophetically, but he certainly spoke with profound perception of the cross-drifts which are the despair of the statesmen of Austria-Hungary. One of the most restive, bewildering, and bewildered state-unions in existence is the Dual Monarchy, a country at once one and divided, a people ready to overturn their government for a language preference, a country of twenty tongues, each one berating the other, a country the one-half of which puts trade barriers in the way of the other half; Hungary jealous of Austria, and Austria unable to forgive Hungary its superior prosperity. The monarchy is made

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Type of the English Mechanic.

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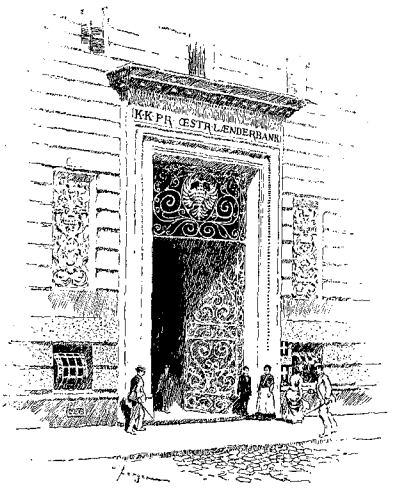


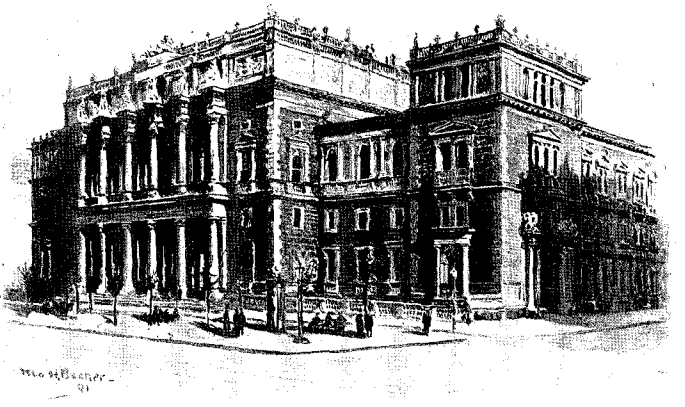
Landerbank, Vienna.

up of conglomerate peoples, unable to act and think together, and habitually threatening to act and think apart. In no other country of Europe are industrial conditions so complicated by politics, hereditary jealousies, class distinctions, church influences, and a babel of tongues that cannot be harmonized either in speech or sentiments. For the present the personality of the venerable Franz Joseph holds together these varied elements. What will come to the Dual Monarchy after Franz Joseph is a question never out of the mind of any European statesman.

It is in the midst of this political turmoil that the idea was born for a European tariff alliance against America. It is here that one finds the keenest antagonism toward commercial America, and the most earnest efforts to block by legislation a commercial invasion that could not be met by methods of superior industrial merit.

The president of the Chamber of Commerce at Vienna explained to me the Austrian position on this matter of tariff discrimination against the United States. "America is destined, beyond question, to be a most powerful country," said he. "We regard it as the most dangerous competitor in all our markets. The marrow and bone of her prosperity we believe to be her protective tariff, which has enabled her to build up her industries and develop her resources. The Steel Trust shows us what we have to expect in the future. We shall have to adopt the same policy, and we will do it. Whenever we discover that American competition is hurting any of our industries, we shall certainly shut out America if we can. If we do not succeed in making a satisfactory treaty with the United States, we shall look to Russia and Australia for the raw materials we may need, for to those countries we shall be able to sell the products of our industry."

These words must not be considered as the expression of a private citizen, but as having official character, for the Chamber of Commerce is an official advisory institution for the aid of the government in the preparation of legislation. The best judgment in Europe and America is, I believe, pretty well agreed on the futility of a European tariff alliance against the United States. Not one of our ambassadors or ministers believes it is a feasible programme for the European States, no matter how antagonistic European statesmen may become toward us on account of our commercial success in foreign fields. I found



The Bourse, Vienna.

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The Treasury Building, Vienna.

no important banker or manufacturer who thought it probable that the conflicting interests of the various States could be brought to any harmonious point of view from which to formulate such a tariff. Undoubtedly it is a dream in the minds of many people who have not a clear idea of the difficulties involved, but certainly the best judgment of the two continents seems against the feasibility of the idea. Conflicting interests can never be harmonized so that an agreement will be reached among the nations. Indeed, conflicting interests in the Dual Monarchy itself can probably never be harmonized so as to support Count Goluchowski's programme. Austria is a manufacturing country. Her people have highly developed artistic faculties, and a deftness and skill which make her a leader in certain of the finer lines of production, and she has some standing as a producer of iron, steel, and machinery. Hungary, on the other hand, is as yet almost altogether an agricultural country. Austria wants high tariff and cheap food; Hungary would like to exclude foreign food and have the advantage of cheap foreign manufactures. The two parts of the monarchy are held together by a slender thread, and the fretful people that compose the two nations will only agree that that bond may hold them for ten years at a time. The Ausgleigh expired in 1897, and for four years the two States have wrangled over its renewal, industry and commerce being all that time greatly perturbed.

If we look at Austria as a competitor for the world's trade, it is easy to see that there is small occasion for us to be alarmed. The obstacle which political conditions set up in the way of industrial progress are almost insurmountable. Everywhere in Europe there is found a weight of taxes bearing on industry much greater than with us. In Austria this is notably so. A Viennese engineer who builds iron bridges on a large scale told me something of the difficulties an Austrian manufacturer has to face as a result of the visits of the tax-gatherer:

"In calculating the cost of a piece of work," he said, "there are three important elements: the cost of the material, the cost of labor, and the allowance for taxation. Our tax laws are somewhat complicated, but I have found that an approximation, which is close, will amount to sixty per cent. of the labor cost, which we must add for taxes."

If manufacturers in this country were obliged to add to the cost of their products sixty per cent. of what they pay for the labor that enters into them, as a contribution to federal taxation, our success in the world's competition would be slow.

In Vienna I met an American who is at the head of one of the large boiler-works in this country. He had been interested in making comparisons of the cost of labor and of the methods of work in the Viennese factories, and I found him amazed at the wasteful methods and the high labor-

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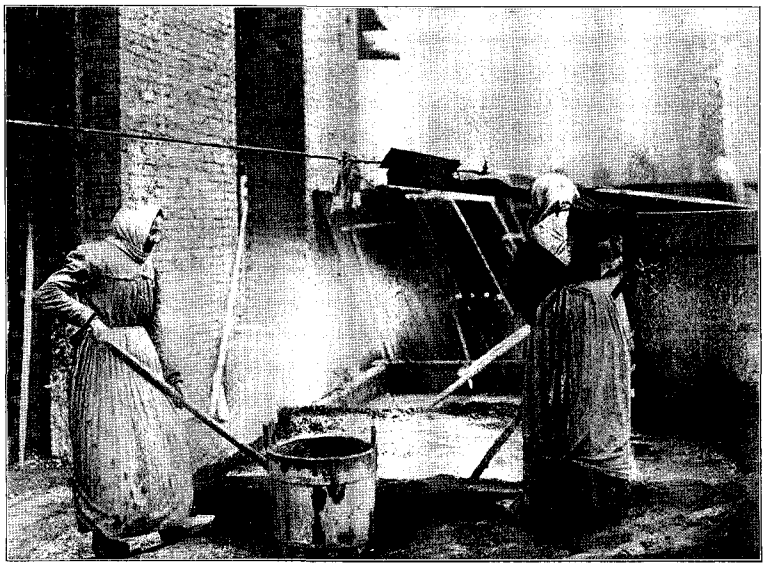

Austrian Women Mixing Mortar.

cost that resulted from the Austrian manufacturers failing to use modern machinery.

"I was informed in one shop," he told me, "that a boiler of about 150 horse-power cost for labor alone $750. That boiler would have been built in an up-to-date shop in America for a labor cost of $150. In the United States three workmen with modern tools would accomplish as much in one day as would be done by four workmen in a Vienna shop working one week. The cost of the labor in the United States would be about $5, the men receiving for this class of rough work a little more than $1.50 a day. Of the four men in the Vienna shop, two would receive eighty cents a day, one sixty cents, and one forty cents, but even at those low wages the total labor cost there would be $15.60 against about $5 with us. I found an almost total absence of labor-saving machinery in some of the largest shops in Vienna—plates were being handled by hand; there were no riveting machines, no travelling cranes, or modern hoists."

A Mortar Carrier, Vienna.

I asked a large manufacturer in Vienna why he did not introduce modern labor-saving machinery. He had been in American shops and was fairly well posted on what was possible in the way of reducing the amount of labor entering into his product. His line of reasoning was interesting:

"You will not find the latest labor-saving machinery here," he said, "because labor is so cheap that it does not pay to have the best machinery as it does with you. If we invest money in labor-saving machinery, the interest on the cost of that investment goes on every day in the year, and every succeeding year, whether times are good or bad and orders many or few. With our cheap labor it is different. When we have a rush of work we can employ more men; in slack seasons we can discharge them. The trouble with labor-saving machinery is that you cannot discharge it when you have no work for it to do."

Labor waste is not confined to industrial life, by any means. Austria furnishes

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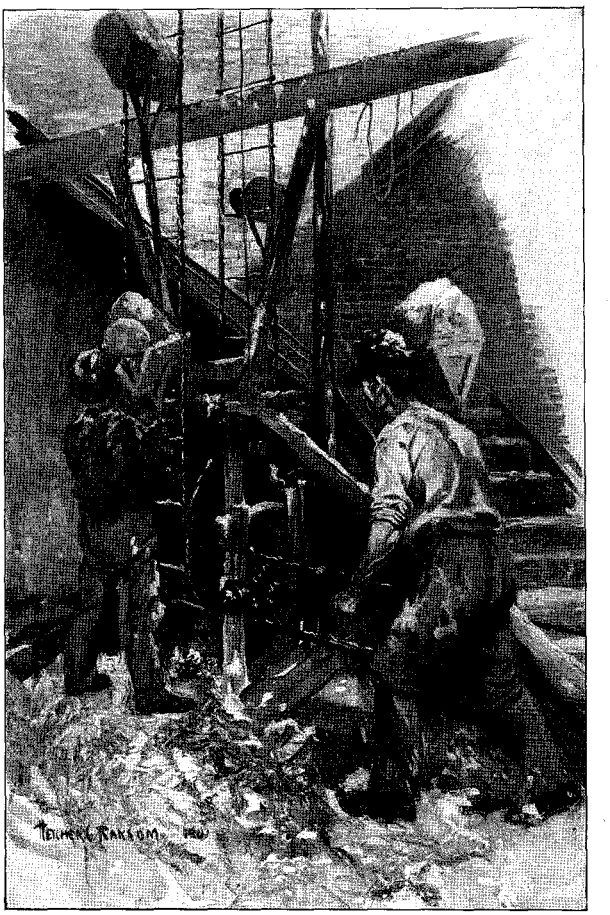
endless illustration of a situation which is found in about all the European countries, but which is in its highest development in Italy, Austria, and Russia. In those countries the greatest ingenuity has been exercised in devising positions where the service performed is useless. Everywhere flunkeys stand ready to perform unnecessary services for one. You are not given an opportunity even to open the door—a retainer always stands ready to do it for you, and then hold out his hand. If you call at a bank or public office, the *concierge* opens the door with great obsequiousness and hands you over to a guide, who shows you to the door of the room sought, where a flunkey takes your hat and coat, another your card, and still another ushers you in. On leaving, it is advisable to remember all these hard-working citizens with a pittance if you intend to make another visit and desire easy access. All this is typical of the way labor is wasted in the greater part of the Continent of Europe. The thing seems to be done on principle, and to be generally approved on the ground that that system is best which keeps the most people employed. Any man who can create two jobs where there was only one job before, appears to be regarded as a public benefactor. The street-sprinkling carts in Vienna make a good illustration. A hose about six feet long is attached to the rear of the cart, and a rope about ten feet long is tied to the end of the hose. One man drives the cart while another walks behind holding the rope and swinging the hose from side to side. If an American should try to introduce sprinkling-carts that can be operated by the driver, he would certainly be unpopular. "Why rob a poor man of his job? There is not enough work now to go round, and labor is cheap. It's a small matter. These people are not able to do anything else; they have no trade, and if you introduce a device which renders their help unnecessary you simply force them to starve and become a burden upon the State." That is the kind of Chinese economics which I heard from educated men in various cities on the Continent. It did not seem to occur to them that work makes work; that the amount of work which the world wants done and is ready to pay for is capable of indefinite increase, or that habits of slothful and unnecessary work must breed a people incapable of energy and enterprise. It takes two men to handle a plough in Europe, not because one man really cannot do it alone, but because public sentiment approves the employment of an extra man wherever the slightest excuse can be found for him.



Endless Chain Hod Elevator in Use in America.

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It needs only the period covered by the memory of a man still young to make the comparison which will show that the industrial life of Germany is in its beginnings. The picture of Germany twenty-five years ago, contrasted with the industrial Germany of to-day, shows a genius for work, a determination for development, and a rapidity of progress which can be matched nowhere in the world, unless it is in the United States. The Germany of thirty-five years ago bore almost as little relation to the Germany of to-day as did some portions of the United States to our present condition.

A great plain covering the entire north and east of the country where small crops were grown at high cost and with great labor; a table-land in the south almost as barren; a few seaports, in only two of which was there entrance for vessels of the deepest draught; a large system of shallow rivers; fertile valleys in the south and west, but covering not over one-tenth of the area of the country; large deposits of low-grade iron ore; a coal area limited in extent with deep-lying seams from which came a product of poor quality; small deposits of copper, lead, and zinc; a large forest in the south; a small commerce; a manufacturing industry hardly worthy of the name; a disordered currency, a disorganized banking system, a deranged financial system, a confused foreign policy; a people divided into twenty-three States with only the tie of a common customs union, the coercion of the Prussian hegemony, and a common language and literature—such were the materials of thirty-five years ago, out of which modern Germany was to be constructed.

A population numbering 56,000,000, firmly united into a great national state; a system of internal communication the second largest in the world; a foreign commerce inferior only to that of England and the United States, which has reached out to the uttermost parts of the world in its conquest of markets, and has won its place in the face of long-standing commercial connections; a system of industry which has utilized to the full every resource the nation possessed, which has brought the waste places under cultivation, and by careful methods of scientific agriculture has developed the yield of the soil more than threefold, creating *de novo* the beet-sugar industry; a system which has quadrupled the production of coal and tripled the production of iron; which has developed the greatest chemical trade, the second largest electrical industries, the third textile, iron, and steel industries, and the second shipping system of the whole world; which has tripled the city population, reduced a large and threatening emigration to insignificant proportions, raised wages, increased the value of land, and tripled the revenues of the

An American Sewing Machine in Belgium.

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The Bank of Italy, Rome.

State; a strong, self-reliant, progressive, prosperous nation—such is modern Germany, the result of thirty years of nation-building.

Never before in the industrial history of the world, unless we except the victory of the same race in the Low Countries over the waves and tides of the German Ocean, has such success been achieved against such heavy odds. England has succeeded, but England was never cursed by invasion and civil war. England's soil is fertile. Her coasts are indented with fine harbors. Her security made her the home of the great inventions, and those inventions gave her the commerce of the world for more than three-quarters of the nineteenth century. The United States has succeeded, but the United States was blessed with the richest heritage of natural wealth that ever fell to the lot of any people. Planted in the midst of a continent, with a soil of extraordinary richness; with the coal seams lying open on the river-banks, and iron only needed to be quarried from the surface; with river systems penetrating every part of the country, and a chain of lakes to supplement the rivers; with great harbors to receive and send out foreign trade, and with the hungry multitudes of Europe in sore need of our surplus—with all these natural advantages, and with only one serious catastrophe to our national development for eighty years, it is no wonder we have succeeded.

Germany had none of these advantages. Germany must needs dredge her seaports, deepen her rivers, supply her deficiencies in raw material by importation, import the machinery for her factories, and the technical skill to direct the machinery; build a railroad system to carry her manufactured goods long distances to the sea-coast; and when she has done all this must fight her way into markets which England and France had long since occupied. To do all this while guarding against invasion on both frontiers, and bearing a heavy burden of taxation and military service, to succeed with no other aids than those of the na-

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tional genius for hard work and the national ambition for a great and commanding place among nations, and to win such success in the face of such difficulties is an achievement before which both England and America should uncover in admiration and surprise. If the measure of success which a nation achieves over adverse circumstances is the test of greatness, then Germany is the greatest nation in the world.

An American Cash-Register in Austria.

I reached Germany fresh from a study of most of the other Continental countries. In none of them had I found anything to lessen the conviction with which every American goes abroad, that his own country is superior in every respect to all other nations. Most of those nations are in one respect or another unmodern and unprogressive. They are succeeding slowly, and in few of the countries are the whole people united in an effort to achieve success. Their industrial regeneration is only just beginning: the United States has little to learn from them.

But in Germany we find not only a state with apparently a great future, but a state which has begun to realize that future in a thoroughly modern way. The system of education, elementary, secondary and university, certainly rivals, and is probably superior to our own. It is a system which leaves less than three per cent. of the population illiterate, and sifts out the brightest minds and trains them for the service of the State. The State in turn is eager and anxious to avail itself of the services of men who have won intellectual distinction. There is a system of commercial education whose founders realized that successfully to deal with foreigners requires a speaking and writing knowledge of their language. There is a national and municipal administration which in their effectiveness and absolute integrity must bring shame to the resident of almost any American city when he compares them with conditions surrounding him at home. The Government has encouraged commerce and foreign trade with great intelligence. It has established the gold standard and so organized the Reichsbank, that the mechanism of exchange has the foundation of secure confidence. It has aided in the establishment of German banks abroad, and placed German traders in the position of distinct advantage in pushing their commercial conquests. A trained consular service has been developed, composed of men who speak the

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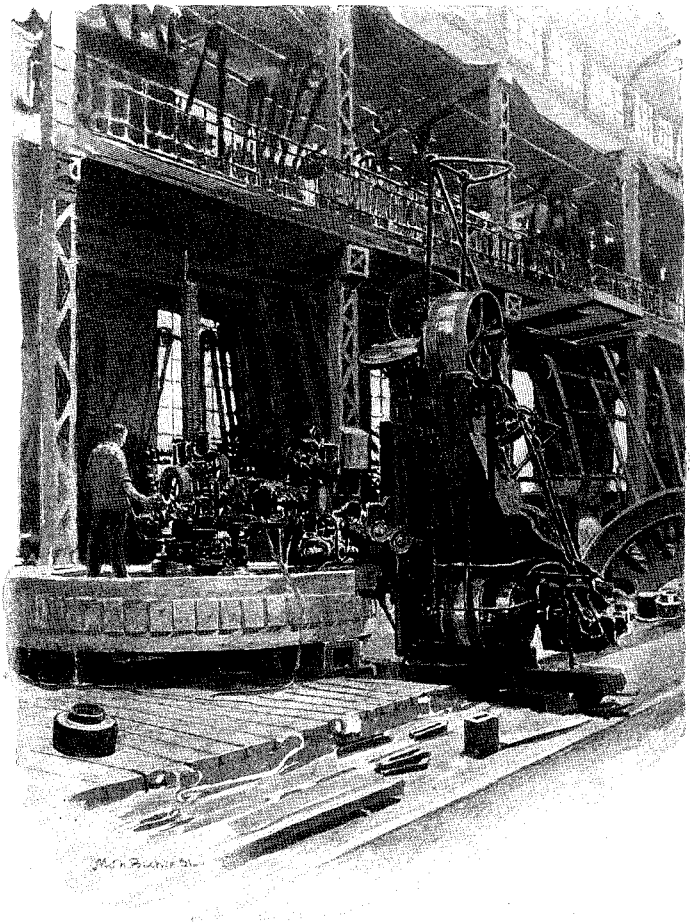

Interior of an Electric Manufactory in Germany. The Machines in the Foreground were made in America.

language of the country to which they are sent, and who use the language to find out whatever may be of service to the German exporter.

The Government has pursued a consistent policy in its trade relations and commercial treaties, which has all along been wisely adapted to the needs of the national economy. While the industries were getting a foothold, they were protected by high duties. When their development had reached the stage of independence, and when their chief need was new markets, the government made concessions to neighboring States in the customs tariff, and, by a series of treaties completed in 1893, admitted raw materials at low duties in return for similar privileges conceded to German manufactured exports. The Government early saw that private railway management in Germany was unfavorable to the export trade, because it had not learned the lesson of scientific rate-making, which we in the United States have only in recent years mastered. Perceiving this fact, the German Government took most of the private lines, and added to them until, in 1901, out of 30,777 miles of railway more than 27,000 belonged to the State. In full control of the railway system, the State administration has worked out, very successfully, the basic principles of rate-making, to increase the rates with the value of the freight. It has granted low rates on iron and coal, to which concessions the iron and steel industry of Westphalia owes in large measure its prosperity. The German Government also has not hesitated to use the bounty system to

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build up the national industries. The beet-sugar industry owes its existence quite as much to the aid of the State as to the painstaking care of the owner and scientist, and in a single year the exports of sugar and glucose to Great Britain from Germany have amounted to more than $50,000,000. The German merchant marine has been intelligently assisted by liberal subsidies. I found among business men a quite general agreement as to the great benefits which industry and commerce had derived from subsidies.

W. R. Kruh, Director of the German Imperial Bank.

I asked Mr. Louis J. Magee, who might be called an American-German, since he was born and educated in this country, but has spent twelve years in Germany as the managing director of the Union Electrical Gesellschaft, what in his opinion were the relative advantages of Germany and America. His reply is suggestive: "Most Americans are mistaken when they imagine that America is much ahead of Germany in manufacturing. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. In some lines the United States has the advantage and is sending in goods to Germany. This is true of type-writers, bicycles, and of some other specialties requiring interchangeable parts. It is hardly true that Germany cannot make these things as well as America, but rather that it is more convenient and cheaper for Germany to buy them of America than make them. Our company, for instance, might make much of the machinery that we use, but it has relations with the parent company in America, and so buys the things from America. It should be noted also that Germany excels in some specialties; for example, the Mauser rifle. It is the best in the world, and Germany is exporting it to all countries. In the same way your laboratories import certain chemicals and certain instruments from Germany, not because America cannot make them, but because they are cheaply made in Germany and that is the best place to get them. Americans make a great mistake in supposing that Germany is not up to date. Every German manufacturer knows exactly what is being done in his line in the United States, and knows what kind of machinery is being used. If he does not use it himself he has a reason that is satisfactory to him. The Germans are more conservative than the Americans.

"This fact can be illustrated, perhaps, by the automobile cab system. A superficial observer, knowing that these cabs were in use in American cities, would draw the conclusion that Germany was not so progressive as America. But if he happened to know that the companies in Boston and Chicago had been financially unsuccessful, his conclusion might not be so unfavorable to the German. The German has considered the advantages of the electric cab very carefully, and has not introduced them in the German cities simply because he has decided that they would not pay."

Somewhat along this line Mr. Magee spoke of the Germans' ability in the field of science, and commended their habit of stimulating and encouraging independent investigation. He regarded the Germans in this respect as superior to the Americans. "Americans are brilliant," he said, "and many splendid ideas—which the Germans call epoch-making—such as the cotton-gin, have come spontaneously. In the main, however, this is not the case. The great discoveries of the world have come, as a rule, as the result of patient effort and

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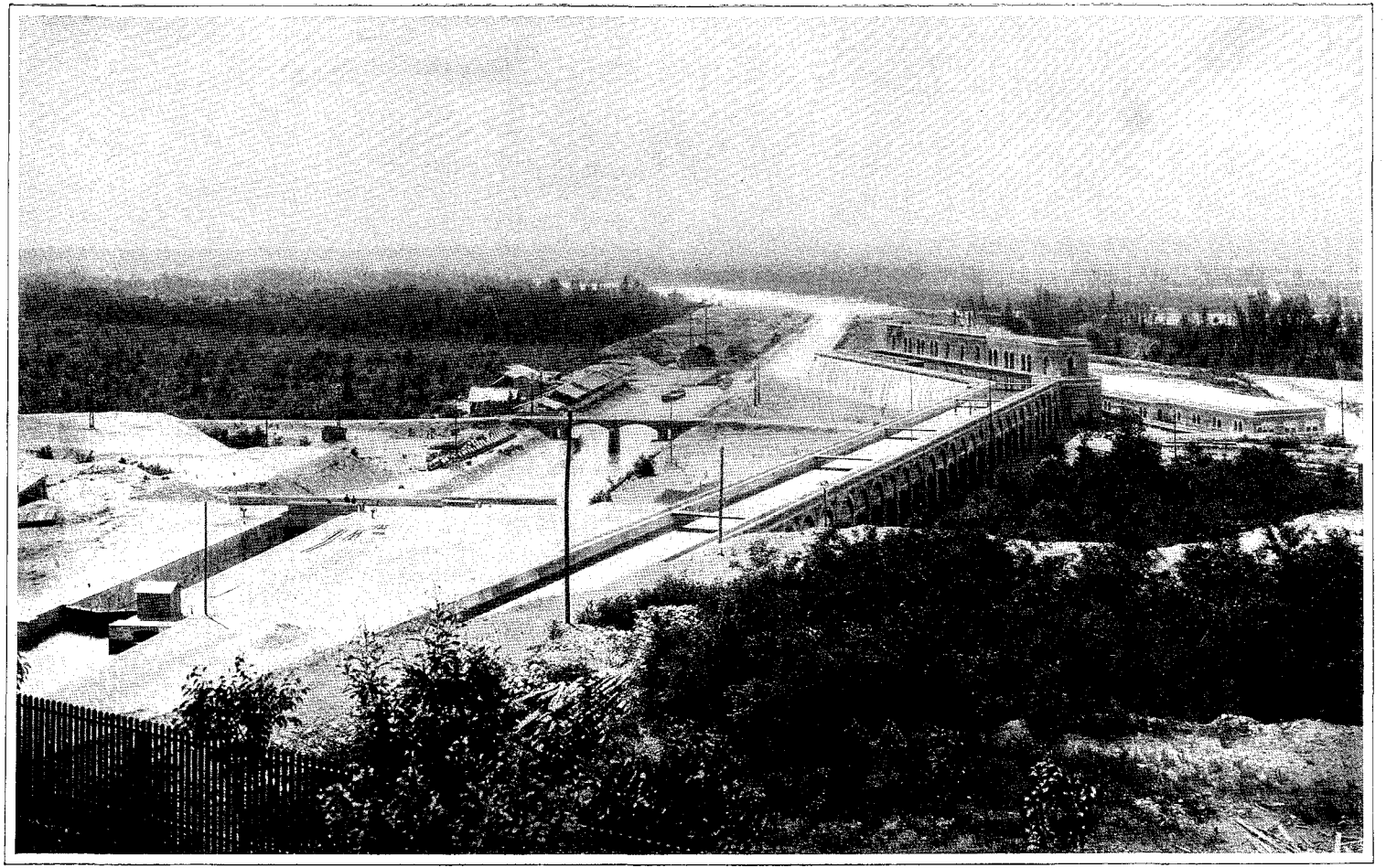

From a photograph loaned by the Engineering Magazine.

Aqueduct Bridge, Head Basin and Power Plant of the Vizzola-Ticino Water-power Installation in Lombardy, Italy.

"Italy abounds in water-power, and there is just now a great awakening in regard to the development of that latent energy."—Page 198.

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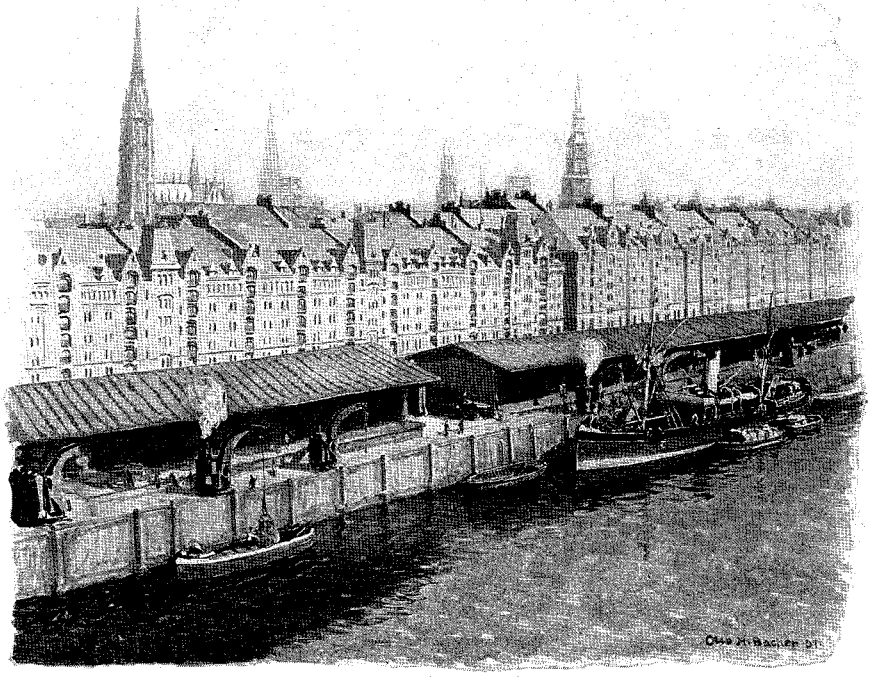

Warehouses and Docks at Hamburg, Showing Advanced Methods of Handling Freight.

study. In this the Germans are adepts. In Germany every encouragement is given to a man to devote time and thought to new ways of doing things. Mr. Magee spoke of the Nernst lamp in this connection. This discovery of a German professor will make it possible, it is believed, to secure illumination from electricity with only half of the current used that is now necessary. It will throw into the hands of many thousands of people the possibility of using this form of illumination. "It is quite possible," Mr. Magee said, "that improvements on this lamp may come from America. It will still be the Nernst lamp, however. What I want to see is a Nernst in America." During the last few years the reports of scientific discoveries contained in the American scientific journals have contained hardly an American name to act as a land-mark. The names of the chief men in science to-day are, with almost no exceptions, men of foreign birth or descent."

"The difference," said Mr. Magee, "lies in the fact that the Germans are patient, studious, thorough people, and they go to the bottom of things. The Americans, on the other hand, are more or less superficial. They are brilliant, but they haven't time to look at a subject from all sides and probe into it deeply as the Germans do. In science, particularly, there isn't the inducement that is offered to investigators here in this country. In other fields the same conditions hold true. In political economy, for instance, you find the same thing. A man learns a little from his Walker and his Adam Smith in college, but he does not, as the Germans do, have pointed out to him the exact places where the requirements are not fulfilled, where the shoe pinches, and then set to work to gather all the data bearing on that particular part of the problem, in order that he may find a solution of the difficulty."

One is at once impressed with the fact that the Germans have been quicker than other nations to take advantage of improved machinery and methods. An in-

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spection of our exports to Germany in the last half-dozen years shows an extremely satisfactory increase in our sales of manufactured goods, but an analysis of the character of those manufactures brings out the fact that a large part has been in labor-saving machines, whose economics have at once been turned against us. There are some shops in Germany that are quite as admirably fitted with modern machinery as would be corresponding shops with us; and with such superior equipment, and with labor costing little if any more than half what our labor is paid, the German manufacturer will make us look to our laurels.

It is true that present economic conditions in Germany are far from satisfactory. Germany has gone ahead under too great a pressure. The pendulum has swung too far and is swinging back. There has for some months been a marked depression in many manufacturing lines, and conditions have prevailed that have caused apprehension and loss. The German banks do not follow the conservative English and American custom regarding the promotion of industrial enterprises, and some of them have become involved in the fate of corporations which they have promoted and whose securities they have sold to their clients. I believe the unsatisfactory situation in Germany, however, is only a reaction from too rapid progress; the fundamental conditions are sound, and in the world's markets we are pretty sure to find Germany one of our most able competitors.

While the conditions surrounding investments in Germany are in many respects much better than in Italy or Austria-Hungary, the superior conditions are compensated by lower interest returns. The Germans are wide-awake financiers, as well as manufacturers, and the opportunity for American capitalists to teach them lessons is not as good as in most of the other European countries. In some respects we could learn a good deal that would be of advantage to our own investment circles from the German practice. A code of corporation laws has been enacted that has many points of great excellence, but the Government has shown its paternalism to a great degree in its effort to control operations on the stock and produce exchanges, and business has been much hampered from that cause.

Kaiser Wilhelm has said—and industrial Germany agrees with him—that the future of the German nation lies on the sea. Germany is a poor country. Her coal mines are, in some places, 3,000 feet deep. Her iron ores must be supplemented from the richer deposits of Spain and Sweden. As population increases, Germany must import an increasing proportion of her food-supply. Her raw silk and cotton must be imported, and in fact she is independent in no single raw material. Her people must levy upon the whole world for their sustenance and to maintain their industries. To such a nation foreign commerce is as the breath of life. If four continents should sink into the sea, the United States would still live. But cut off Germany from her foreign trade, and she must perish.

To sum up the situation, so far as the nations of the Triple Alliance are concerned, we see that Italy and the Dual Monarchy are not likely to become formidable competitors of ours in the world's markets; that Germany is endowed with a spirit and ambition which will probably make her our keenest rival, although we have clear advantages in cheap raw materials. If we turn our attention toward investments in these countries, attractive opportunities will be found in Italy, but hampered by an uncertain currency standard and excessive taxation. Opportunity for the introduction of improved methods is even greater in Austria, but political uncertainties and racial antagonism more than counteract that advantage, and the money standard is quite as uncertain as in Italy. There is much greater investment safety in Germany, and that, I believe is true, in spite of the headlong declines which securities have made on the German exchanges.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER VIII

MISS TEETUM'S LONG TABLE

THE prying sun peeped through the dingy curtains of Fred's bedroom on the next morning, after Oliver's revels, stencilling a long slant of yellow light down its grimy walls, and awaking our young hero with a start. Except for the shattered remnants of the basins and pitchers that he saw as he looked around him, and the stringy towels, still wet, hanging over the backs of the chairs, he would not have recognized it as the same room in which he had met such brilliant company the night before—so kindly a glamour does the night throw over our follies.

With the vision of the room and its tokens of their frolic came an uneasy sense of an unpleasant remembrance. The thrill of his own triumphant success no longer filled his heart; only the memory of the uproar remained. As he caught sight of the broken pieces of china still littering the carpet, and recalled McFudd's sprawling figure, a slight color suffused his cheek.

The room itself, in the light of the day, was not only cold and uninviting, but so bare of even the commonest comforts that Oliver shivered. The bottoms were half out of the chairs; the painted wash-stand stood on a square of chilly oil-cloth; the rusty grate and broken hearth were unswept of their ashes; the carpet patched and threadbare. He wondered, as he studied each detail, how Miss Teetum could expect her boarders to be contented in such quarters.

He saw at a glance how much more cosey and restful it might be made with the addition of a few touches here and there; a colored print or two—a plaster cast—a bit of cheap stuff or some gay-colored cushions. It surprised him, above all, to discover that Fred, who was studying art and should, therefore, be sensitive to such influences, was willing to live amid such desolate surroundings; but he said nothing of all this to his host.

When he stepped out into the square hall, the scene of the night's revelry, and glanced about him, the crude bareness and reckless disorder that the merciful glow of the gas-light and its attendant shadows had kindly concealed, stood out in bold relief under the white light of the day now streaming through an oval skylight immediately above the piano. Over the floor of this open space lay the various properties of the night's performance—overturned chairs, china mugs, bits of lemon-peel, stumps of cigars, and stray pipes; while scattered about under the piano and between the legs of the chairs, and even upon the steps of the staircase, were the pieces of coal which Fog-Horn Cranch and Waller, who held the scuttle, had pounded into bits when they produced that wild jangle which had added so much of dignity and power to the bass notes of the Dead Man's Chorus.

These cold facts aroused in Oliver a sense of repugnance which he could not shake off, and his feeling of revolt became all the stronger. It was as if the head of some jolly clown of the night before had been suddenly thrust through the canvas of the tent in broad daylight, showing not only the paint, but the wrinkles beneath, the yellow teeth, and the coarse mouth.

He was about to go back to the room when his attention was arrested by a collection of drawings that covered almost every square inch of the ceiling. To his astonishment he discovered that what in the smoke of the night before he had supposed to be only hasty sketches scrawled over the white plaster, were in reality, now that he saw them in a clearer atmosphere, effective drawings in pastel, oil, and charcoal. That the basis of these cartoons was but the grimy stain made by the water which had beaten through the rickety sash during the drive and thrash of

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winter storms, flooding the whitewashed ceiling and trickling down the side-walls in smears of brown rust, did not lessen their value in his eyes.

Closer inspection showed him that these discolorations — some round or curved, others straight or angular—had been altered and amended as the signatures indicated by the deft pencils of Waller, Fred, Bowdoin, and the others, into flying Cupids, Dianas, Neptunes, and mermaids fit to grace the ceiling of a salon if properly enlarged; while the up-and-down smears had suggested the opportunity for caricaturing half the boarders of the house. Every fresh leak and its accompanying stains evidently presented a new problem to the painters, and were made the subject of prolonged study and much consultation before a brush was permitted to touch them, the point apparently being to help the discolorations express themselves with the fewest possible touches.

In addition to these decorations overhead, Oliver found, framed in on the cleaner plaster of the side-walls, between broad bands of black paint, several taking bits of landscape in color and black and white—stretches of coast with quaint boats and dots of figures; winter wood interiors with white plaster for snow and scrapings of charcoal for tree-trunks, each one marked with that sure crispness of touch which denotes the master-hand. Moreover, the panels of all the doors, as well as their jambs and frames, were ornamented with sketches in all mediums, illustrating incidents in the lives of the various boarders who occupied the rooms below, and who—so Fred told him afterward—stole into this sacred spot on the sly, to gloat over the night's work whenever a new picture was reported and the rightful denizens were known to be absent.

As he stood absorbed before these marvels of brush and pencil, scrutinizing each one in turn, his sense of repulsion for the débris on the floor gave way to a feeling of enthusiasm. Not only were the sketches far superior to any he had ever seen, but the way in which they were done and the uses of the several mediums were a revelation to him. It was only when Fog-Horn Cranch's big voice roused him to consciousness that he realized where he was. The auctioneer was coming out of his room, resplendent in a striped suit, gaiters, and white necktie—this being his real-estate day.

"My dear fellow," Cranch shouted, bringing his hand down on Oliver's shoulder, "do you know you've got a voice like an angel's?"

Before Oliver could reply, My Lord Cockburn joined them, his first word one of pleasure at meeting him, and his second a hope that he would know him better; then Fred ran out, flinging on his coat and laughing as he came. Under these combined influences of praise and good-cheer Oliver's spirits rose still higher, and his blood began once more to surge through his veins. With his old time buoyancy he put his arm through Fred's, while the two tramped gayly down the four flights of stairs to be ushered into the long, narrow, stuffy dining-room on the basement floor, there to be presented to the two Miss Teetums, who bent low over their plates in unison. This perfunctory salute our young gentleman acknowledged by bowing grandly in return, after which he dropped into a seat next to Fred's,—his back to a tin box filled with plates, placed over the hot-air register,—drew out a damp napkin from a bone ring, and took a bird's-eye view of the table and its occupants.

The two Miss Teetums sat one at either end — Miss Ann, thin, severe, precise; Miss Sarah, stout, coy, and a trifle kittenish, as doubtless became a young woman of forty-seven, and her sister's junior by eight years. Miss Ann had evidently passed the dead-line of middle age, and had given up the fight, and was fast becoming a very prim and very proper old lady, but Miss Sarah, being out of range, could still smile, and nod her head, and shake her curls, and laugh little, hollow, girlish laughs, and otherwise disport herself in a light and kittenish way, after the manner of her day and age. All of which betrayed not only her earnest desire to please, but displayed only too clearly her increasing anxiety to get in under matrimonial cover before one of Father Time's sharpshooters picked her off, and thus ended her youthful career.

The guests seated on either side of these two presiding goddesses, Oliver was convinced, as he continued to glance up and down the double row of faces, would

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have excited as much interest in Kennedy Square as if they had just been dropped out of another planet.

Old Mr. Lang, who with his invalid wife occupied the room immediately below Fred's, and who had been so nearly drowned out the night before by McFudd's acrobatic tendencies, sat on Fred's left. Properly clothed and in his right mind, he proved to be a most delightful old gentleman, with gold spectacles and snow-white side-whiskers, and a welcoming smile for every one who entered. Fred said that the smile never wavered even when the old gentleman had been up all night with his wife.

Across the table, with her eye-glasses trained on Oliver, half concealed by a huge china "compoteer" (to quote the waitress), and at present filled with last week's fruit, caulked with almonds, sat Mrs. Southwark Boggs — sole surviving relic of S. B., Esq. This misfortune she accentuated by wearing his daguerreotype, set in plain gold, as a brooch with which she fastened her crocheted collar. She was a thin, faded, funereal-looking person, her body encased in a black silk dress, which looked as if it had been pressed and ironed over night, and her hands in black silk mitts which reached to her knuckles.

Next came Bates—a rising young lawyer with political tendencies—one of the first men to cut his hair so "Zou-Zou" that it stood straight up from his forehead. Touching the lawyer's elbow was Morgan, the editor, who pored over manuscripts while his coffee got cold; and then Nelson, and Webster, and Cummings all graded in Miss Ann's mind as being eight, or ten, or twelve-dollar-a-week men, depending on the rooms that they occupied, and farther down, toward Miss Sarah, Cranch and Cockburn—five-dollar boys, these (Fred was another), with the privilege of lighting their own coke fires, and of trimming the wicks and filling the bulbs of their own burning-fluid lamps. While away down at the far corner, crumpled up in his chair, crouched the cheery little hunchback, Mr. Crumbs, who kept a book-stall on Astor Place, where Bayard Taylor, Irving, Halleck, Bryant, and the rest of the Century crowd used to spend its late afternoons delving among the old volumes on his shelves.

All these regular boarders, including Fog-Horn Cranch and Fred, breakfasted at eight o'clock. Waller, the painter, and Tomlins, the swell, breakfasted at nine. As to that descendant of the Irish kings, Mr. Cornelius McFudd, he rose at ten, or twelve, or two, just as the spirit (of the night before) moved or retarded him, and breakfasted whenever Miss Ann or Miss Sarah, who had presided continuously at the coffee-urn from eight to ten, could spare one of her two servants to carry a tray to his room.

Last and by no means least, with her eyes devouring every expression that flitted across Oliver's face, there beamed out below Miss Ann, a tall, willowy young person, whom Fred, in answer to an inquiring lifting of Oliver's eyebrows, designated as the belle of the house. This engaging young woman really lived with her mother, in the next street, but flitted in and out, dining, or breakfasting, or spending a week at a time with her aunts, the Misses Teetums, whenever an opportunity offered—the opportunity being a vacant and non-paying room, one of which she was at the time enjoying.

This fair damsel, who was known to the boarders on the top floor as "our Phemy," and to the world at large as Miss Euphemia Teetum—the real jewel in her name was Phœbe, but she had reset it—had been especially beloved, so Fred informed Oliver, by every member of the Club except Waller, who, having lived in boarding-houses all his life, understood her thoroughly. Her last flame—the fire was still smouldering—had been the immaculate Tomlins, who had won her heart by going into raptures, in one of his stage whispers, over the classic outlines of her face. This outburst resulted in Miss Euphemia appearing the following week in a silk gown, a Greek fillet and no hoops—a costume which Waller faithfully portrayed on the side-wall of the attic the night of her appearance—the fillet being reproduced by a strip of brass which the artist had torn from his easel and nailed to the plaster, and the classic curves of her hair by a ripple of brown paint.

This caricature nearly provoked a riot before the night was over, the whole Club, including even the fun-loving McFudd, denouncing Waller's act as an outrage.

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In fact the Hibernian himself had once been so completely taken off his feet—it was the first week of his stay—by the winning ways of the young lady, that Miss Ann had begun to have high hopes of Euphemia's being finally installed mistress in one of those shadowy estates which the distinguished Hibernian described so eloquently. That these hopes did not materialize was entirely due to Cockburn, who took pains to enlighten the good woman upon the evanescent character of the Hibernian's possessions, thus saving the innocent maiden from the clutches of the bold, bad adventurer. At least, that had been Cockburn's account of it when he came up-stairs.

But it was at dinner that same night—for Oliver at Fred's pressing invitation had come back to dinner—that the full galaxy of guests and regulars burst upon our hero. Then came not only Miss Euphemia Teetum in a costume especially selected for Oliver's capture, but a person still more startling and imposing—so imposing, in fact, that when she entered the room one-half of the gentlemen present made little backward movements with the legs of their chairs, as if intending to rise to their feet in honor of her presence.

This prominent figure in fashionable life, who had now settled herself on the right of Miss Ann—the post of honor at the table—and who was smiling in so gracious and condescending a manner as her eye lighted on the several recipients of her favor, was none other than the distinguished Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell, of Tarrytown, another bird of passage, who left her country-seat on the Hudson to spend the winter months in what she called the delights of "upper tandem." She belonged to an ancient family—or, at least, her husband did—he was under the sod, poor soul, and therefore at peace—and, having inherited his estate—a considerable one—was treated with every distinction.

These several personages of low and high degree interested our young gentleman quite as much as our young gentleman interested them. He made friends with young and old—especially with the ladies, who all agreed that he was a most charming and accomplished youth. This good opinion became permanent when Oliver had paid each in turn the compliment of rising from his seat when any one of them entered the room, as much a habit with the young fellow as the taking off of his hat when he came into a house, but which was so rare a courtesy at Miss Teetum's that each recipient appropriated the compliment as personal to herself.

These sentiments of admiration were shared to an alarming degree by Miss Euphemia Teetum herself, who, on learning that Oliver had decided to share Fred's room through the winter, had at once determined to remain during the week, the better to lay siege to his heart. This resolution she abandoned before dinner was over, when her experienced eye detected a certain amused if not derisive smile playing around the corners of Oliver's mouth; a discovery which so impressed the young woman before the meal was over that she left him severely alone ever after.

And so it was that Oliver unpacked his trunk—the same old hair trunk, studded with brass nails, that had held his father's wardrobe at college — spread out and tacked up the various knick-knacks which his mother and Sue and Miss Clendenning had given him when he had left the old home, and began to make himself comfortable on the top floor of Miss Teetum's boarding house on Union Square.

CHAPTER IX

McFUDD'S BRASS BAND

OUR hero had been established at Miss Teetum's for a month or more, when one night at dinner a tiny envelope about the size of a visiting-card was brought in by the middle-aged waitress and laid beside Simmons's plate. The envelope contained six orchestra seats at the Winter Garden and was accompanied by a note which read as follows: "Bring some of the boys; the piece drags."

The musician studied the note carefully. As one of the first violins at the Winter Garden, with a wide acquaintance among desirable patrons of the theatre, he had peculiar facilities for obtaining free private boxes and orchestra chairs not only at his own theatre, but often at Wallack's in Broome Street and the old Bowery. He

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was almost always sure to have tickets when the new piece needed booming, or when an old play dragged and the audiences began to shrink. Indeed, the mystery of Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell's frequent appearance in the left-hand proscenium box at the Winter Garden on First Nights—a mystery unexplained among her immediate friends in Tarrytown, who knew how she husbanded her resources despite her accredited wealth — was no mystery at all to the guests at Miss Teetum's table, who were in the habit of seeing just such tiny envelopes handed to Simmons during soup, and duly passed by him over to that distinguished leader of society. Should more than two tickets be enclosed, the favored recipient would, perhaps, invite Mr. Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, or some other properly attired person, to accompany her—never Miss Ann or the little hunchback, who dearly loved the play, but who could seldom afford to go—never anybody, in fact, who wore plain clothes or looked a compromising acquaintance.

On this night, however, Pussy-Me-ow Simmons, ignoring Mrs. Van Tassell, turned to Oliver.

"Ollie," he whispered smiling — the formalities had ceased between the members of the Skylarks—"got anything to do to-night?"

"No; why?"

And then Simmons with various imaginary poundings of imaginary canes on the thread-bare carpet beneath his chair, and with sundry half-smothered bursts of real laughter in which Fred and Oliver joined, unfolded his little plan—a plan which was agreed to so rapturously that the trio all bounded up-stairs, three steps at a time, and pulled the Walrus out of his bed and woke up McFudd, who had gone to sleep before dinner, and whom nobody had called. Then having sent My Lord Cockburn to find Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, who by this time was paying court to Miss Euphemia in the front parlor, and having pinned a ticket to Mr. Fog-Horn Cranch's door, with instructions to meet them in the lobby the moment he returned, they all slipped on their overcoats, picked up their canes, and started for the theatre.

Six young fellows, all with red blood in their veins, steel springs under their toes and laughter in their hearts! Six comrades, pals, good-fellows, skipping down the avenue as free as colts and happy as boys—no thought for to-day and no care for to-morrow! Each man with a free ticket in his pocket and a show ahead of him. No wonder the bluecoats looked after them and smiled; no wonder the old fellow with the shaky legs, waiting at the corner for one of the squad to help him over, gave a sigh as he watched McFudd, with cane in air, drilling his recruits, all five abreast. No wonder the tired shop-girls glanced at them enviously as they swung into Broadway chanting the "Dead Man's Chorus," with Oliver's voice sounding clear as a bell above the din of the streets.

The play was a melodrama of the old, old school. There was a young heroine in white, and a handsome lover in top-boots and tight trousers, and a cruel uncle who wanted her property. And there was a particularly brutal villain with leery eyes, ugly mouth, with one tooth gone, and an iron jaw like a bull-dog's. He was attired in a fur cap, brown corduroy jacket, with a blood-red handkerchief twisted about his throat, and he carried a bludgeon. When the double-dyed villain proceeded in the third act to pound the head of the lovely maiden to a jelly at the instigation of the base uncle, concealed behind a painted tree-trunk, and the lover rushed in and tried to save her, every pair of hands except Oliver's came together in raptures of applause, assisted by a vigorous hammering of canes on the floor.

"Pound away, Ollie," whispered Simmons; "you are spoiling all our fun; that's what we came for. The manager is watching us. Pound away, I tell you. There he is inside that box."

"I won't," said Oliver, in a tone of voice strangely in contrast with the joyousness of an hour before.

"Then you won't get any more free tickets."

"I don't want 'em. I don't believe in murdering people on the stage, or anywhere else. That man's face is horrible; I'm sorry I came."

Simmons laughed, and, shielding his mouth with his hand, repeated Oliver's outburst to Waller, who, having first sent

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news of it down the line, reached over and shook Oliver's hand gravely, while he wiped a theatrical tear from his eye. My Lord Cockburn, with feet and hands still busy, returned word to Oliver by Tomlins, requesting the young Southerner not to make a colossal ass of himself. Oliver bore their ridicule good-naturedly, but without receding from his opinion in any way, a fact which ultimately raised him in the estimation of the group. Only when the villain was thrown over the pasteboard cliff into a canvas sea by the gentleman in top-boots, to be devoured by the sharks or cut up by pirates, or otherwise disposed of as befitted so bloodthirsty and cruel a monster, did Oliver join in the applause.

The play over, and Simmons having duly reported to the manager—who was delighted with the activity of the feet, but who advised that next time the sticks be left at home—the happy party sailed up Broadway, this time by threes, swinging their canes as before, and threading their way in and out of the throngs that filled the street.

The first stop was made at the corner of Thirteenth Street by McFudd, who turned his troop abruptly to the right and marched them down a flight of steps into a cellar, where they immediately attacked a huge wash-tub filled with steamed clams, and covered with a white cloth to keep them hot. This was the bar's free lunch. The clams devoured—six each—and the necessary beers paid for, the whole party started to retrace their steps, when Simmons turned to welcome a new-comer who had entered the cellar unperceived by the barkeeper, and who was bending over the wash-tub of clams, engaged in picking out the smallest of the bivalves with the end of an iron fork. He had such a benevolent, kindly face, and was so courtly in his bearing, and spoke with so soft and gentle a voice, that Oliver, who stood next to Simmons, stopped to listen.

"O my dear Simmons," cried the old gentleman, "we missed you to-night. When are you coming back to us? The orchestra is really getting to be deplorable. Miss Gannon quite broke down in her song. We must protest, my boy; we must protest. I saw you in front, but you should be wielding the baton. And is this young gentleman one of your friends?"

"Yes—Mr. Horn. Ollie, let me introduce you to Mr. Gilbert, the actor"—and he laid his hand on Oliver's shoulder—"dear John Gilbert, as we always call him."

Oliver looked up into the kindly, sweet face of the man, and a curious sensation passed over him. Could this courtly, perfectly well-bred old gentleman—the equal of any one of his father's guests—with his silver-white hair, beaming smile, and gentle voice, be an actor? Could he possibly belong to the profession which, of all others, he had been taught to despise? His astonishment was so great that for a moment he could not speak.

Simmons saw his embarrassment, and came to his rescue.

"My friend, Mr. Horn, did not like the play to-night, Mr. Gilbert," he said. "He thought the death-scene was horrible"—and Simmons glanced smilingly at the others who stood at a little distance watching the interview with great interest.

"Dear me, dear me, you don't say so. What was it you objected to, may I ask?" a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"Why, the murder scene, sir. It seemed to me too dreadful to kill a woman in that way. I haven't forgotten it yet," and a distressed look passed over Oliver's face. "But then I have seen but very few plays," he added—"none like that."

The old actor looked at him with a quizzical expression. He had read the young man's mind—not a difficult task when one looked down into Oliver's eyes.

"Ah, yes, I see. Yes, you're indeed right. As you say, it is quite a dreadful scene."

"Oh, then you've seen it yourself, sir," said Oliver, in a relieved tone.

The old actor's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, many, many times. I have known it for years. In the old days, when they would smash the poor lady's head, they used to have a pan of gravel which they would crunch with a stick to imitate the breaking of the bones. It was quite realistic from the front, but that was given up long ago. How did *you* like the business to-night, Mr. Simmons?" and he turned to the musician.

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"Oh, admirable, sir. We all thought it had never been better put on," and he glanced again toward his companions, who stood apart, listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the actor's lips.

"Ah, I am glad of it. Brougham will be so pleased—and yet it shocked you, Mr. Horn—and you really think the poor lady minded it? Dear me! How pleased she will be when I tell her the impression it all made upon you. She's worked so hard over the part and has been so nervous about it. I left her only a moment ago—she and her husband wanted me to take supper with them at Riley's—the new restaurant on University Place, you know, famous for its devilled crabs. But I always like to come here for my clams. Allow me a moment—" and he bent over the steaming tub, and skewering the contents of a pair of shells with his iron fork held it out toward Oliver.

"Let me beg of you, Mr. Horn, to taste this clam. I am quite sure it is a particularly savory one. After this, my dear young friend, I hope you'll have a better opinion of me." And his eye twinkled. "I am really better than I look—indeed I am—and so, my dear boy, is this clam. Come, it is getting cold."

"What do you mean by 'a better opinion' of you, Mr. Gilbert?" stammered Oliver. He had been completely captivated by the charm of the actor's manner. "Why shouldn't I think well of you?—I don't understand."

"Why—because I strangled the poor lady to-night. You know, of course—that it was *I* who played the villain."

"You!" exclaimed Oliver. "No, I did not, sir. Why, Mr. Gilbert, I can't realize—oh, I hope you'll forgive me for what I've said. I've only been in New York a short time, and——"

The old gentleman cut short Oliver's explanation with a wave of his fork, and looking down into the boy's face said, in a serious but kindly tone:

"My son, you're quite right. Quite right—and I like you all the better for it. All such plays are dreadful. I feel just as you do about them, but what can we actors do? The public will have it that way."

Another little prejudice toppled from its pedestal, another household tradition of Oliver's smashed into a thousand pieces at his feet! This rubbing and grinding process of man against man; this seeing with one's own eyes and not another's was fast rounding out and perfecting the impressionable clay of this young gentleman's mind. It was a lesson, too, the scribe is delighted to say, which our hero never forgot; nor did he ever forget the man who taught it. One of his greatest delights in after-years was to raise his hat to this incomparable embodiment of the dignity and courtliness of the old school. The old gentleman had long since forgotten the young fellow, but that made no difference to Oliver—he would cross the street any time to lift his hat to dear John Gilbert.

The introduction of the other members of the club to the villain being over—they had stood the whole time they were listening to the actor—each head uncovered—McFudd again marshalled his troop and proceeded up Broadway, where, at Oliver's request, they were halted at the pedestal of the big Bronze Horse and within sight of their own quarters.

Here McFudd insisted that the Club should sing "God Save the Queen" to the Father of his Country, where he sat astride of his horse, which was accordingly done, much to the delight of a couple of night-watchmen, who watched the entire performance and who, upon McFudd's subsequent inspection, proved to be the fellow-countrymen of the distinguished Hibernian.

Had the buoyant and irrepressible Irishman been content with this patriotic outburst as the final winding-up of the night's outing, and had he then and there betaken himself and his fellows off to bed, the calamity which followed, and which so nearly wrecked the Skylarks, might have been avoided.

It is difficult at any time to account for the workings of Fate or to follow the course of its agents. The track of an earth-worm destroys a dam; the parting of a wire wrecks a bridge; the breaking of a root starts an avalanche; the flaw in an axle dooms a train; the sting of a microbe depopulates a city. But none of these unseen, mysterious agencies was at

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work—nothing so innocuous wrecked the Skylarks.

It was a German street-band!

A band whose several members had watched McFudd and his party from across the street, and who had begun limbering their instruments before the sextet had ceased singing; regarding the situation, no doubt, as pregnant with tips.

McFudd did not give the cornet time to draw his instrument from its woollen bag before he had him by the arm.

"Don't put a mouthful of wind into that horn of yours until I spake to ye," he cried in vociferous tones.

The leader stopped and looked at him in a dazed way.

"I have an idea, gintlemen," added McFudd, turning to his companions, and tapping his forehead. "I am of the opinion that this music would be wasted on the noight air, and so with your parmission I propose to transfer this orchestra to the top flure, where we can listen to their chunes at our leisure. Right about, face! Forward! March!" and McFudd wheeled the drum around, locked arms with the cornet, and started across the street for the stone steps.

"Not a word out of any o' ye till I get 'em in," McFudd continued in a low voice, fumbling in his pocket for his night-key.

The musicians obeyed mechanically and tiptoed one by one inside the dimly lighted hall, followed by Oliver and the others.

"Now take off your shoes; you've four flights of stairs to crawl up, and if ye make a noise until I'm ready for ye, off goes a dollar of your pay."

The bass-drum carefully backed his instrument against the wall, sat down on the floor, and began pulling off his boots; the cornet and bassoon followed; the clarionet wore only his gum shoes, and so was permitted to keep them on.

"Now, Walley, me boy, do you go ahead and turn up the gas and open the piano, and Cockburn, old man, will ye kindly get the blower and tongs out of Freddie's room and the scuttle out of Tomlin's closet and the Chinese gong that hangs over me bed? And all you fellers go ahead treading on whispers, d'ye moind?" said McFudd under his breath. "I'll bring up this gang wid me. Not a breath out of any o' yez remimber, till I get there. The drum's unhandy and we got to go slow wid it," and he slipped the strap over his head and started upstairs, followed by the band.

The ascent was made without a sound until old Mr. Lang's door was reached, when McFudd's foot slipped, and, but for the bassoonist's head, both the Irishman and the drum would have rolled downstairs. Lang heard the sound, and recognizing the character of the attendant imprecation, did not get up. "It's only McFudd," he said quietly to his suddenly awakened wife.

Once safe upon the attic floor the band who were entering with great gusto into the spirit of the occasion, arranged themselves in a half-circle about the piano, replaced their shoes, stripped their instruments of their coverings, breathed noiselessly into the mouth-pieces to thaw out the frost, and stood at attention for McFudd's orders.

By this time Simmons had taken his seat at the piano; Cockburn held the blower and tongs; Cranch, who on coming in had ignored the card tacked to his door, and who was found fast asleep in his chair, was given the coal-scuttle; and little Tomlins grasped his own wash-basin in one hand and Fred's poker in the other. Oliver was to sing the air, and Fred was to beat a tattoo on Waller's door with the butt end of a cane. The gas had been turned up and every kerosene lamp had been lighted and ranged about the hall. McFudd threw off his coat and vest, cocked a Scotch smoking-cap over one eye, and seizing the Chinese gong in one hand and the wooden mallet in the other, climbed upon the piano and faced his motley orchestra.

"Attintion, gintlemen," whispered McFudd. "The first chune will be 'Old Dog Tray,' because it begins wid a lovely howl. Remimber now, when I hit this gong that's the signal for yez to begin, and ye'll all come together wid wan smash. Then the band will play a bar or two, and then every man Jack o' ye will go strong on the chorus. Are yez ready?"

McFudd swung his mallet over his head; poised it for an instant; ran his eye around the circle with the air of an impresario; saw that the drum was in position, the horns and clarionet ready, the blower, scuttle, tongs, and other instru-

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ments of torture in place, and hit the gong with all his might.

The crash that followed woke every boarder in the house and tumbled half of them out of their beds.

Long before the chorus had been reached all the doors had been thrown open, and the halls and passageways filled with the startled boarders. Then certain mysterious looking figures in bed-gowns, waterproofs, and bath-robes began bounding up the stairs, and a collection of dishevelled heads were thrust through the door of the attic. Some of the suddenly awakened boarders tried to stop the din by protest; others threatened violence; one or two grinned with delight. Among these last was the little hunchback, swathed in a blanket like an Indian chief, and bare-footed. He had rushed up-stairs at the first sound as fast as his little legs could carry him, and was peering under the arms of the others, rubbing his sides with glee and laughing like a boy. Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell whose head and complexion was not ready for general inspection, had kept her door partly closed, opening it only wide enough to let her voice through—always an unpleasant organ when that lady had lost her temper.

As the face of each new arrival appeared in the doorway, McFudd would bow gracefully in recognition of the honor of its presence, and redouble his attack on the gong. The noise he produced was only equalled by that of the drum, which never ceased for an instant—McFudd's orders being to keep that instrument going irrespective of time or tune.

In the midst of this uproar of brass, strings, sheep-skin, wash-bowls, broken coal, pokers and tongs, a lean figure in curl-papers, bright red calico wrapper reaching to her slippered feet, and a lighted candle in one hand, forced its way through the crowd at the door and stood out in the glare of the gaslights facing McFudd.

It was Miss Ann Teetum!

Instantly a silence fell upon the room.

"Gentlemen, this is outrageous!" she cried in a voice that ripped through the air like a saw. "I have borne this as long as I am going to. Not one of you shall stay in my house another night. Out you go in the morning, every one of you, bag and baggage!"

McFudd attempted to make an apology. Oliver stepped forward, the color mounting to his cheeks, and Waller began a protest at the unwarrantable intrusion, but the infuriated little woman waved them all aside and turning abruptly marched back through the door and down the staircase, preceded by the other female boarders. The little hunchback alone remained. He was doubled up in a knot, wiping the tears from his eyes, his breath gone from excessive laughter.

The Skylarkers looked at each other in blank astonishment. One of the long-cherished traditions of the house was the inviolability of this attic. Its rooms were let with an especial privilege guaranteeing its privacy, with free license to make all the noise possible, provided the racket was confined to that one floor. So careful had been its occupants to observe this rule, that noisy as they all were when once up-stairs, every man unlocked the front door at night with the touch of a burglar and crept up-stairs as noiselessly as a footpad.

"I'm sorry, men," said McFudd, looking into the astounded faces about him. "I'm the last man, as ye know, to hurt anybody's feelings. But what the divil's got into the old lady? Who'd 'a' thought she could have heard a word of it down where she sleeps in the basement?"

"'Tis the Van Tassell," grunted the Walrus. "She's so mesmerized the old woman lately that she don't know her own mind."

"What makes you think she put her up to it, Waller?" asked Cranch.

"I don't think—but it's just like her," answered Waller, with illogical prejudice.

"My eye! wasn't she a beauty!" laughed Fred, and he picked up a bit of charcoal and began an outline of the wrapper and slippers on the side-wall.

Tomlins, Cranch, and the others had no suggestions to offer. Their minds were too much occupied in wondering what was going to become of them in the morning.

The German band by this time had regained their usual stolidity. The leader seemed immensely relieved. He had evidently expected the next apparition to be a bluecoat with a pair of handcuffs.

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"Put their green jackets on 'em, men," McFudd said to the leader quietly, pointing to the instruments. "We're much obliged to you and your men for coming up," and he slipped some notes into his hand. "Now get down-stairs, every man o' ye, as aisy as if ye were walking on eggs. Cranch, old man, will ye see 'em out, to kape that infernal drum from butting into the Van Tassell's door, or we'll have another hornet's nest. Begorra, there's wan thing very sure—it's little baggage *I'll* have to move out."

The next morning a row of six vacant seats stared Miss Ann out of countenance. The outcasts had risen early and had gone to Riley's for their breakfast. Miss Ann sat at the coffee-urn as stiff and erect as an avenging judge. Lofty purpose and grim determination were written in every line of her face. Mrs. Van Tassell was not in evidence. Her nerves had been so shattered by the "night's orgy," she had said to Miss Ann, that she should breakfast in her room. She further notified Miss Teetum that she should at once withdraw her protecting presence from the establishment, and leave it without a distinguished social head, if the dwellers on the top floor remained another day under the same roof with herself.

Although this calamity was as yet unknown, an ominous silence and depressing gloom seemed to hang over everybody. Several of the older men pushed back their plates and began drumming on the table-cloth with their fingers, a far-away look in their eyes. One or two talked in whispers, their coffee untasted. Old Mr. Lang looked down the line of empty seats and took his place with a dejected air. He was the oldest man in the house and the oldest boarder; this gave him certain privileges, one being to speak his mind.

"I understand," he said, unfolding his napkin and facing Miss Ann, "that you have ordered the boys out of the house?"

"Yes, I have," snapped out Miss Teetum.

Everybody looked up. No one recognized the tone of her voice, it was so sharp and bitter.

"Why, may I ask?"

"I will not have my house turned into a bear-garden, that's why!"

"That's better than a graveyard," retorted Mr. Lang. "That's what the house would be without them. I can't understand why you object. You sleep in the basement and can't hear a sound; my wife and I sleep under them every night. If we can stand it, you can. You send the boys away, Miss Teetum, and we'll move out."

Miss Ann winced under the shot, but she did not answer.

"Do you mean that you're going to turn the young gentlemen into the street, Miss Ann?" whined Mrs. Southwark Boggs in an injured tone, from her end of the table. "Are we going to have no young life in the house at all? I won't stay a day after they're gone."

Miss Teetum changed color, but she looked straight ahead of her. She evidently did not want her private affairs discussed at the table.

"I shall want my bill at the end of the week," remarked the little hunchback, walking quietly to Miss Ann's chair and bending over her—"now that the boys are to leave. Life is dreary enough as it is."

And so the boys stayed.

Only one room became vacant at the end of the month. That was Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell's.

CHAPTER X

THE VALUE OF A CHALK-DRAWING

THE affair of the brass band, with its dramatic and most unlooked-for ending, left an unpleasant taste in the mouths of the members of the Club, especially in Oliver's, whose training had been different from that of the others present, and whose sensitive nature had been more shocked than pleased by it all. While most of the participants regretted the ill-feeling which had been aroused in Miss Teetum's mind, they felt sure—in fact, they knew—that this heretofore kind and gentle hostess would never have fanned her wrath to so white a heat had not some other hand besides her own worked the bellows.

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Suspicion first fell upon a new boarder unaccustomed to the ways of the house, who, it was reported, had double-locked herself in at the first crash of the drum, and who had admitted, on being cross-examined by McFudd, that she had nearly broken her back in trying to barricade her bedroom door with a Saratoga trunk and a wash-stand. Subsequent inquiries brought to light the fact that Mrs. Van Tassell had stated a week before, when the echoes of one of McFudd's songs reached her ears, that no respectable boarding-house would tolerate uproars like those which took place almost nightly on the top floor, and that she would withdraw her protection from Miss Euphemia and leave the house at once and forever if the noise did not cease. This dire threat was reported both to Miss Ann and Miss Sarah, and had so affected them that Miss Ann had gone to bed with a chill and Miss Sarah had warded off another with a bowl of hot camomile tea.

This story, true as it undoubtedly was, did not entirely clear up the situation. One part of it sorely puzzled McFudd. Why did Miss Euphemia need Mrs. Van Tassell's protection, and why should the loss of it stir Miss Ann to so violent an outburst? This question no member of the Skylarks could answer.

The solution came that very night, and in the most unexpected way, Waller bearing the glad tidings.

Miss Euphemia, ignoring them all, was to be married at St. Mark's at 6 P.M. on the following Monday, and *Mrs. Van Tassell was to take charge of the wedding reception in the front parlor!* The groom was the strange young man who had sat for some days beside Miss Euphemia, passing as Miss Ann's nephew, and who was really a well-to-do druggist with a shop on Lafayette Place. All of the regular boarders of the house were to be invited.

The explosion of this matrimonial bomb so cleared the air of all doubt as to the guilt of Mrs. Van Tassell, that a secret meeting, attended by every member of the Skylarks, was at once held in Waller's room with the result that Miss Ann's invitations to the wedding were unanimously accepted. Not only would the resident members go—so the original resolution ran—but the non-resident and outside members would also be on hand to do honor to Miss Euphemia and her distinguished chaperone. This amendment being accepted, McFudd announced in a serious tone that, owing to the severity of the loss and to the peculiarly painful circumstances which surrounded their esteemed fellow-skylarker, the Honorable Sylvester Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, his fellow-members would wear crape on their left arms for thirty days. This also was carried unanimously, every man except Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins breaking out into the "Dead Man's Chorus"—a song, as McFudd explained, admirably fitted to the occasion.

When the auspicious night arrived, the several dress-suits of the members were duly laid out on the piano and hung over the chairs, and each gentleman proceeded to array himself in costume befitting the occasion. Waller, who weighed 200 pounds, squeezed himself into McFudd's coat and trousers (McFudd weighed 150), the trousers reaching a little below the painter's knees. McFudd wrapped Waller's coat about his thin girth and turned up the bagging legs of the unmentionables six inches above his shoes. The assorted costumes of the other members were equally grotesque. The habiliments themselves were of proper cut and make, according to the standards of the time—spike-tailed coats, white ties, patent-leather pumps, and the customary trimmings, but the effects produced were as ludicrous as they were incongruous, though the studied bearing of the gentlemen was meant to prove their unconsciousness of the fact.

The astonishment that rested on Mrs. Van Tassell's face when this motley group filed into the parlor and with marked and punctilious deference paid their respects to the bride, and the wrath that flashed in Miss Euphemia's eyes, became ever after part of the traditions of the Club. Despite Mrs. Van Tassell's protest against the uproar on the top floor, she had invariably spoken in high terms to her friends and intimates of these very boarders—their acquaintance was really part of her social capital—commenting at the same time upon their exalted social and artistic positions. In fact, many of her guests had attended the wedding solely in the hope of being brought into more intimate

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relations with this distinguished group of painters, editors, and musicians, some of whom were already being talked about.

When, however, McFudd stood in the corner of Miss Teetum's parlor like a half-scared boy, pulling out the fingers of Waller's kid gloves, an inch too long for him, and Waller, Fred, and My Lord Cockburn stumbled over the hearth-rug one after the other, and Oliver, feeling like a guilty man and a boor, bowed and craped like a dancing-master ; and Bowdoin the painter, and Simmons and Fog-Horn Cranch, talked platitudes with faces as grave as undertakers, the expectant guests invited by Mrs. Van Tassell began to look upon her encomiums as part of an advertising scheme to fill Miss Teetum's rooms.

The impression made upon the Teetum contingent by the appearance and manners of the several members—even Oliver's reputation was ruined—was equally disastrous. It was, perhaps, best voiced by the druggist groom, when he informed Mrs. Van Tassell from behind his pearl-colored glove—that "if that was the gang he had heard so much of, he didn't want no more of 'em."

But these jollifications were not long to continue. Other causes were at work undermining the foundations of the Skylarks. The Lodge of Poverty, to which they all belonged, gay as it had often been, was slowly closing its door; the unexpected, which always hangs over life, was about to happen; the tie which bound these men together was slowly loosening. Its members might give the grip of fellowship to other members in other lodges over the globe, but no longer in this one on the top floor of the old house on Union Square.

One morning McFudd broke the seal of an important-looking letter bearing a Dublin post-mark on the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, and the family crest in a puddle of red wax on its flap. For some moments he sat still, looking straight before him. Then two tears stole out and glistened on his lashes.

"Boys," he said, slowly, "the governor says I must come home," and he held up a steamer ticket and a draft that barely equalled his dues for a month's board and washing.

That night he pawned his new white overcoat with the bone buttons and velvet collar—the one his father had sent him, and which had been the envy of every man in the Club, and invested every penny of the proceeds in a supper given to the Skylarks. The invitations ran as follows :

> Mr. Cornelius McFudd respectfully requests the honor of your presence at an informal wake to be held in honor of a double-breasted overcoat, London Cut. The body and tail will be the ducks, and the two sleeves and velvet collar the Burgundy.
>
> Riley's : 8 P.M. Third floor back.

The following week he packed his two tin boxes, boarded the Scotia, and sailed for home.

The keystone having dropped out, it was not long before the balance of the structure came down about the ears of the members. My Lord Cockburn the following week was ordered South by the bank to look after some securities locked up in a vault in a Georgia trust company, and which required a special messenger to recover them—for owing to the growing uneasiness in mercantile circles over the political outlook of the country, financial affairs had assumed a serious aspect. Cockburn had to swim rivers, he wrote Oliver in his first letter, and cross mountains on horseback, and sleep in a negro hut, besides having a variety of other experiences, to say nothing of several hair-breadth escapes, none of which availed him, as he returned home after all, without the bonds.

This stagnation in commercial circles became so serious that soon the outside members and guests ceased coming, being diligently occupied in earning their bread, and then Simmons sent the piano home —it had been loaned to him by reason of his profession and position—and only Fog-Horn Cranch, Waller, Fred, Oliver, and Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins were left. After a while, Waller gave up his room and slept in his studio and got his meals at the St. Clair, or went without them, so light, by reason of the hard times, was the demand for sheep pictures of Waller's particular make. And later on Tomlins went abroad, and Cranch moved West. And so the ruin of the Club was complete.

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And with its destruction there came to Oliver many a lonely night at home under the cheap lamp, the desolate hall outside looking all the more desolate and uninviting with the piano gone and the lights extinguished.

And so this merry band of roysterers, with one or two exceptions, passes out of these pages.

Dear boys of the long ago, what has become of them all since those old days in that garret-room on Union Square? Tomlins, I know, turned up in Australia, where he married a very rich and very lovely woman, because he distinctly stated those facts in an exuberant letter to Oliver when he invited him to the wedding. "Not a bad journey—only a step, my dear Ollie, and we shall be *so* delighted to see you." I know this to be true, for Oliver showed me the letter. Bowdoin, of course, went to Paris, where, as we all know, he had a swell studio opening on to a garden, somewhere near the Arc de Triomphe, and had carriages stop at his door, and a butler to open it, and two maids in white caps to help the ladies off with their wraps. Poor Cranch died in Montana while hunting for gold, and My Lord Cockburn went back to London.

But does anybody know what has become of McFudd—irresistible, irresponsible, altogether delightful McFudd? that condensation of all that was joyous, rollicking, and spontaneous; that devotee of the tub and pink of neatness, immaculate, clean-shaven, and well-groomed; that soul of good-nature, which no number of flowing bowls could disturb nor succeeding headaches dull; that most generous of souls, whose first impulse was to cut squarely in half everything he owned and give you your choice of the pieces, and who never lost his temper until you refused them both. If you, my dear boy, are still wandering about this earth, and your eye should happen to fall on these pages, remember, I send you my greeting. If you have been sent for, and have gone aloft to cheer those others who have gone before, and who could spare you no longer, speak a good word for me, please, and then, perhaps, I may shake your hand again.

The restful nights that followed in the now deserted attic floor were, for all their loneliness, not distasteful to Oliver. Fred had noticed for months that his roommate no longer entered into the frolics of the Club with the zest and vim that characterized the earlier days of the young Southerner's sojourn among them. Our hero had said nothing, of course, while the men had held together, and to all outward appearances had done his share not only with his voice, but in any other way he could to help on the merriment. He had covered the space allotted to him on the walls with caricatures of the several boarders below. He had mixed the salad at Riley's the night of McFudd's farewell supper, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows and the cook's cap on his head. He had lined up with the others at Brown's on the Bowery; drank his "crystal cocktails"—the mildest of beverages—and had solemnly marched out again with his comrades in a lock-step like a gang of convicts. He had indulged in forty-cent opera, leaning over the iron railing of the top row of the Academy of Music, and had finished the evening at Pfaff's, drinking beer and munching hardtack and pickles, and had laughed and sung in a dozen other equally absurd escapades. And yet it was as plain as daylight to Fred that Oliver's heart was no longer centred in the life about him.

The fact is, the scribe is compelled to admit, the life indulged in by these merry bohemians had begun to jar on the nature of this most sensitive of young gentlemen. It really had not satisfied him at all. If this was the sort of life that Mr. Crocker meant, he said to himself after a night at Riley's when Cranch had sounded his horn so loud that the proprietor had threatened to turn the whole party into the street, then Mr. Crocker was easily pleased. As for himself, he was tired of it.

Nothing of all this did he keep from his mother. The record of his likes and dislikes which formed the subject-matter of his almost daily letters was an absorbing study with her, and she let no variation of the weather-vane of his tastes escape her. She had read to Colonel Clayton one of his earlier ones, in which he had told her of the concerts and of the way Cockburn had served the brew that McFudd had concocted, and had shown him an illustration Oliver had drawn on

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the margin of the sheet—an outline of the china mug that held the mixture—to which that Chesterfield of a Clayton had replied :

"What did I tell you, madame—just what I expected of those Yankees—punch from mugs ! Bah ! "

She had, too, talked the matter over with Amos Cobb, who, since the confidence reposed in him by the Horn family, had become a frequent visitor at the house.

"There's no harm come to him yet, madame, or he wouldn't write you of what he does. Boys will be boys. Let him have his fling," the Vermonter had replied with a gleam of pleasure in his eye." If he has the stuff in him that I think he has, he will swim out and get to higher ground ; if he hasn't, better let him drown early. It will give everybody less trouble."

The dear lady had lost no sleep over these escapades. She, too, realized that as long as Oliver poured out his heart unreservedly to her there was little to fear. She had sought, in her almost daily letters sent him in return, to lead his thoughts into other channels. She knew how fond he had always been of the society of women, and how necessary they were to his happiness, and she begged him to go out more. "Surely there must be some young girls in so great a city who can help to make your life happier," she wrote.

In accordance with her suggestions, he had at last put on his best clothes and had accompanied Tomlins and Fred to some very delightful houses away up in Thirty-third Street, and another on Washington Square, and still another near St. George's Place, where his personality and his sweet, sympathetic voice had gained him friends and most pressing invitations to call again. Some he had accepted, and some he had not—it depended very largely on his mood and upon whom he met. If they reminded him in any way, either in manners or appointments, of his life at home, he went again—if not, he generally stayed away.

Among these was the house of his employer, Mr. Slade, who had treated him with marked kindness, not only inviting him to his own house, but introducing him to many of his friends—an unusual civility Oliver discovered afterward—not many of the clerks being given a seat at Mr. Slade's table. "I like his brusque, hearty manner," Oliver wrote to his mother after the first visit. "His wife is a charming woman, and so are the two daughters, quite independent and fearless, and entirely different from the girls at home, but most interesting and so well bred."

Another incident, too, had greatly pleased not only Oliver and his mother, but Richard as well. A consignment of goods belonging to Morton, Slade & Co. was stored in a warehouse in Charleston, and it was necessary to send one of the clerks South to reship or sell them, the ordinary business methods being unsafe, owing to the rumblings of a political storm that promised to be infinitely more serious than the financial stringency. The choice had fallen on Oliver, he being a Southerner, and knowing the ways of the people. He had advised with his mother and stood ready to leave at an hour's notice, when Mr. Slade's heart failed him. "It's too dangerous, my lad," he said to Oliver. "I could trust you, I know, and I believe you would return safely and bring the goods or the money with you, but I should never forgive myself if anything should happen to you. I will send an older man." And he did.

Richard, as soon as he heard of it, had written the firm a letter of thanks, couched in terms so quaint and courtly, and so full of generous appreciation of their interest in Oliver, that Mr. Slade, equally appreciative, had worn it into ribbons in showing it to his friends as a model of style and chirography. It was at this time that Oliver had received Cockburn's letter telling him of his own experiences, and he, therefore, knew something of the risks a man would run in crossing the Potomac, and could appreciate Mr. Slade's action all the more.

Remembering his mother's wishes, and in appreciation of his employer's courtesy, he had kept up this intimacy with the Slade family until an unfortunate catastrophe had occurred, which, while it did not affect his welcome at their house, ruined his pleasure while there.

Mr. Slade had invited Oliver to dinner one rainy night, and, being too poor to pay for a cab, Oliver, in attempting to cross Broadway, had stepped into a mud puddle a foot deep. He must either walk back and change his shoes and be

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late for dinner—an unpardonable offence—or he must keep on and run his chances of cleaning them in the dressing-room. There was no dressing-room, as it turned out, and the fat English butler had to bring a wet cloth out into the hall (oh! how he wished for Malachi!) and get down on his stiff knees and wipe away vigorously before Oliver could present himself before his hostess, the dinner in the meantime getting cold and the guests being kept waiting. Oliver could never look at those shoes after that without shivering.

This incident had kept him at home for a time and had made him chary of exposing himself to similar mortifications. His stock of clothes at best was limited — especially his shoes — and as the weather continued bad and the streets impassable, he preferred waiting for clearer skies and safer walking. So he spent his nights in his room, crooning over the coke fire with Fred, or all alone if Fred was at the Academy, drawing from the cast.

On these nights he would begin to long for Kennedy Square. He had said nothing yet about returning, even for a day's visit. He knew how his mother felt about it, and he knew how hard had been her struggle to keep the interest paid up on the mortgage and to meet the daily necessities of the house. The motor was still incomplete, she wrote him, and success was as far off as ever. The mortgage had again been extended and the note renewed—this time for a long term, owing to some unaccountable change in Amos Cobb's attitude. She, therefore, felt no uneasiness on that score, although there were still no pennies which could be spared for Oliver's travelling expenses, even if he could get leave of absence from his employers.

At these times, as he sat alone in his garret-room, Malachi's chuckle, without cause or reminder, would suddenly ring in his ears, or some low strain from his father's violin or a soft note from Nathan's flute would float through his brain. "Dear Uncle Nat," he would break out, speaking aloud and springing from his chair—"I wish I could hear you to-night."

His only relief while in these moods was to again seize his pen and pour out his heart to his mother or to his father, or to Miss Clendenning or old Mr. Crocker. Occasionally he would write to Sue—not often—for that volatile young lady had so far forgotten Oliver as to leave his letters unanswered for weeks at a time. She was singing "Dixie," she told him in her last letter, now a month old, and "Maryland, My Maryland," and wondering whether Oliver was getting to be a Yankee, and whether he would be coming home with a high collar and his hair cut short and parted in the middle.

His father's letters in return did not lessen his gloom. If he understood them aright, everybody seemed to have gone crazy. "These agitators will destroy the country, my son, if they keep on," Richard had written in his last letter. "It is a sin against civilization to hold your fellowmen in bondage, and that is why years ago I gave Malachi and Hannah and the others their freedom, but Virginia has unquestionably the right to govern her internal affairs without consulting Massachusetts, and that is what many of these Northern leaders do not or will not understand. I am greatly disturbed over the situation, and I sincerely hope your own career will not be affected by these troubles. As to my own affairs, I work early and late, and am out of debt." Poor fellow! He thought he was.

Oliver was sitting thus one night, his head in his hands, elbows on his knees, gazing into the smouldering coals of his grate, his favorite attitude when his mind was troubled, when Fred threw wide the door and bounded in, bringing with him the fresh, cool air of the night. He had been at work in the School of the Academy, and had a drawing in chalk under his arm a head of the young Augustus.

"What's the matter, Ollie, got the blues?"

"No, Freddie, only thinking."

"What's her name? I'll go and see her and make it up. Out with it—do I know her?"

Oliver smiled faintly, examined the drawing for a moment, and handing it back to Fred, said, sadly, "It's not a girl, Freddie, but I don't seem to get anywhere."

Fred threw the drawing on the bed and

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squeezed himself into the chair beside his chum, his arm around his neck.

"Where do you want to get, old man? What's the matter—any trouble at the store?"

"No—none that I know of. But the life is so monotonous, Fred. You do what you love to do. I mark boxes all day till lunch-time, then I roll 'em out on the sidewalk and make out dray tickets till I come home. I've been doing that all winter; I expect to be doing it for years. That don't get me anywhere, does it? I hate the life more and more every day."

Was our hero's old love of change again asserting itself, or was it only the pinching of that Chinese shoe which his mother in her anxiety had slipped on his unresisting foot, and which he was still wearing to please her? Or was it the upward pressure of some inherent talent—some gift of his ancestors that would not down at his own, or his mother's, or anybody else's bidding.

"Somebody's got to do it, Ollie, and you are the last man hired," said Fred, quietly. "What would you like to do?"

Oliver shifted himself in the crowded chair until he could look into his room-mate's eyes.

"Fred, old man," he answered, his voice choking. "I haven't said a word to you about it all this time I've been here, for I don't like to talk about a thing that hurts me, and so I've kept it to myself. Now I'll tell you the truth just as it is. I don't want Mr. Slade's work nor anybody else's work. I don't like business and never will. I want to paint, and I'll never be happy until I do. That's it, fair and square."

"Well, quit Slade, then, and come with me."

"I would if it wasn't for mother. I promised her I would see this through, and I will."

Fred caught his breath. It astonished him, independent young Northerner as he was, to hear a full-grown man confess that his mother's apron-strings still held him up, but he made no comment.

"Why not try both?" he cried. "There's a place in the school alongside of me—we'll work together. It won't interfere with what you do down-town. You'll get a good start, and when you have a day off in the summer you can do some out-door work. Waller has told me a dozen times that you draw better than he did when he commenced. Come along with me."

This conversation, with the other incidents of the day, or rather that part of it which had reference to the Academy, was duly set forth in his next letter to his mother—not as an argument to gain her consent to his studying with Fred, for he knew it was the last thing she would agree to—but because it was his habit to tell her everything. It would show her, too, how good a fellow Fred was and what an interest he took in his welfare. Her answer, three days later, sent him bounding up-stairs and into their room like a whirlwind.

"Read, Fred, read!" he cried. "I can go. Mother says she thinks it would be the best thing in the world for me. Here, clap your eyes on that—" and Oliver held the letter out to Fred, his finger pointing to this passage: "I wish you would join Fred at the Academy. Now that you have a regular business that occupies your mind, and are earning your living, I have no objection to your studying drawing or learning any other accomplishment. You work hard all day, and this will rest you."

The cramped foot was beginning to spread. The Chinese shoe had lost its top button.

(To be continued.)

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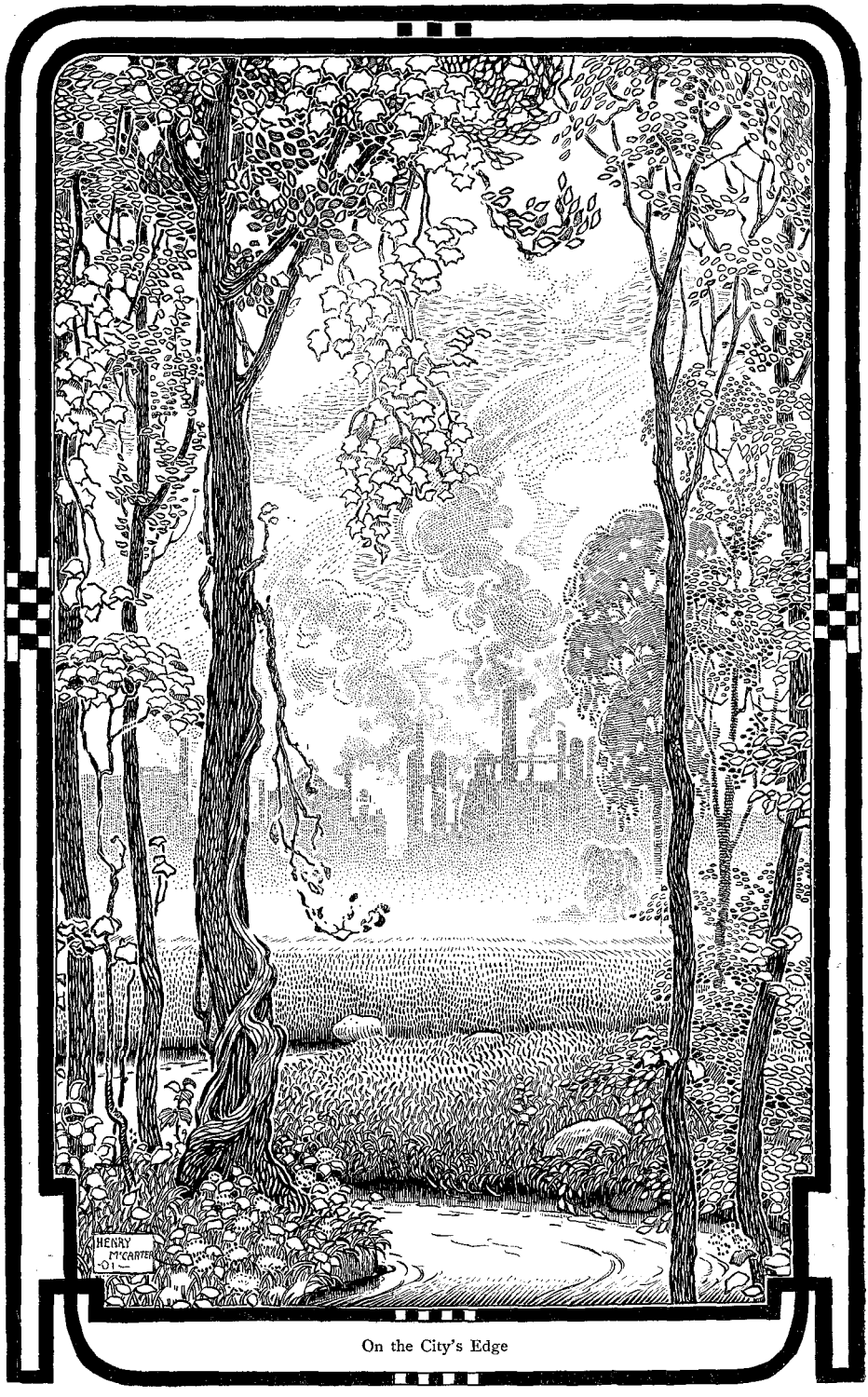

On the City's Edge

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"FOR SALE—FACTORY SITES"

(ON THE CITY'S EDGE)

By Harvey Maitland Watts

'TWAS here the anemone heard the call of Spring,
The brook ran limpid and the fields, a-flower
With gold and purple at the year's last hour,
Were strewn as if for fairy welcoming.
But now the reaches with harsh noises ring
Of wheels a-whirr, where whispering aspens grew
And where the aspiring green once cut the blue
Of sky, tall chimneys belch with flame and fling
A banner to the wind. The brook's strange bed
Shudders from searing touch of slag-lined lea;
For lo, the woods and wilds are gone fore'er—
Yet hold regret! Youth's Dryad dream is dead,
But all these throbbing, stithy notes declare
Dominion! earth and its deeps in human fee!

IN OKLAHOMA

AN IDYL OF THE PRAIRIE IN THREE FLIGHTS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

I

THE FIRST FLIGHT

MOST written stories end with a wedding, actual or prospective; but this story, like most stories in real life, begins with one. The little old stone church in Manhattan, Kan., was crowded to the doors one June afternoon. The gray-haired President, the young men and women of the faculty, and a small sprinkling of the townspeople were there; but the great mass of the congregation was made up of the students of the State Agricultural College, which was situated on a gentle hill just outside the town. It was Graduation Day, and the day on which Sue Belle Seville and Samuel Maxwell had elected to get married.

Samuel was a Kansas boy, Sue Belle a Kentucky girl. They were both orphans and both graduates from the college that day in the same class; Samuel from the agricultural and mechanical department, Sue Belle from the housekeeping, culinary, domestic sciences, and other of the many departments feminine. Maxwell was a manly, energetic, capable young fellow, a good student, and a young man who, given an equal chance, should make a fine farmer. On that day he was the envy of all the young men of marriageable age in the college.

His bride to be, while she seemed made for better things than the ineffably monotonous drudgery of an ordinary farmer's wife, was nevertheless skilled enough, capable enough, resolute enough, to master her lot and be happy in it whatever it

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With a sort of a roar the runners sprang forward.—Page 239.

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might be. She was a handsome girl, tall, straight, strong, black-haired, blue-eyed, with the healthiest whiteness in her face that one could imagine.

The brief wedding ceremony was soon over. Old Dr. Fairman, the President, gave the bride away in his usual courtly and distinguished manner, and as the village organist played the wedding march on the sweet-toned old organ, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Maxwell passed out of the church, followed by all the congregation. At the end of the long cinder footpath extending from the church-door under a double row of trees to the street stood a brand new Studebaker wagon filled with household goods. Two stout, well-conditioned horses were harnessed to it, while two others, a good mare and a handsome young horse, a three-year-old colt, were fastened to the tail-board by long hitching-straps. The wagon had been transformed by a canvas canopy over the bed into what was popularly known as a "prairie schooner." The new canvas was white as snow in the sunlight.

Maxwell handed his wife to the seat on the front, pitched quarters to the negro boys who had been holding the horses' heads, gathered up the reins, and amid a storm of cheers and a shower of rice—especially appropriate to an agricultural college, by the way—and other manifestations of joy and delight, drove away on the wedding journey. The watchers followed with their eyes the wagon lumbering slowly down the main street until it crossed the bridge over the Kansas River and disappeared among the hills to the southward.

After settling the expenses of their college course and paying for their outfit, the two young people found themselves in possession of some two thousand dollars between them; more than enough they fancied, backed as it was—or should I say, led?—by two stout hearts and by four strong young arms, to wrest a livelihood—nay, a fortune, perhaps—from the prairies of the West.

An old, old story, this. A pair of home-builders going out into a new land to conquer or die; to establish another outpost of civilization on the distant frontier, or to fail. A man and a woman who had taken their all in their hands to consecrate it by their toil to the service of humanity, and to stake their happiness on the success of their endeavor. True builders of the nation, they! Pickets they were, going ahead of the advance guard of the army of Civilization's marchers, which, untold ages ago, started in some secluded nook in the far Orient, and, impelled by an irresistible desire for conquest, in successive waves of emigration, has at last compassed the globe, rolled around the world. Leaders these two of that mighty deluge of men and women for whom the sun of hope is ever rising—but rising in the West.

Never was such a wedding journey. It was spring-time in the most bountiful and fertile year that had come to the great State for a generation. The way of the lovers, as they plodded ever southward and westward, led them now past vast fields of yellow wheat standing ripe and ready for the thresher, and sometimes the huge machine was at work as they came by. Sometimes they drove for miles through towering walls of broad-bladed cool green corn; sometimes the trail led them over the untilled, treeless prairies covered with tall nodding sunflowers in all their gorgeous golden bloom—blossoms which gave the State a name—and not infrequently their way would take them alongside a limpid river, in that happy season bank full from the frequent rains, where the winding road would be overhung by great trees.

They stopped at night at the different little towns through which their way passed, or sometimes they enjoyed the hearty welcome of a lone farm-house. Sometimes they hired a negro boy to drive the wagon from one stopping-place to another, while they mounted the two led horses and galloped over the prairie. Samuel rode well, but to see Sue Belle on that spirited young steed of hers was to see the perfection of dashing horsemanship. An instinctive judge of horse-flesh, she had bought that three-year-old herself. He was a chestnut sorrel with a white blaze on his face, and white forefeet, and as handsome and spirited as his mistress. In honor of her native State, she called him Kentucky.

As they slowly progressed farther and farther southwestward, the land became

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Shouted back to the man.—Page 241.

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more open, the farm-houses were farther and farther apart, cultivated fields less frequent, the towns were fewer in number and diminishing in size, the rivers grew smaller and smaller, and trees almost vanished from the landscape. Finally, away out in Cimarron County, where the railroad stopped and civilization ended, they reached their journey's end. Such a wedding-trip they had enjoyed, such a honeymoon they had spent!

They bought a bit of flower-decked prairie, a quarter section crossed in one corner by a little creek flowing southward until it joined a larger stream flowing into the Arkansas River. The chosen land mostly lay on the south side of a slight elevation from which they could survey the grass-mantled plains melting into the unbroken horizon miles and miles away. The country about was entirely uncultivated and had been mainly given over to cattle-raising; it was a dozen miles to the nearest house, and fifteen to the town of Apache, the county-seat.

How still was that vast expanse of gently undulating land of which they were the centre! An ocean caught in a quiet moment and every smoothly rolling wave petrified, motionless. How vast was the firmament above them! To lie in the grass at night and stare up into its blue unclouded distance filled with stars—shone they ever so gloriously anywhere else on the globe?—was to reduce one's self to a vanishing point in the infinite universe of God. Lonely? Yes, to ordinary people perhaps, but not to these two home-builders. They were young, they were together, they were lovers—and they had to do prosaic, God-given, labor.

So they pitched their stakes upon the verdant hill, and, toiling early and late, built there for themselves and those to come a home. With iron share they tore the virgin sod; with generous hands they sowed the seed; with all the hope of youth and love bourgeoning and blossoming in their breasts, they began the earth-old process of wresting a living from the tillage of the soil. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." So ran the primal truth. Ah, yes, but this time counted not a curse but a privilege, and enjoyed not without but within an Eden!

II

THE SECOND FLIGHT

SPRING-TIME again upon the farm, and they are bidding it good-by. Five years have dragged away, years filled with little but misfortune—years of freezing winters, burning summers, drought or storm. Five lean years of failure, unprecedented but true. A long deadly paralyzing struggle with that terrible minatory face of nature which, thank God, is usually turned away from humanity, else we could not bear the sight. The sun had beaten upon the farm and burnt it up, the parasite had swarmed over the field and eaten it down, the winter cold had frozen the life out of it, the fierce storm had swept over it and torn it away—winter and summer had been alike against them.

Last fall the deadly mortgage had grown from the little hand-breadth cloud until it had covered the land, blanketed it, blighted it, filled earth and sky to them. It was over. They had toiled for naught, and no profit had they taken of all their labor under the sun. They were beaten at last.

Once more the old Studebaker wagon. Within it a haggard, dogged, disappointed man—yet indomitable; a woman still young, robbed forever of the brightness of youth, yet striving to nourish a spark of the old hope—a mother, too. Two little children cling to her, healthy, lusty, strong, happy; they had neither known nor suffered. There was the same old team between the "tugs," sobered, quieted, saddened like their masters, perhaps—and Kentucky! Kentucky was leaner than he should be, not so well nourished as they would like to have him, but his spirit was unabated. He, at least, had not been beaten down.

So they set forth again. "Once more into the breach," brave pair. Life insistently craves bread. Men must work; ay, and women too, though they may weep as well. There were the little children, oh, father and mother! treasure of health and teaching must be laid up for them. The old cause must be tried out yet again. Farewell to defeat, farewell to failure, farewell to the old. Let us stir up hope again, look forward into the future, deserve

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"Have you been making a woman cry?"—Page 242.

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a triumph. All had been lost but love, that had not failed, and while God is, it cannot. It is a mighty talisman with which to attempt the morrow. So armed, they started out again.

With $100 in his pocket, a small lot of household necessaries, a stove, some blankets, etc., and Kentucky, Samuel and Sue Belle and the two children started out in the wagon again to have another wrestle with fortune. They determined to go to the Kansas-Indian Territory border and try to secure free land in the Oklahoma territory which was to be opened for settlement that summer.

They hated the prairie where they had lived now. It was associated with their ruin, eloquent of their failure. That season bade fair to be as bountiful a time as had been the year of their arrival, but they could not stay. They had pulled up the stakes, and nothing was left for them but to go on. Indeed, they were wishful to do so, and had they known that, as it happened, the five years of starvation, drought, and failure were to be succeeded by twice as many years of abounding plenty, they would not have stayed. They loathed the spot. They could not have remained anyway. Another man held the farm and succeeded where they had failed, reaping where they had sown.

It was late summer when they reached Arkansas City, from which they had elected to make the run into the hitherto forbidden land. The place was filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women attracted by the possibility of getting a quarter section or a town lot practically free in the Cherokee strip; there were half a million of them on the border line! And there, too, were congregated the human vultures that live to prey upon the crowd.

The distribution of the lots and sections was to be made on the principle of first come first served. All seekers for locations were to line up on the edge of the strip on a given date at a certain hour, and when a signal was given they were to rush into the Nation, drive a stake in a quarter section, or in a town lot at the places where the towns had been previously surveyed and lots plotted and staked out by the Government, throughout the vast body of land in the Indian Territory thrown open for settlement. Then they were to hold their places, living in tents and shanties until they could erect houses and prove up their claims.

Samuel intended to ride Kentucky into the strip and take his chance at a town lot. He had had enough of farms. Not many miles below Arkansas City, on the railroad running through the "strip"—as the land was called—the future town of Guthrie had been laid out by the surveyors. It was a paper town as yet, but the day after the run would see it suddenly become a city, and good lots would probably be of value. If he could get a good one it might be worth several thousand dollars, and he could start again. It was a desperate chance, but he had to take it; there was nothing else.

Ill-fortune was not yet done with them, however, for in climbing down the bank of the river to get water for his team the unfortunate man fell and broke his arm. He scrambled up to the wagon, sank down on the dry grass beside it, and gave way. Sue Belle stood by with white face as the local doctor bound up his arm, but she did not cry. She felt that she had other things to do, that she must play the man, and that she could not indulge in the womanly luxury of weeping.

"I'm not crying, Doctor, because it hurts," said Samuel, brushing away his tears with his uninjured arm: "but because this seems to be just the last straw in our bad luck. We were married just five years ago, and we bought a farm in Cimarron. I'm a good farmer, I was born on a farm and raised on it, and I was trained in the Agricultural College in Kansas. I know the thing theoretically and practically, too, but everything failed us. We've lost everything, and we came here in the hope of getting something out of the strip. God's forgot us, I guess."

The Doctor had seen many cases like that in the Southwest, and though his heart was profoundly touched he could do nothing.

That night Samuel lay awake in the wagon almost forgetting the pain in his arm in wondering what would become of them. He had lugged out his old leather purse and counted the money that was left—$10! That was all that stood between them and starvation! The strip

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was to be opened to-morrow, the run would take place then. What, in God's name, could he do ?

"Sam," said Sue Belle, lying awake by his side, "don't give way so."

"Give way, dear!" he groaned; "how can I help it? Ten dollars between you and the children and starvation! This town here can't help anyone. These people around us can't. Look at them! They're as poor as we are. Five years of crop failure has hit them as hard as it has hit us. The run takes place to-morrow, and I can't ride. I did hope that I could get a town lot in Guthrie. I don't believe that anything here can outrun Kentucky, but now—oh, my God, my God!"

"Sam, dear, I'll ride Kentucky."

She spoke resolutely, having thought quickly, and her mind was made up.

"We've got no side-saddle," answered the man; "you know we sold it."

"I can ride astride," said the woman, having covered this point also in her mind. "I used to ride that way when I was a girl. I've done it hundreds of times, and I can make better time that way now."

"But, dear, you're a woman, and——"

"I can wear your clothes, dear. I'm almost as tall as you are. They'll be rather large, but——"

"Oh, Sue Belle, I can't allow you to go in there alone, in all that crowd, with——"

"I've got to do it, Sam! It's our last chance. It's for the children, not ourselves. We could die. We've done our best. It's not our fault. But think of them!"

She rose from her bed and crept over to the back of the wagon where the little boy and girl lay sprawling side by side in the dreamless sleep of childhood. She pushed from the baby brows the curly hair matted with perspiration, and stooped and kissed them. She felt so strong, so brave, so resolute, as if the burden which she had hitherto shared with Samuel, or from which he had tried to spare her, had suddenly fallen upon her own shoulders, and in some strange way that she had been given strength to bear it.

Long time that night husband and wife talked over the situation. In the face of her determination the man could not do otherwise than give consent. In the morning, making him as comfortable as she could, she plodded up through the dust to the city and bought from the wondering shopkeeper a pair of high boots that fitted her, since it would be impossible for her to use her husband's huge ones. At Sam's insistent demand, she also hired for five dollars a poor stranded negro, who looked honest and faithful, to drive the wagon after her into the strip. That exhausted their ready money.

It was half after eleven o'clock when she returned to the wagon. The Doctor had been there and had done what he could for her fevered husband, but his arm still pained him fearfully. He was up, however—he had to be—and seated on the dusty grass in the shadow of the canvas top. The children were playing about him. Bidding the negro boy hitch up the team, Sue Belle slipped under the wagon cover and dropped the curtain. When she came out her tall form was encased in her husband's only remaining suit of clothes. She wore a soft felt hat with her hair tightly twisted under it. A loose shirt, trousers, and the new boots completed her costume. Woman-like, she had tied a blue silk handkerchief, last treasure trove from her trousseau, around her neck. There was a painful flush upon her thin face and her eyes were filled with tears.

Samuel groaned and shook his head, the negro boy gazed with his mouth wide open, his eyes rolling, and little Sue Belle shrank away from her mother garbed in this strange manner. Kentucky, who had been given the last measure of oats they possessed, did not recognize her until she spoke, and then he stared at her in a wondering way as she saddled and bridled him. A hatchet and a tent-peg tied securely to the saddle completed her preparations. By her husband's insistence she strapped a spur on her boot, although, as she said, she had never put a spur to Kentucky in her life.

"You may have to do it now, dear," said Maxwell, and to please him she complied.

Nobody paid any attention whatever to her, although the boundary was lined, as far as the eye could see and for miles beyond, with crowds of people intending to make the run. On the very edge of

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the strip the runners had assembled on horseback or muleback, on bicycles, in buggies, sulkies, or in road-wagons, and there were many dressed in jerseys and running shoes who intended to make the run on foot. Back of them in long lines were grouped wagons of all descriptions, mostly filled with women and children. All sorts and conditions of men were represented in the huge and motley throng.

It was a blazing hot day. The shifting horde raised clouds of dust above the line, from which the bare treeless prairie stretched away southward for miles. There was not a soul on it except United States cavalrymen, who were spread out in a long line, each man being placed at a regular interval from his neighbor. To the front of the troopers, the captain in command sat his horse, holding his watch in his left hand to determine the correct time, while in his right he carried a cocked revolver.

Twelve o'clock was the appointed hour. The soldiers on either side held their loaded carbines poised carefully and looked toward the captain, or, if too far away to see him, toward the next in line who could. The signal for the start was to be given simultaneously over the whole extended strip, stretching for many miles along the Kansas border, by means of these troopers. No one was to move until the signal was given. The soldiers had scoured the country for days to evict the "sooners"—those who had gone in before the appointed time and attempted to conceal themselves that they might secure the best lots.

Sue Belle turned and kissed the babies. Then she bent toward Samuel, but he rose painfully to his feet and stood flushed and feverish while he pressed her to his side with his sound arm.

"May God protect you, dear," he said, trembling with pain and agitation.

"He will! He will!" exclaimed the woman fervently, strong in her endeavor. "Now be sure and have the wagon follow right after me. And you know the Doctor said he'd get you taken in some place in town as soon as the run began; there'll be lots of room there then. I'm going to ride straight down to Guthrie and try for a town lot. They'll find me there. They ought to be there by evening, and I'll manage somehow till then."

"But how'll you live till I get there?"

"I can cook, or wash; there'll be lots to do there, and I'll write to you at once. Don't worry about me, dear. I'm half crazy to think of leaving you ill and alone——"

"I wish you had a revolver, Sue Belle," groaned Samuel.

"I wish I had, too," said the woman, "but never mind, we are in God's hands."

"Oh, Sue Belle, I can't let you go!"

"You must! I must go now! See! They're getting ready!"

She tore herself away from him and spoke to the colored boy.

"Joe," she said, "for God's sake don't fail us! I leave you my two little children; if you guard them safely and bring them to me faithfully, whatever good fortune comes to us you shall share."

"'Deed I will, suh, ma'am, miss—yes, suh," stammered the colored boy. "I'll tek good caah on 'em, misto—lady," he added in his confusion.

III

THE THIRD FLIGHT

WITHOUT another word the woman sprang on the horse and forced herself as near the line as she could. She had lost an opportunity of getting in the very front rank, but she knew her horse and did not care for that. It wanted perhaps a minute to twelve o'clock and a silence settled down over the rude assemblage, although the excitement was at fever heat. Pushing and jostling would gain no advantage now. The gray old captain of cavalry sat his horse, intently gazing at his watch. The seconds dragged and the multitude waited breathlessly. Suddenly he closed it with a snap, lifted his pistol in the air, and before the smoke of the discharge blew away a quick volley rang along the line.

With a sort of a roar that echoed up into the heavens for miles the runners sprang forward. There was one mighty simultaneous surge of men and animals, and then the line began to break. In the cloud of dust that arose instantly, Maxwell, forgetful of his broken arm, strove

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vainly to follow with his gaze Sue Belle's flying figure. The next moment he noticed that the ground directly in front of him was deserted. An idea flashed into his mind. Regardless of his pain, he sprang to his feet, and with his uninjured arm tore a loose bed-slat from the wagon, and, stepping across the line, thrust it into the finest quarter section of the strip! Nobody had thought of doing this. The land adjoined the town of Arkansas City, and could probably be sold without delay for a good sum of money. It was his. They were saved!

Oh, why hadn't he thought of it before and prevented his wife from making the run! But it was too late, she was gone. Calling the negro, he had him take from the wagon a few of the boards which had been brought along for the purpose, and nail them roughly together in a tent shape to make him a shelter. Laying a blanket and a quilt on the ground and setting a bucket of water therein, he crawled under it, knowing that someone sent by the Doctor would certainly come to him during the day, and determined to hold his claim if he died for it. Then he bade Joe load the children in the wagon, take them into the strip, tell his wife of his good fortune, and bid her come back to him if she could.

What of the woman riding on with a breaking heart, yet with a grim determination somehow to achieve fortune for her sick husband and her children? She kept Kentucky well in hand, and yet easily passed by buggies, sulkies, runners, men on bicycles, and began to overtake the horsemen galloping southward over the prairie. At first the dust almost choked her. The man's saddle annoyed her, too, but as she got into clear air, and began to get accustomed to the strangeness of her position, she regained her self-control. She shook the reins lightly over the horse and he lengthened his stride and quickened his speed, making swift progress for a long time.

Finally there was no one in front of her. To the right and left, as far as she could see, horsemen were galloping on; back of her they trailed in an ever thinning mass. The most of them she was leaving rapidly. Kentucky was of racing stock. He was three-quarter bred and game to the core. The sight of the other horses running by his side inspired him. He had been ridden in a wild dash across the prairie many a time, but never before in competition with other horses. He took to the race instinctively, and galloped on as if he had been trained to it from the beginning.

She had hard work to hold him, yet she knew she had a long ride before her, and if she did not keep him well in hand he would be blown before he went half the distance, so she held him down to it; riding warily, watching carefully for prairie-dog holes, for if the horse should thrust his leg into one he would break it, and that would be the end of him and her ride as well.

So she galloped on and on, still in the front line, and with every surging leap leaving some beaten runner behind. Now she drew ahead, now she led the whole vast throng, and now the horse was out of hand. He was running magnificently, but he had gotten away from her, not viciously, but in pure joy at being free in this mad race over the prairie. Presently she looked back. The nearest rider seemed to be half a mile away. It was not necessary for her to get so far ahead, and she tried again and again to check the horse, but without success.

Kentucky was running his own race now. How he swept through the air! It was magnificent! The exhilaration of the motion got into her blood. It was long since she had such a ride. She, too, came of racing stock, and the habit of her sires reasserted itself in her being. For a moment she forgot Samuel, forgot the children. She forgot everything but that wide-open prairie, the wind blowing across her face, the rapid rise and fall of the horse as he ran madly on. Youth came back to her and the joy of life, failure lay behind, success before. Her heart beat faster in her breast. Kentucky gallantly carried her forward. How long had she been riding? She could not tell. They were not at Guthrie yet, she was certain, so she raced away. After a long time she looked back and was astonished to see two riders nearer to her than any had been when she had looked before, all the rest were miles behind.

The men were mounted upon broncos

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—the horse *par excellence* of the West—wild vagrant descendants of old Spanish breeds; animals without blood, without birth, without beauty, without style, without training, mean and vicious in disposition; utterly useless for a short dash, or in an ordinary race unable to approach a thoroughbred, but with a brutal indomitable spirit, a capacity for unlimited endurance and tireless ability to run long distances and live on nothing, and do it day after day, which made them formidable and dangerous competitors for all other horses of whatsoever quality. They were loping along after her with an ugly, yet very rapid gait, which they could keep up all day if necessary.

Sue Belle thought Kentucky's stride was not quite so sweeping as it had been, he seemed to be a little tired; still he was doing his best manfully. Although he yet held the lead, he was not built for this kind of a run. She realized it, but there was nothing she could do to husband his strength, nothing left her but to gallop on. And there was lots of go left in him yet. He was by no means done.

The prairie rolled away back of them as it was compassed by the flying feet, and still the mighty race went on. The first bronco was nearer now. He was not a quarter of a mile away, but the second was a longer distance behind the first and falling back. The rest were nowhere. Of all the throng only these three were in sight. Kentucky was very tired. Surely they must be near Guthrie now! She shook out the reins and called to him. That other horse was coming up fast! He was nearer! He was so near that at last Kentucky realized that he was being pursued. They were almost there! In front of them on the horizon she saw the land-office, the station, and the hundreds of white stakes marking the lots of the town.

The other horse was almost beside her now. Well, suppose he did win the race? There were hundreds of lots there and the second choice would probably be as good as the first. Should she let him pass! No! That was not the Kentucky way. Should the horse do it? No, again! She leaned forward over the saddle and spoke to him, she drove the spur into him at last. The surprised horse bounded into the air with a sudden access of vigor, and he fairly leaped away from the bronco. It was his final effort; when this spurt was ended he would be done for. Would it be enough?

In her excitement she turned and shouted back to the man, she knew not what, waving her hand in disdain. Presently she turned into what appeared to be the main street. Instinctively as they ran along she chose what seemed to be the best lot in the prospective city, and then reined in her panting, exhausted horse; she sprang to the ground, tore the peg and hatchet from the saddle bow and drove the stake in the lot. Not a moment too soon, with not a second to spare, she had won the race! The wild bronco came thundering upon her heels. The man jerked his horse to his haunches by the side of the triumphant thoroughbred, dropped a rein to the ground to keep him, sprang from the saddle, and stepped toward her.

"I want that there lot!" he said, roughly. "It's the best lot in the place. You kin take somethin' else."

Sue Belle rose to her feet. Her hat had fallen off in the wild ride and her black hair floated over her shoulders. Excitement had put a light in her eyes, color in her cheeks. She looked handsome, almost young again—altogether beautiful. The man was right. She could see that she had succeeded in getting the best lot in the city. As she stood up the man stared at her wonderingly. He was a cow-boy—fringed trousers, bearskin chaparejos, loose shirt, broad hat, huge Mexican spurs, and all.

"Good God!" he shouted, "it's a woman!"

"Yes, I am a woman," answered Sue Belle, desperately.

"Well, I'm d—d!" he burst out.

"You've ordered me away from the lot, but—" she went on, heedless of his interruption.

"Well, gimme a kiss, sis, an' you kin stay on it," said the man with a hideous leer.

Sue Belle looked around desperately. She was practically alone on the prairie save for this man and the other one, now about half a mile distant. The station

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and land-office were too far away for her to summon assistance from them. She was absolutely helpless, entirely in this man's power.

"Will you let me alone if I do?" she asked at last.

"Oh, come now, you're too pretty to be left alone, my dear," said the man, coming closer.

Resisting the impulse to shriek, she faced him hatchet in hand. With swift feminine instinct she comprehended him in a glance. He was just an ordinary kind of a cow-boy, bad when his bad side was uppermost, but capable of all sorts of nobility and self-sacrifice if his good side could be reached. She thought swiftly then—she had to. She made up her mind to appeal to him.

"Wait," she said, "don't come nearer until I speak to you. You're right, I am a woman. I have a husband and two children. We had a little fortune which we put into a farm in Cimarron County five years ago. Through a succession of misfortunes we've lost every dollar. We have nothing except a team and this horse. We came down here to try to get something for our children. Yesterday my husband fell and broke his arm. He was going to ride in here. He could not do it. I had to make the run in place of him. I left him alone back there on the edge of the strip with his broken arm. With the last ten dollars we had on earth I bought these boots and employed a negro boy whom I never saw before to bring my little children after me. I want this lot. I won it fairly. It's the best lot in the town. But you are a man, you are stronger than I. You may—" she flushed painfully, "kiss me if you must—if you will give me your word of honor that after that you will leave me this lot. You understand that I—I—only submit to it—for the sake of the children, and for my poor husband."

Her eyes were full of tears now, as she clasped her hands, looked at him appealingly, and waited with burning face, trembling lips and heaving bosom.

"Ma'am," said the cow-boy, his face flushing also as he took off his sombrero, "I don't want no kiss. Leastways, I don't take no kiss under them circumstances. You kin have that there lot. I jist rode in yere fer the fun of the thing. I don't want no lot nohow. What'd I do with it? Sell it fer booze. You beat me on the square, though if it had been five miles farther I'd a beat you. Them Kentucky hosses—I 'low he's a Kentucky hoss?—ain't no good fer long-distance runnin' side this flea-bitten bronc. I don't want no lot noways. You stay right there on that there lot, and fer fear less' n somebody might come along an' try to make you give it up, I'll stay with you with my gun handy."

"Thank you and God bless you," said Sue Belle, gratefully, looking at him with swimming eyes. Then she put her head down on Kentucky's saddle, where the horse stood cropping the short grass, threw her arm around his neck and sobbed as if her heart would break. The cow-boy surveyed her in astonishment and terror, but, before he could say anything, the second man came racing up.

"Well, you two young fellows have the best lots in the place, I suppose. I'll have to take what's left," said the second man, cheerfully. "Great Jupiter, what's that fellow crying about!"

"'Taint a feller," said the cow-boy, "it's a feemale, a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed the other. "Say, you cow-boy," with an ugly look on his face, "have you been making a woman cry?"

"I reckon I hev," answered the cow-boy, nonchalantly.

"You infernal—" exclaimed the man, stepping toward him.

"Oh!" cried Sue Belle, raising her head, "he didn't. I'm crying for joy."

As he caught sight of her the man bowed instantly toward her with the grace of a gentleman who recognized under any accident of clothes a lady.

"My husband is ill," said Sue Belle, swiftly divining another friend, one of another class, too; "he broke his arm yesterday and I had to take our horse and ride here for him and the two little children, and this gentleman——"

"Lord!" said the cow-boy, "I ain't no gent. I'm a cow-puncher."

"This gentleman came after me and promised to protect me from—from everybody. And that is why I cried."

"Sir," said the second man, extending

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his hand, "I beg your pardon for my suspicions. You are a gentleman."

"Nobody never called me one before," growled the cow-boy, much embarrassed, shaking the proffered hand awkwardly but heartily. "I don't care for no lot myself, an' I'm goin' to hold this lot next to hern for the little kids."

"Well, that's just about what I came for, too. I'm a student, a junior at Columbia College, New York, madam," he said, turning to Sue Belle, "out here for the summer to look after some of my father's Kansas property. I thought I'd run down here just for the fun of it. You said you had two children, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Allow me. I will hold the lot on the other side of you for the other one. So you see, with this gentleman and myself, you will be surrounded and protected by the East and the West."

Before the afternoon was half gone all the lots in Guthrie had been appropriated, lumber had been brought in, portable houses and tents erected, saloons opened, a daily paper started, and the young Bishop of Oklahoma was on the ground organizing a church; the place was actually assuming the appearance of a city even in so short a time. The story of Sue Belle's ride had been told everywhere by her gallant flankers, and by common consent the focus of activity for the city of Guthrie was centred about these three lots. The happy, grateful woman could have sold them a hundred times at an increasing price had she chosen to do so.

Late in the afternoon Joe came up with the wagon and the children. He had been faithful to his trust. Sue Belle was very much frightened when she learned that her husband had secured a claim. She knew he would endeavor to hold it, and she feared extremely for him lying ill and alone on the prairie. Leaving the children in the care of some of the women who had followed their husbands on the trail, with the promise of the whole town that her three lots would be held inviolate for her, accompanied by her two faithful self-constituted guardians, she mounted the refreshed Kentucky again and rode back to her husband, lying alone, half delirious, in his shed on the prairie, clinging desperately to his quarter section.

Thus the tide changed at last, and now came flooding in with fortune.

THE NERVE OF THE UPJOHNS

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

THERE were two of them on the Wind River Division, father and son, and they hailed from that portion of the effete East where people respect the majesty of the law, and where the States are so small that it takes three of them to make the mileage for a day's run.

Amos, the father, was a square-bitted man, built as they say ships are built in Maine — by the mile, and sawed off in lengths to suit customers. Larrick, the round-house foreman, used to say that he was a sheep in wolf's clothing. That was because, in spite of the fact that he was the mildest man on the division, he had a face that a painter would pick out of a thousand as a model for a buccaneer of the Spanish Main.

Marcus, the son, was an improvement on his father in the matter of looks, though, like Amos, he was a black man, with fierce eyes and penthouse brows, and an abnormal growth of hair on his face for a boy, which same he wore in a pair of brigandish mustachios and a heavy imperial to match.

Mark was his father's fireman, and when the pair of them mounted the foot-

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board of the 113, as malignant a piece of machinery as ever yanked out a draw-bar or ran down an unsuspecting bunch of cattle, you would say that the combination needed nothing save the piratical Jolly Roger to fly at the engine's signal-sticks.

Nevertheless, with all this outward seeming of ferocity, two more peaceable men than the Upjohns never drew pay on the Wind River Division. In his off-time, Amos, the master-pirate, found his moderate pleasure in tinkering quietly upon the malignant 113; and Mark, who played the bass viol "by main strength and awk'ardness," as he phrased it, was always in demand at the B. of L. F. dances.

But this began to be the story of the Upjohn nerve. How it first came to be whispered about that both father and son were lacking in the instantaneous courage which is the salt to any engineman's meat, I do not know; but the whisper was current before either of them had lost the New England nasals or mastered the harsh Western "r."

"Now I'm tellin' you that speed's too dum fast, and somebuddy else c'n have my job," said Amos to me one morning, when we were conning the new time-card. The new schedule cut an hour out of the Fast Mail's running time, and Amos was one of the five Mail engineers.

"Afraid of it?" said I, not without a tinge of the jesting pity which a young man feels for an elder when the elder begins to show symptoms of "high-shyness."

"Dunno's I'm afraid; but it's too dum quick. Somebuddy'll get a sprained ankle or something on that card."

"A sprained nerve, you mean," I laughed.

He gave me an over-look like that which a mastiff might give a cocker spaniel.

"When you've ground out a few more sets o' driver-tires on quick trains, you'll know a dummed sight more'n you do now," he remarked. And true to his implied promise, he asked for and obtained a transfer for himself and Mark from the Fast Mail to the "Limited."

I was deadheading over the division in the cab of the 113 when I had my first ocular demonstration of the Upjohn failing. We were on the great curve which is the western approach to Fort Vance, and Amos was making haste carefully, inasmuch as the Limited was ten minutes behind-time.

I was leaning out of the cab-window, looking back at the long string of coaches and Pullmans, when the crash of a spilled shovelful of coal rattling on the iron footplate made me face about quickly.

There was a little tableau in the cab of the 113. Mark Upjohn had dropped the scoop, and was clinging to the cab-frame, as scared a boy as ever held breath; and his father—well, you have heard of how a sudden shock of fear will sometimes freeze a man into the likeness of a corpse. Amos was sitting stiff and rigid on his box, his teeth set and his eyes staring and glassy.

A glance ahead showed me the peril. Fort Vance was not a stop-station for the Limited; and, half on a siding and half on the main line, was a long freight-train crawling slowly to get out of our way.

It was my wild yell to Amos that roused him. Like a man coming suddenly out of a deep sleep, he shut off the steam, applied the brake, and swung the reversing-lever into the backward motion. Now, when you reverse an engine going at full speed ahead, you convert her cylinders into huge air-pumps to suck in air from the exhaust-pipes and to jam it into the boiler. The result is an alarming increase of pressure. If the case is desperate, and you are cool enough to remember that your boiler has been tested to 350 pounds to the square inch by hydrostatic pressure, you hold your breath till the roaring safety-valve and the dragging drive-wheels restore the equilibrium; if not, you go mad, as Amos did, slam the reversing-lever into the forward motion, and open the throttle to dash full speed ahead into whatever awaits you.

It was God's mercy that we escaped the horrors of a rear-end collision. The engineer of the freight was doing his level best to give us a clear track, and there was a man at the switch ready to snatch it to safety when the caboose should pass the point-rails. He made it by a hair's-breadth; but when we thundered past there was not a half-inch to spare between the outwork of the storming 113 and the corner of the slow-trundling caboose.

Being only a passenger, I had nothing to say to Amos about his bad break, either

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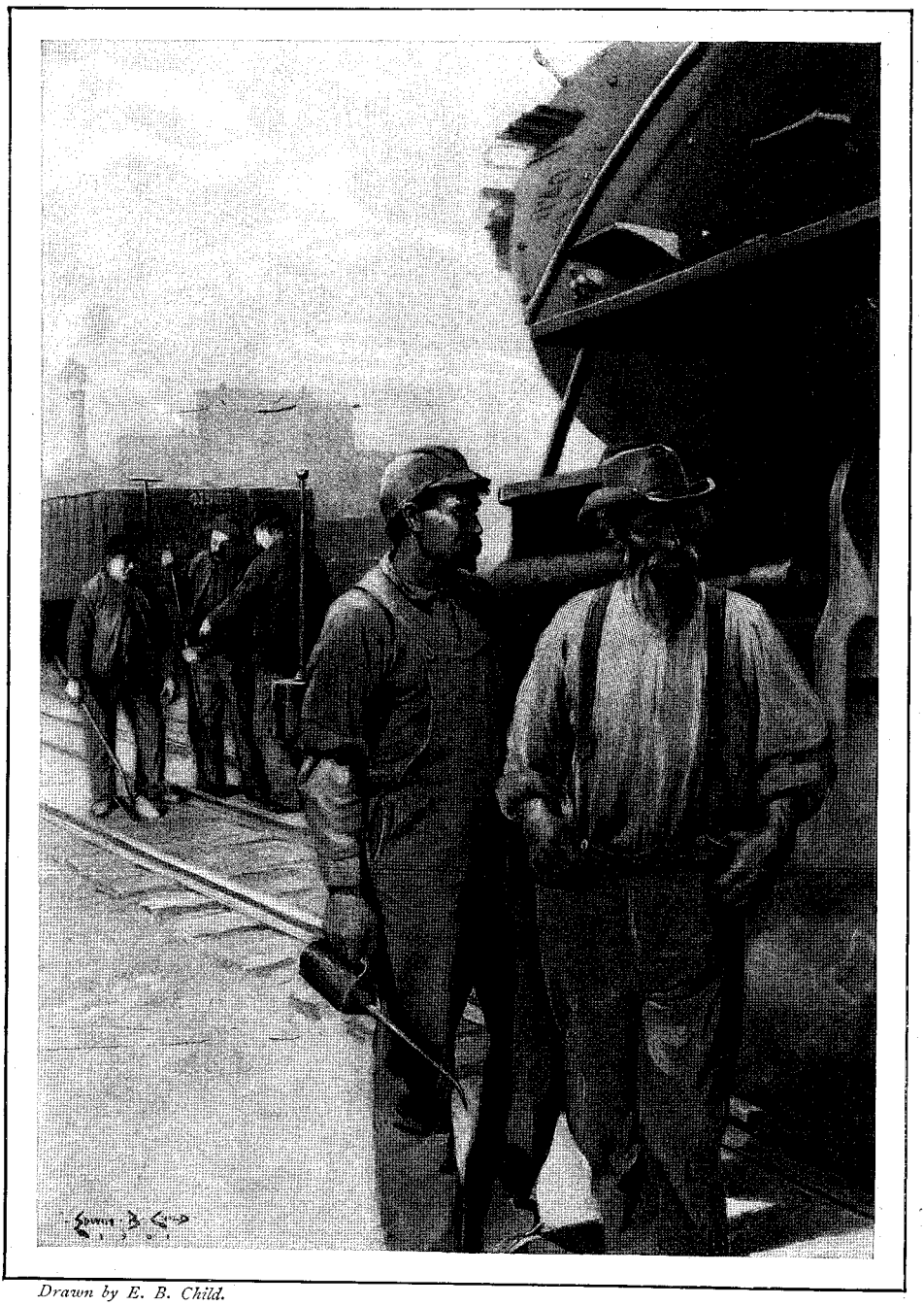

Drawn by E. B. Child.

Two more peaceable men than the Upjohns never drew pay.—Page 244.

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at the time or afterward; but a month later Mark and I had it out in a tussle with Engine 16 in the Carsonville yards.

It so happened that the Upjohns' engine and my own were both in the back shop for repairs, and Mark and I were subbing for the regular crew of the 16, a worn-out passenger machine doing old-age duty as a switching-engine in the division-end yard.

Being a relic, the 16 had no cab oil-cups, and to oil the cylinders I gave her headway on a piece of clear track, and shut off the steam, while Mark went out on the running-board with his tallow-can. He had oiled the right-hand cylinder, and was edging his way around to come at the other. At the critical instant his foot slipped, and I had a hair-raising glimpse of him rolling down the inclined plane of the pilot to a horrible death, as I made sure, beneath the wheels.

It was the work of a fighting minute to get the scrap-heap 16 stopped and to back her slowly to the rail-length where Mark had slipped. To my great joy, he was clambering out of the ditch where the pilot had tossed him, sound of wind and limb, but sadly out of tune with his calling.

"That settles it," he declared, gruffly, when I had given him a hand up into the cab. "No more rail-poundin' for me. I'll play safe, and take a 'prentice job in the back shop."

I laughed and sent the 16 spinning up the yard to the siding nearest the boarding-house. The noon whistle was bellowing, and we crossed the square to Mrs. Dennon's together. Mark was silent until I asked him if he meant what he had said about the 'prentice job.

"Sure," he said, curtly. "I'm a dum coward—you saw that the day we shaved the tail-end of the freight at Fort Vance."

I laughed again. "You'll think better of that when you get your breath," said I.

"Laugh all you want," he rejoined, doggedly, "it's what I'm going to do. If 'twas pay-day, I couldn't sign my name to the pay-roll."

"Oh, pshaw! that's all bosh."

"No, it ain't bosh; it's a fact as big as a house. The con-dum thing's in the blood: father's tarred with the same stick. You saw it, and know it."

"But what will Kate say to the 'prentice business?" It was an open secret that Mark and Kate Bryan were like to make a match of it.

He went dumb at that, as what young lover would not? But the very next day he made his threat good, and I had a "cub" fireman on the old 16.

Now we are fond of calling this a free country, notably on the western edge of things, but, nevertheless, we cherish an iron-bound law of caste more cruel than that of the Brahmins. From the day of his retreat into the safe precincts of the back shop, Mark Upjohn was an outcast, and the womankind of the two locomotive brotherhoods would have none of him.

"Aren't you a little hard on Mark?" I said to Kate Bryan one evening at one of the brotherhood socials where Mark and his "bull fiddle" were conspicuous by their absence.

"No!" she retorted, with a snap of the black eyes and a toss of the pretty head. "Since he chooses to be a greasy machinist——"

I laughed outright. Michael Bryan, the best runner on the division, was a back-shop graduate, who was always threatening to re-exchange the locomotive for the lathe.

"Poor Mark!" said I.

Her reply was another toss of the pretty head.

"Is it all off between you, Kittie?" I asked, taking an old schoolmate's liberty.

The black eyes sought the floor. "I—I'll never marry a coward," she declared.

"Mark isn't a coward. Put him where he can see the danger and have fair warning, and he'll go at it like a man. It's only when you get him cornered and rattled——"

"'Tis no use your trying to sugar-coat him," she cut in. "He told me he was afraid, and that's the word any man ought to be ashamed to say."

"But you love him, Kittie," I persisted.

At this the Irish half of her came to the fore and she laughed blithely.

"Sure, that's more than any woman will ever do for you, Mr. Schoolmaster,"

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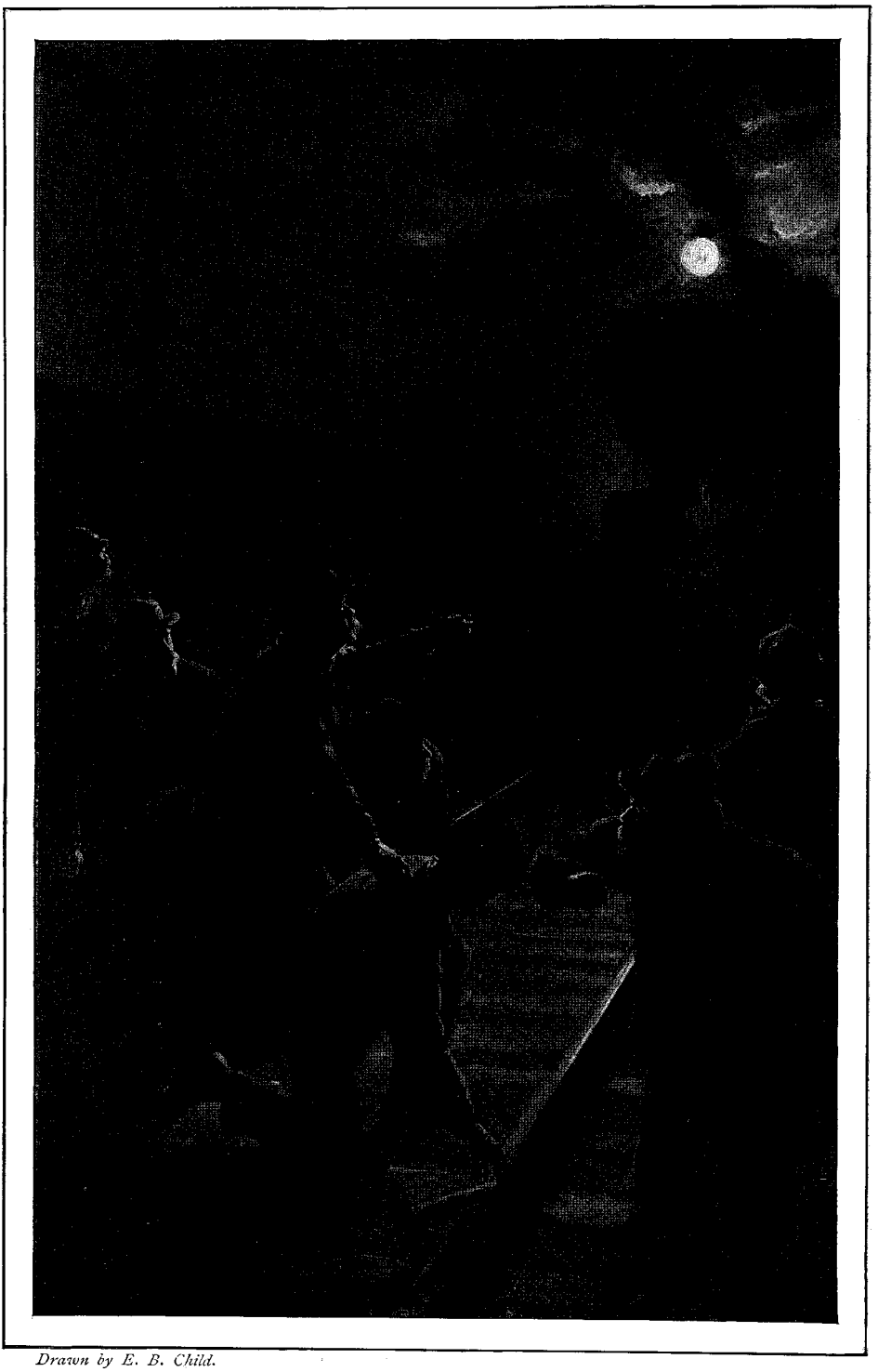

Drawn by E. B. Child.

We were so near that I could see the horror in his face.—Page 250.

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she retorted; and I misdoubted I had done Mark's cause more harm than good.

It was not long after this that the great strike began. From the first it was not a trainman's grievance; and when all counsels failed the two brotherhoods flatly refused to order themselves out.

Thereupon bad blood was engendered, and there ensued a time of trial, and a struggle which was all the more bitter because it lacked unanimity. For the better part the strikers themselves took it out in talk; but before the war was a fortnight old we had the offscourings of the cow country and the mining-camps down upon us, and every trainman was carrying his life in his hand.

Burdick, the engineer of the "cow-special," as the fast stock train was called, was the first to go. He was pulling his train out over the switches in the Grand River yards: there was a flash and the roar of an explosion, and the ten-wheeler lay on her side in the ditch with poor Burdick under her.

After that the dynamiting horror spread like a pestilence. Pat Gallagher, who had the off-trick with John Sinclair on No. 19, was killed at Maverick; and the following night the time freight's engine was blown up in the Carsonville yards, and the two men on her were crippled for life.

In such a murderous state of affairs, when even the soldiery sent from Fort Vance could police no more than a few of the exposed points, it began to be difficult to move the traffic. Men whose courage had never been called in question hung back when they found their names chalked up on the round-house assignment-board, and within a week after the first dynamite scare there was nothing moving on the line save the Fast Mail and the two overland passengers.

It was in this summer semester of anarchy that I had my billet as division train-master. How the promotion came to me, at a time when every man who could and would run an engine was in eager demand, is no part of this story: but the fact remains.

As a matter of course, I had to confront a condition of chaos and old night come back when I took hold; and every time the office-door opened, it was to admit some engineman begging to be excused. Foremost among these callers came Amos Upjohn, his fierce old eyes ablaze to make him look more than ever the pirate chief, and his big square hands trembling as he clutched the counter-rail.

"When you've got a minute to spare," said he, and I opened the gate at once, and led him into the private office.

"'Tain't no such great secret," he began, when we were alone together; "but the boys are putty much worked up as 'tis, and 'tain't wuth while to make a bad matter worse. I've got it putty straight that they're goin' to begin on the passenger men next."

"Well?" said I. Amos was back on the Fast Mail now, and thus far the anarchists had shown a proper respect for Uncle Sam's train.

"Well, the next crack's goin' to be on the 'Flyer' when she leaves here to-night."

I looked him fair in the eyes.

"Amos, this is going to be a matter of life and death to somebody. How do you know?"

He hung his head. "I can't tell—not so's it'll get back. But you know Mark is a shop man now."

I knew Mark was out, because the shops were idle, but I had never suspected him of being in league with the strikers, much less with the dynamiters.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Has it come to that with him, Amos?"

His reply set the greater fear at rest.

"Oh, no; the boy hain't had nothin' to do with it. But bein' 'round with the men——"

"I see: he has overheard. Tell me one thing, Amos, and I'll ask no more questions. Are any of our men mixed up in it?"

"I mistrust some of 'em are; two o' them tramp machinists that was hired last spring, at any rate."

I thanked him and told him we would do what could be done to protect the Flyer, but still he lingered.

"The scare's putty well spread 'mongst the boys, and I was thinkin' mebbe you mightn't have anybuddy to take her out," he said.

I looked at the enginemen's slate for the day.

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"Bryan and Roddick are up for the Flyer," said I. "They'll not back down."

"I didn't know: but if they should—" He paused, shifting his weight from one leg to the other.

"Well, if they should?"

He was as embarrassed as a schoolboy trying to make his first declamation.

"If—if they was to, I guess mebbe you c'n shift 'em onto the Mail and let me and Mark take the Flyer out."

I knew why he made the offer; knew that he was trying to show me how a man who has a nervous relapse under some sudden shock of danger, may yet be no coward at heart. It was his plea for moral reinstatement, and I met it half way.

"You and Mark shall have it if the other two back down," I said; and with that he went away.

It was late in the afternoon when Kate's father and his fireman came in to declare their unwillingness to take duty on the Flyer.

"'Tis all over the town that we'll be smashed this night," said Bryan; and Roddick contented himself with swearing that he'd be shot if he'd go out with anyone but his own engineer.

I saw at once that it was useless to argue with them. When a great fear gets into the blood, be the veins Irish or other, there is no reasoning it out. So I told Mike to go home; that the Upjohns would take his run, and he could take the Mail.

It was in this telling of Bryan that the Upjohns would substitute for him that I made a mistake. The Flyer was due to leave at 7.30; and since I had resolved to be in at the death with Amos and his son, I was closing my desk early to go to supper when Kittie Bryan ran in, bareheaded and with her great black eyes full of terror.

"Tell me," she gasped; "is Mark to go out on the 215 to-night?"

I nodded. "You called him a coward once, Kittie, and I told you he wasn't."

"'Tis a murderer you are, Jack Perkins, and no less!" she burst out. "My father's no coward, and he won't go."

I shrugged. "We won't discuss that. I shall be on the 215, with Mark and Amos."

"'Tis the black death for the three of you!" she wailed; and then she besought me with tears. "Leave it be this one night, for the love of God, Jack—Mr. Perkins. Father and some of the sober ones are getting the men together to join in with the soldiers to put down this dynamiting. You've abandoned a many a train since the trouble began; 'twill only be one more."

I shook my head. "While I have a crew to take a train out, that train shall go out," said I; and so the matter ended for the time.

There was an uneasy crowd around the station that evening when Amos backed the 215 up to couple to the lately arrived Flyer; a crowd that broke into whispering knots, eddying and swirling, and melting out of the path of the pacing sentries, only to form again when the platform was clear. Amos was off, torch and oil-can in hand, taking a final look at the running-gear of the engine when I came up.

"Have you heard anything more?" I asked in a low tone.

He shook his head, and we climbed to the cab. Mark was there, rubbing up the bright-work as coolly as if the hazards ahead of us were not to be considered.

I glanced at my watch. It lacked one minute of leaving-time. Amos swung up to his box, and Mark drew in the slack of the bell-rope. There was a pause like that which precedes the sheriff's springing of the drop, and Amos tried the air. The shrill sighing of the brakes drowned the bustling station hubbub, and in the midst of it the starting-gong clanged.

I was watching Amos closely. He was as steady as a rock.

"Easy through the yards," said I, as the wheels began to turn; and he nodded. A heavily guarded inspection-gang was moving down the line ahead of us, examining the frogs and switches as it went. What the wreckers would do must be done after the passing of these track-walkers and before our upcoming. But that was easy. Pat Gallagher's engine had been blown up with a gas-pipe bomb clipped upon the rail a scant half-minute before the bogie wheels struck it.

Amos crouched upon his box and eased the throttle out a notch at a time. The Flyer was a heavy train, and the big 215

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shuddered and "took slack" at each throb of the exhaust. Slowly we drew away from the station and its lights, and now there was nothing ahead but the staring bull's-eyes of the switch-lamps showing spark-like in the glare of our own headlight.

Suddenly out of the gloom at the track side I saw, or thought I saw, a white figure dart fairly in front of us. The vision was so real that I held my breath in awful anticipation of the surging jolt—once felt never to be forgotten—of the engine mangling a body of flesh and bone under the wheels. But there was neither jar nor tremor other than the throbbing shudder of the exhaust, quickening now under Amos Upjohn's gentle urgings.

"What was it?" said Mark; but before I could reply he added: "There they are."

A hundred yards ahead, fair in the funnel of the headlight's great beam, a group of men were affixing something to the rail. I looked to see Amos shut off and clap on the air. Instead, he called sharply to Mark, and in a twinkling my two mild-mannered buccaneers were covering the group ahead with a pair of repeating rifles.

"Shut her off a minute, father," said Mark; "the dummed exhaust shakes her so I can't get a bead on 'em."

But when Amos reached for the throttle a strange thing happened. One of the dynamiters sprang to his feet and pointed toward the oncoming engine. We were so near that I could see the horror in his face. What he saw we never guessed; but in a flash they had all vanished in the darkness, taking with them whatever infernal thing it was they were fastening to the rail.

Amos put his rifle down and pulled the throttle wide. The danger was past for the moment, and, with a warning shriek of the whistle for the inspection-gang, we shot out into the night, and the run was safely begun.

It was 9.45, and a cold wind was cutting down from the mountains when Amos shut off and gave the long string of Pullmans a taste of the air for our first stop. Three times in the two-hours run we had passed little knots of strikers—or wreckers—and each time they had shrunk back from us as if we were carrying the spectre of the pestilence on our pilot.

The stop at Medicine Arrow was for water, and, while Mark was filling the tank, Amos dropped down with his torch and oil-can. A moment later he was shouting to Mark and to me. Mark let the valve-rope go with a crash, and together we ran to the front of the engine.

Amos had dropped the torch and the oil-can and was lifting a stiffened figure in white from the buffer-beam. It was Kittie Bryan.

. . . . . .

The great strike had been for a good month a thing of the past before Mark told me the details of Kittie Bryan's wild ride on the front end of the 215. And even then I had to drag them out of him piecemeal.

"There ain't so dummed much to tell," he said. "She felt sort o' hacked when she found out I wa'n't that kind of a coward, and made up her mind to go 'long with us. She's got more sand than a river-bed when you get her stirred up, Kittie has."

"Yes; but the crazy idea of riding on the front end of the 215 in a white party dress!" said I.

"'Twan't so dummed crazy when you come to think of it," he rejoined. "She calculated them wreckers wouldn't blow up the engine and kill her if they could see her and know she was there."

"No," said I; "they wouldn't kill a woman. But it was the finest thing I ever heard of. You're a lucky dog, Marcus, my boy."

His grin made him look all pirate.

"Thank ye," he rejoined. "I guess the next lot of Upjohns'll have more nerve 'n their daddy or their gran'daddy. Kittie says——"

But someone else came in just then, and to this day I have never learned what it was that Kittie said.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WHEN I get from a distinguished American scientist — not of the "self-made" sort — a letter in which many words are mis-spelled, not to mention an almost total absence of "shalls" and "shoulds"; when I get from a world-famous French novelist a short note, covering only a page and a half of a very small size of lady's note-paper with the most open-order sort of writing, and find in it two full-blown mistakes in French — one misplaced accent, and one disagreeing participle (where it should agree)—I am fain to conclude that something is awry in the relations of two educated men to their respective languages. No doubt the mistakes were due to carelessness; the writers knew better. But that carelessness should play such tricks upon men of more than ordinary education and culture is significant. One sees in it the main-spring of the reforms in spelling and grammar of which we hear so much nowadays.

Grammar and Spelling Reforms.

These much-mooted spelling and grammar reforms are probably inevitable; their adoption can only be a matter of time. And railing against the inevitable is sheer waste of breath. It were more to the purpose to study these reforms, as they have been proposed in various quarters, and see what they really amount to. Looking at them dispassionately, one is struck with a fundamental difference in character between the two, though they both have one and the same aim: to make things easier for the users of language.

The proposed grammar reform is essentially a condoning and legitimation of what were once regarded as errors in grammar. From the Shaksperian "I *had* as lief" (to risk the "make-believe of a beginning" somewhere) down to "It is *me*," we find a number of (probably) originally ignorant sins against universal grammar which have shown a curious power of self-dissemination and survival, even to the point of, as it were, forcing themselves upon the language as idiomatic. This is to be recognized as one of the natural, normal modes of linguistic evolution; and the proposal to legitimate such idioms, after a due canvassing of educated writers and speakers, is essentially consonant with the spirit of modern science.

No doubt this scientific attitude is so new to some of the promoters of the reform that they now and then fall out of it. One occasionally finds them falling back into the old authoritative-logical posture of the grammarian, and offering very queer excuses for things that really need no excuse. I was talking, the other day, with a Harvard professor of English Literature about the phrase "It is me," which he readily admitted as correct. When I said: "I hope, at least, that you don't intrench yourself behind that worn-out old argument from the French '*C'est moi*'; for there the '*moi*' is neither an accusative nor dative, but distinctly a nominative,'" he replied, with a smile: "Well, I don't see why 'me' shouldn't be a nominative." An argument quite in the old-time spirit, not in accordance with the modern scientific principle of recognizing that a thing is so simply because it is so.

Another point in the grammar reform which renders opposition foolish is that it shows no disposition to make itself accepted as compulsory; what new rules it may formulate will almost necessarily be more of the nature of permissions than of commands; it allows, but does not attempt to compel. Even Mr. Brander Matthews, who rejoices in the prospect of being freed from the burthen of the subjunctive mood (or words to that effect), would in all probability be unwilling to forego the superb scorn of

> If the red slayer *think* he slays,

and would doubtless stop short of imposing a perpetual indicative upon his peers.

The only thing that seems to me objectionable in these proposed grammar reforms is their ostensible object: to make things *easier*

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for writers and speakers. I own that I do not like hearing Mr. Matthews speak of the "burthen" of the subjunctive mood; neither do I think that a wholesale simplification of syntax will, or can, make everything quite so easy as some of its advocates seem to imagine. Something may be gained thereby, but something must inevitably be lost. Did not Schopenhauer—one of the best stylists known in any modern language, and therefore an authority not to be ignored — once say of German that, by reason of the very complexity of its syntax, it was "the only modern language in which it was possible to write almost as well as in Ancient Greek?" Complexities which may be onerous to the vulgar are found by the expert to be genuine sources of power and vehicles for subtlety. But be it said of the grammar reformers, upon the whole, that they wisely and honorably stop short of rising *ultra crepidam;* that they keep well within the bounds of Grammar, and do not try to meddle with Style—a thing quite out of the legitimate jurisdiction of schoolmasters and grammarians. Prose style, like Poetry, is a fine art; as such, it is not likely to be much affected by any grammar reform, least of all by one which has the facilitating of matters at heart. One may well feel about it, in this connection, as the late Julius Eichberg did about the Tonic Sol-fa in Music: "I see no value," said he, one day, "in any system that tends to make an art *easy!*"

But little of the scientific spirit of the grammar reformers is shown by the would-be reformers of spelling. These people go to work *a priori*, if anyone ever did. The movement is in no proper sense evolutionary; it is a mere arbitrary doing a thing in what seems to be the easiest way. And it is much to be feared that one of the proposed schemes, that of a purely phonetic spelling, will not prove so simple as its advocates expect. Indeed, a really simple scheme of phonetic spelling will be an unprecedented phenomenon in this world. The Italians have tried their hand at it, and (so far) failed;* the most successful have probably been the Russians, Poles, Czechs, and Magyars—but at the expense of what a panoply of alphabet and accents! Think of the three silent "accent letters" in Russian (well-nigh the despair of lexicographers), and of the Czech or Hungarian system of accents, beside which the French is mere child's-play! Consider again, as has often been pointed out, that, no matter how simple and perfect a system of phonetic spelling may be, its application is practicably impossible where there is no universally recognized standard of pronunciation. Is a Philadelphian to read "Bahsket," and call it "Bäs-k't"? How is "vase" to be spelled phonetically?

As for such monstrosities as "thogh" (for "though"), what useful end is gained by them? Why not "tho," *tout court?* Is the *u* more superfluous than the *gh?* Or is the *u* to be reserved for "tugh"? If so, how would you spell "cough"? Perhaps, "cawgh." The trouble with the spelling reform is that nothing yet has been suggested that is easier than the old way. I do not say that the old way is good; only no newer one seems any better. If some one would only preach an historico-etymological spelling reform in English, that might lead to something worth while from another point of view. Think of the luxury of putting two *m*'s into "amount"—so that you could see the Latin through it! But, though people enough rail at our present English spelling for not being uniformly historical and etymological, no one seems to take it into his head to propose making it so.

* Italian phonetic spelling is not thorough: there is nothing to indicate the difference in pronunciation of "*mezzo* (half)" and "*mezzo* (rotten-ripe);" nothing to indicate the different quality of the *oes* in "*popolo.*"

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE AVERY COLLECTION OF MODERN PRINTS

I

THIRTY years ago was published Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers;" and this book, according to a not unusual condition, at once marked and aided a new tendency. It would not have been made had not the artists been studying Rembrandt and trying to etch in his way; and there would not have been since 1870 so many such etchers were it not for the book. There had been, if we may include here all sorts of needle-engraving, Wilkie, and Geddes, Jacque and Goya; Cruikshank and Leech as book illustrators, Ruskin in a scientific and recording spirit, Turner outlining his Liber plates, Meryon setting down the strangest dreams in the firmest line—all men who worked on metal plates with great independence and spirit; each man alone, and unaware that he was helping to found a school. There were also the less unconscious Haden and Whistler, Daubigny and Lalanne, Jongkind, and Van S'Gravesande, the aqua-fortistes who knew of Rembrandt; men whom Hamerton found at work establishing his much-desired modern school of etchers. Jacquemart and Appian there were, at the opposite poles of art: the one making minute and trustworthy copies of agate vases, wrought and bejewelled sword-hilts, inlaid bookbindings and porcelain plates; the other a free composer of landscape form—a true impressionist. There were Flameng and Unger, using great abilities for the translation of other men's paintings into black and white; but all the others named were painter-etchers, original creators of designs embodied in engraving and to be shown in black line on white paper. Very soon after the fresh impulse there came to be scores or even hundreds of others: painters who found comfort in varied handiwork—architects who set down in permanent line work their studies of their own or of their predecessors' creations, men of other trades who may have heard how Mr. Haden was at once a busy surgeon and a productive etcher, and who would try their hand, if so be that they loved nature in trees or man's craft in boats and shipping. Certain Paris publications gave us regularly, for many years, a hundred plates or so each year; and there were scores of separate and non-consecutive works of the same kind. But in each case the work was really a lot of prints from etched or dry-point plates, with such text as might excuse it and help to sell it.

In this way etching flourishing exceedingly from 1870 to 1885 or so—when other interests became stronger and caused its partial decline in popularity. One of those interests was lithography. This process, like that of etching, appealed to the artistically minded man as being peculiarly fit for the ready setting down of his thoughts. The previous vogue of etching helped along the newer movement; for it had been proved that great things were possible when an art was taken in hand which all could understand and many could aid.

There is one more tendency to note before we can proceed to the consideration of Mr. Avery's collection: it is the remarkable growth of the printed comment and historical criticism together with mere bald annal and record in great abundance. A quarter-century ago a collector would fill the walls of a fair-sized city room with his books of reference for the arts of the engraver alone; or to those in connection with other fine arts; catalogues of this and that master's work, history, illustrative comment, general treatise, collected and comparative lists with minute description of each separate print. Now the number of volumes is doubled and the beauty, value, cost, and importance are quadrupled, perhaps. Bartsch and Passavant, Brulliot and Heller, have not been superseded. Debruge-Dumesnil is *introuvable* and yet is not reissued, and the attempt at a revised and enlarged edition of Nagler is not a brilliant success, as yet; but there is a host of new writers who write with the aid of their forerunners, and there are a few original men, as well, doing new and needed work. Reproduction by photographic process, or partly so, has aided greatly in the historical and critical study of prints; but the great collections of fac-similes are not a part of our present theme. There is this, however—the volumes in which plates and text are combined, not merely put together within the same cover, books which

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are, from the present point of view, collections of prints with a text that may be of use in their examination and study.

II

SAMUEL PUTNAM AVERY is a New Yorker who once dealt in paintings, but whose notable characteristics (at least, in so far as the public is concerned) are a singular gift for collecting and judicious liberality. In this way he has gathered, and he still gathers, precious works of art; and these he gives away with thoughtful choice of the recipient; getting them together with almost infallible judgment and an unsurpassed instinct for the proprieties of such accumulation, and giving them to institutions where they will best be cared for and will most benefit his fellow-citizen. His business connection with many artists of his time gave him opportunities beyond those of the shrewdest buyer who had only the shops to look to; his visits to Europe, coming almost annually, were well utilized, and continual correspondence had led to a never-ceasing flow to himward of bookbindings, delicate enamels, medals and medallions, and whatever else the enlightened curiosity of this collector most eagerly demands.

III

NOW, to describe the Avery collection as recently given to the New York Public Library, there are 17,775 separate prints in it, and there are also about 500 books, each of these either dealing historically with engraving or including between its covers prints which are not included in the large number given above. An instance of one kind of book is Turner's "Harbours of England," the twelve very interesting mezzotints by Lupton and the text by Ruskin. An instance of the other sort of book is the catalogue of Meissonier's works; primarily a working book in spite of its many illustrations and its stately appearance. As to the prints, they are to be classified as follows:

1. Etchings by artists of Mr. Avery's own time, some of whom he knew quite intimately, with the result that of those men he was able to get practically the complete works in engraving; but other work by men somewhat older and whom, certainly, Mr. Avery has never known, such as David Wilkie, or men who, though not alive, were much earlier in date as active producers of work than those who make up the body of the collection—and of these we might name George Cruikshank. So Goya died when Mr. Avery was a child, and Paul Potter in a previous century, but still their work is represented by ten and four etchings, respectively, while of Goya there is also the *Caprichos* in its separate quarto volume, and the thirty-three prints of Bull-Fighting in their portfolio. The most remarkable exception to the entire modernity of the prints catalogued under "Etchings" is the case of Turner's Liber Studiorum, of which all the plates were completed before 1845, and many of them much earlier, and which are only in part etched plates. Apparently the other astonishing things by Turner, the beautiful mezzotints, are not in the collection, but everything that can be said to belong to the Liber is here, etchings and first states of the finished plates; although one hesitates to repeat "everything" without the proviso that here an etching and there an etching may still be wanting, even of those which are obtainable, and that in some cases a second state of the finished plate is as important as a first state, or even finer than it.

2. Lithographs. And there the whole field from the beginning of the art under Senefelder to the latest attempt by a living experimenter is to be found. The art of lithography was taken up almost immediately when it was announced by its inventor—and most strenuously by the Frenchmen. It was pushed by Delacroix, Vernet, Daumier, and their contemporaries even more vigorously than by the great German draughtsman, Adolph Menzel, vast as were his contributions to the art. The Avery collection includes sixteen by Aloys Senefelder, the inventor of lithography as a fine art, and seven by his brother, Clemens, while of Samuel Prout, the Englishman, who caught up the art immediately, there are ninety-two prints; twenty-three of Eugène Delacroix's beautiful work, and 213 by the immortal Gavarni.

3. Photographs of Paintings and Drawings; few but capable of being the nucleus of a valuable reference collection; not attractive to the gazer, but of great possible value to the historical student.

4. Miscellaneous prints in which, of course, the Liber Studiorum ought to have been included, but which still includes, according to the arrangement of the handbook, some prints in colors, some prints from engravings after Constable, Rousseau, and other painters, a number of wood-engravings, and that curi-

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ous collection of prints from women-engravers' works which was exhibited at the Grolier Club a year ago.

IV

In nothing is the collection more remarkable than in the minute care given to the minor accessories which a less practised collector would have disregarded. Thus, when you take up the subject of Charles Meryon's work, an article by Frederick Wedmore, taken out of *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Keppel's catalogue of the etched work exhibited in 1886, some half-tones of important etchings and a reduced copy of the large plate engraved by Bracquemond to be inlaid upon Meryon's tomb at Charenton, are all laid within a little *dossier* which is the first thing you find on opening the first portfolio. So Whistler's lithographs, taken from *The Studio* and *Piccadilly*, are laid in the same cover with his high-priced proofs; as is right and fitting. Those who know the donor of this collection are aware that such minute care as this has gone into every step of his active life as a collector and student of art, and that it is to that thorough-going habit of his that the world owes, and is likely to owe, so much to his example and to his more direct benefaction. Thus as regards Meryon, who was brought into fashion thirty years ago by Hamerton, Philippe Burty, and Francis Seymour Haden (good sponsors!), and who is naturally a little neglected of late years because his work is peculiarly limited in range and scope and belongs so essentially to the world of French art—the collection is great in its variety of states and of conditions in which the prints are found. The very early print, one of the most charming to the enthusiastic worshipper of Meryon, Rue Pirouette aux Halles, is to be seen in three states, slightly differing from one another, indeed, as to any easily remembered mark of distinction, but essentially different in the kind of print which Delâtre made from the copper. So, the monument to Lysikrates at Athens, shown as it was when built into the rough walls of a Franciscan convent, an engraving made to illustrate the Marquis de Laborde's Athens in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, is given in two beautiful proofs. The series of reproductions from Zeeman and other early Dutchmen is followed by copies from Karel du Jardin, and those by a number of delicate pencil drawings of scraps of architecture. In the same portfolio, No. 1 of the Meryons, is a very interesting and unusually large print from an unfinished etching, the portrait of a man whose head, in its singular and pronounced character, may well be what it is thought to be, a portrait of Charles Meryon himself. Subject and etcher are alike unknown, however, and the writer records his extreme pleasure in seeing for the first time that most interesting print. The three well-known portraits of the master are also in that cover.

The famous Paris set—the fifteen large prints and apparently all the tail- and head-pieces and other accompaniments—is in its place; but of this collection, especially identified with Meryon's name, the variety of impressions is not markedly great.

A greater contrast in methods can hardly be imagined than that presented by the change you make from Meryon's severe engravings to the free etched work of the greatest of French landscapists. A *dossier* contains twelve portraits of Corot of all sorts, photographs of the master, pipe in mouth and sheltered by a white umbrella from whatever sunshine came through the boughs of the forest at Fontainebleau, and others more conventional in the dress of the French gentleman of his time, including the well-known one engraved by Grenaud in which the great artist appears as a workman in *sarrau* and flat cap. Next, in another cover, are eighteen photogravures and wood-engravings taken from Corot's work; reproductions, in a sense, and sometimes in a good sense, for among them are three or four wood-engravings by Eldridge Kingsley. Again, under another cover, are eight lithographs by different artists taken from Corot's paintings, and these, again, in the French style of 1870 and thereabouts, are sometimes of value. In fact, lithograph serves for the rendering of Corot's painting so extraordinarily well that it is a wonder he never tried seriously the conveying of his artistic thoughts by that medium. And then come twenty-two etchings by different workmen from paintings by Corot. Then two original lithographs, the only ones that this present writer has ever seen or heard of; and swift headlong experiments they are. Then prints from glass-etchings by Corot's own hand, in which subordinate art, though, he hardly excelled at any time. Then forty sheets of photographs from paintings in which, of course, the soft

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glow of the original is lost in a medium which gives only the hard facts and not the charm, and, finally, eighteen original etchings; eighteen prints from a still smaller number of etched plates. Perhaps the student who has noted in the handbook the item "J. B. C. Corot, 161 pieces," will be disappointed at finding that the original etchings number only eighteen; but that is not Mr. Avery's fault. There are no more to be had. All the important designs are here in more states than one; never was anything more beautiful than the early state of the distant view of Rome.

The very purpose of this notice is to call the reader's attention to the working possibilities of the Avery collection. It is not merely the artistic pleasure of looking carefully and long at eighteen prints from the etcher's own hand which is here offered to the student, but also that information about the prints which can only be given by the multifarious and varied contents of this portfolio. And no one who has examined the handbook with any care need ever meet with disappointment, for it is expressly stated in the introduction that the number of the prints put under any one master's name is often much greater than the number of works produced by him; this being true with regard to states and proofs of different degrees of finish, of completion, as well as of the outlying material such as has just now been described.

V

No other collector can hope to be as successful in certain directions as Mr. Avery has been. No one will be likely to get together so good a show of the Dutchmen of whom the chief is perhaps Willem Witsen, nor will anyone have much chance of rivalling this gathering of the work of Bracquemond, Rajon, Jacque, or Flameng. The same state of unapproachable completeness exists in the case of others as well, but it is matter of careful examination before one dares say that there are no Millet etchings or none by Lalanne or none by Appian other than those that are here. As a whole it will be found impracticable either to add to this collection or to rival it in its chosen line; the opportunity of the collector is elsewhere and in those fields which Mr. Avery has hardly touched. Thus the art of line-engraving as practised during the second half of the nineteenth century is worthy of someone's close attention; and in this way nothing could be more surprising than the display at the Paris Exhibition last year. In like manner the newly awakened art of mezzotint attracts a bold collector and generous donor. It is not merely the recent imitators of the eighteenth-century Englishmen who are to be praised; there has always been among artistically minded artists the love of mezzotint as the most refined of arts in the way of delicate gradations. Nowhere else, except with the brush, can such gentle harmonies be procured, and as even Turner worked it in his old age, as Ruskin tried it in imitation of his great model, and as Charles Herbert Moore has worked it again in reproducing his own drawings, there is to be found here another and there another who has practised the art in such a way as to be interesting. Some of the unpublished Liber Studiorum prints are pure mezzotint; and in other prints of that great series the etching which undertakes to furnish the outline, furnishes so little of it that in at least one case, that of the Leader sea-piece, the horizon is higher, the great ship has sails, and another great ship and several fishing-boats are seen in the distance—all of these being additions made in the mezzotint alone and amounting to the construction of a new design. The charm of mezzotint is so great that every student of prints must feel it, nor is Mr. Avery without his own strong interest in that direction. Wood-engraving, too, merits the close attention of some bold collector who can admire and respect both Linton's conservatism and the innovations of Baude and the leading Americans; and who will not despise the interpretative work of Timothy Cole. There are also, of course, the recent etchers, the men whose names are becoming known to us since 1890 or '95, and here and there one whose work Mr. Avery does not seem to have cared for among the older men. Thus, the present writer has greatly admired Max Klinger since there was seen a window-full of his prints in Paris in 1884; and this field of strange fantasy and admirable work in aquatint and in line still remains to be cultivated. These few lines only by way of such further account of the collection as consists in saying what is not contained in it. As to what there is, only a paper devoted wholly to details can set forth its value and its charm.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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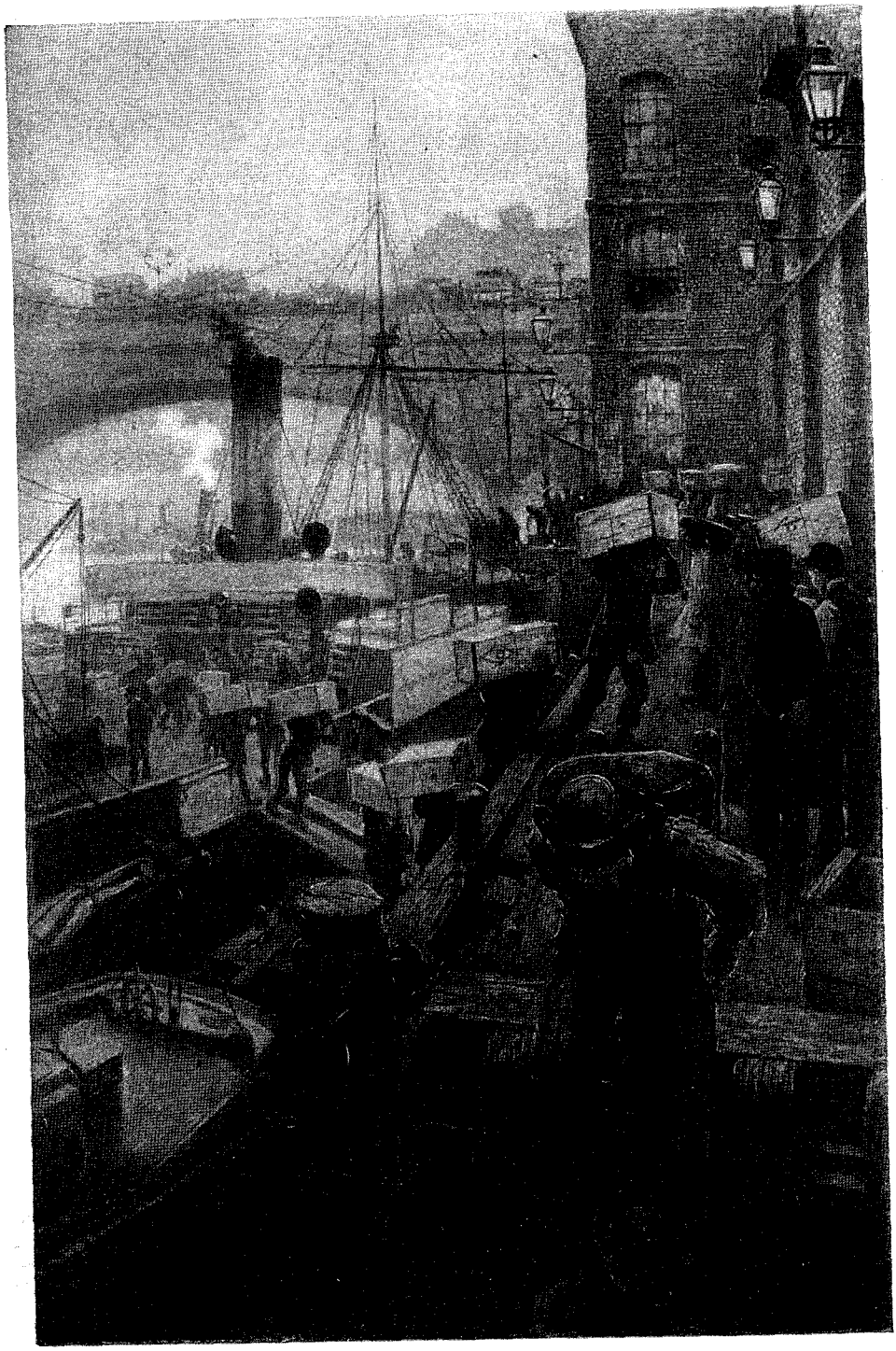

A CORNER OF THE POOL—LONDON BRIDGE BEYOND.

—"The Heart of England."

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